Aug. 11, 1980

# THE NEW YORKER

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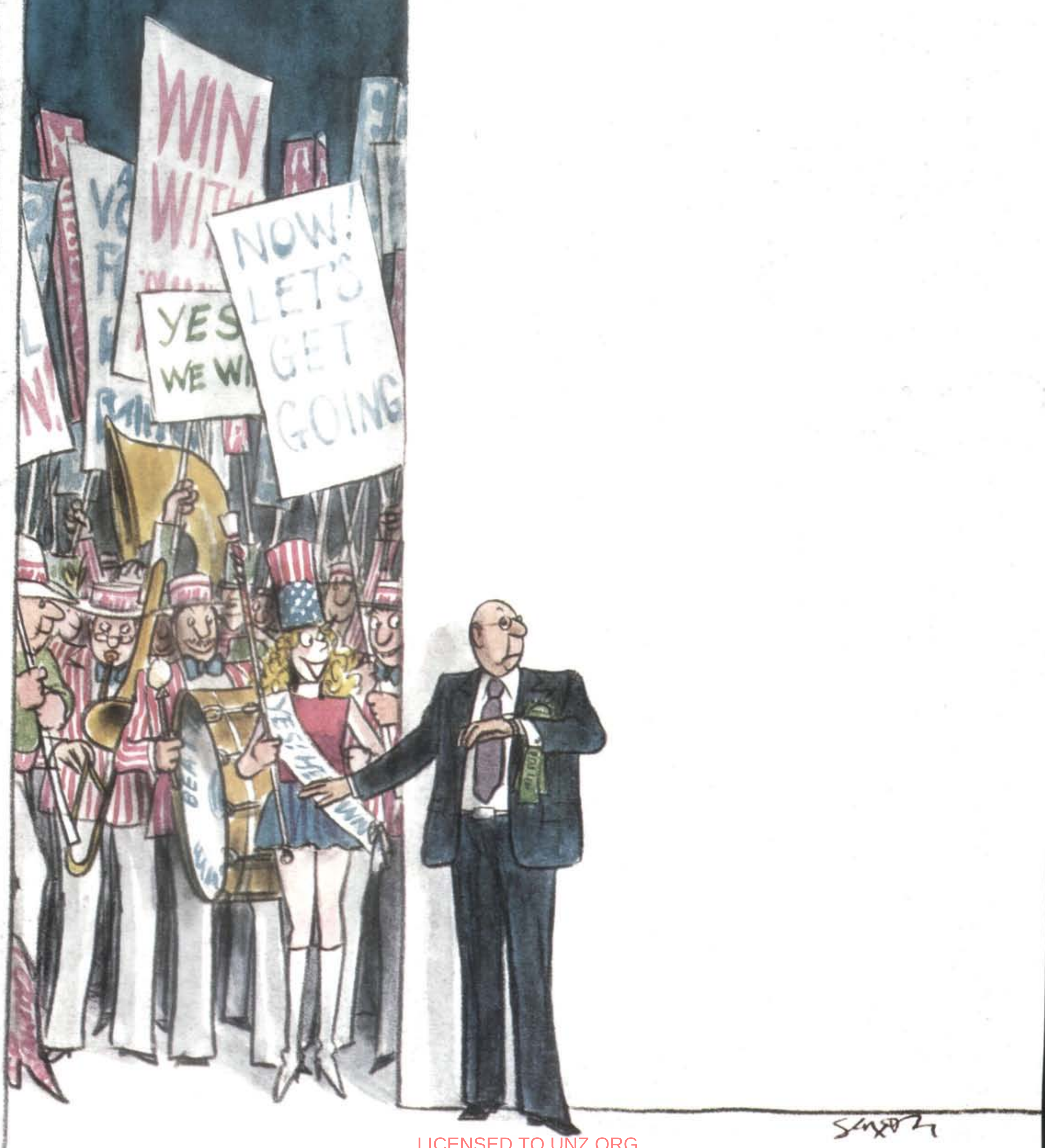
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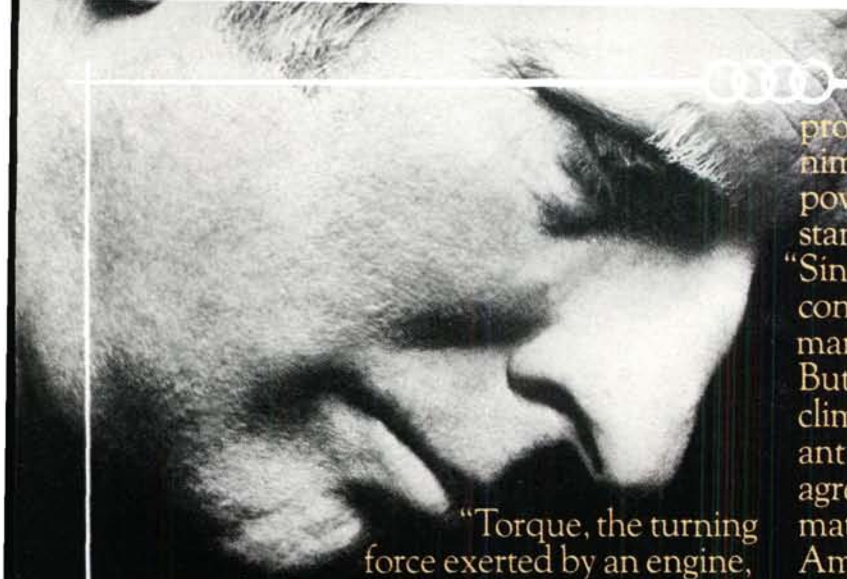

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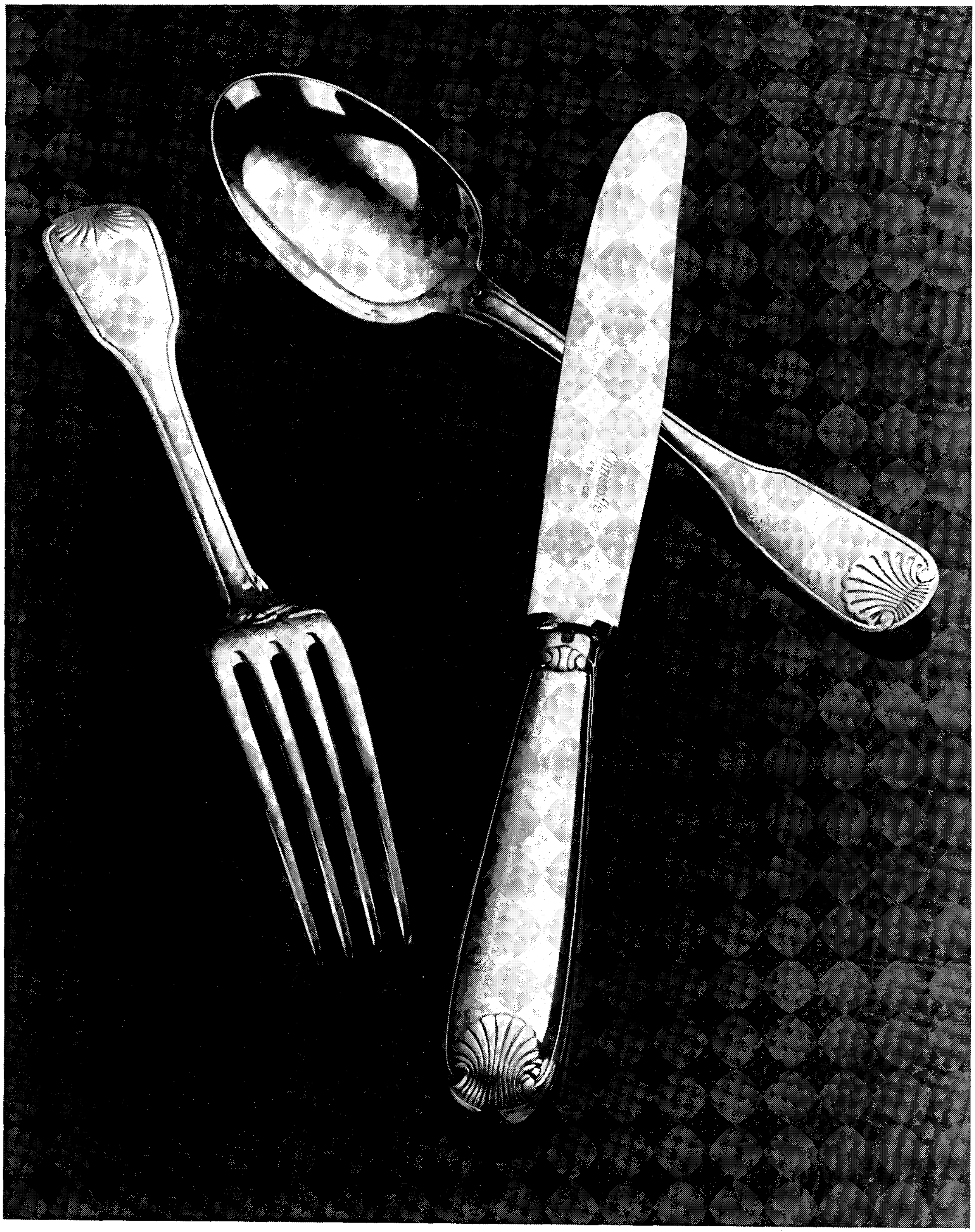

JORDAN MARSH, MIAMI • WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C. • THE BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

# *Christofle* sur la table

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Barnum**—A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Billy Bishop Goes to War**—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage, to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 12, Cedric Smith and *Ross Douglas will replace the Messrs. Peter*son and Gray. (6/9/80) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; on Saturday, Aug. 9, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**Blackstone!**—A superlatively clever magic show. Harry Blackstone is not quite as witty a performer as he appears to think, but he is an excellent magician. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Camelot**—Richard Burton is the star of this admirable new production of the Lerner-Loewe musical, which he starred in twenty years ago. His King Arthur is a touching, lonely man. Christine Ebersole plays Guenevere and Richard Muenz is Lancelot. (7/21/80) (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Aug. 23.)

**Children of a Lesser God**—An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. With Phyllis Frelich as the woman and John Rubinstein as her troubled teacher-husband-friend-enemy. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Circle Repertory Company**—A play by William Mastrosimone, **THE WOOLGATHERER**, with Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig: Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 10:15, and Sundays at 3. . . . **MACREADY!**, a one-character play written and performed by Frank Barrie: Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 10:15; and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

**A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking**—Dixie Carter and Dorothy Lyman in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine**—The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: a Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Fourtune**—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Home**—A young playwright named Samm-Art Williams has composed a paean of hope and confidence about black life in the South. With Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**I Ought to Be in Pictures**—The latest of Neil Simon's many plays about the endlessly wisecracking mind of Neil Simon. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, Aug. 10: Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 13-17: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

**Look Back in Anger**—A *revival of* John Osborne's play, with Malcolm McDowell in the leading role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—A very funny comedy by Kaufman and Hart, written in 1939 and young for its age. The hero, played by Ellis Rabb, is a greedy, ungrateful monster modelled after the real-life figure of Alexander Woollcott, who knew everybody and trafficked in everybody, and is worth remembering for the single-mindedness of his self-promotion. (7/7/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Morning's at Seven**—A superb cast pitches us gently back to the early nineteen-twenties and a small town in the Middle West, where all is plainly not right with the world (in spite of Browning and his happy Pippa). A new production of a sturdy old play by Paul Osborn. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Oklahoma!** A very welcome new production of the thirty-seven-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31.)

**Table Settings**—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, *hilarious account of family life in New* York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Talley's Folly**—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Jordan Charney and Debra Mooney play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse

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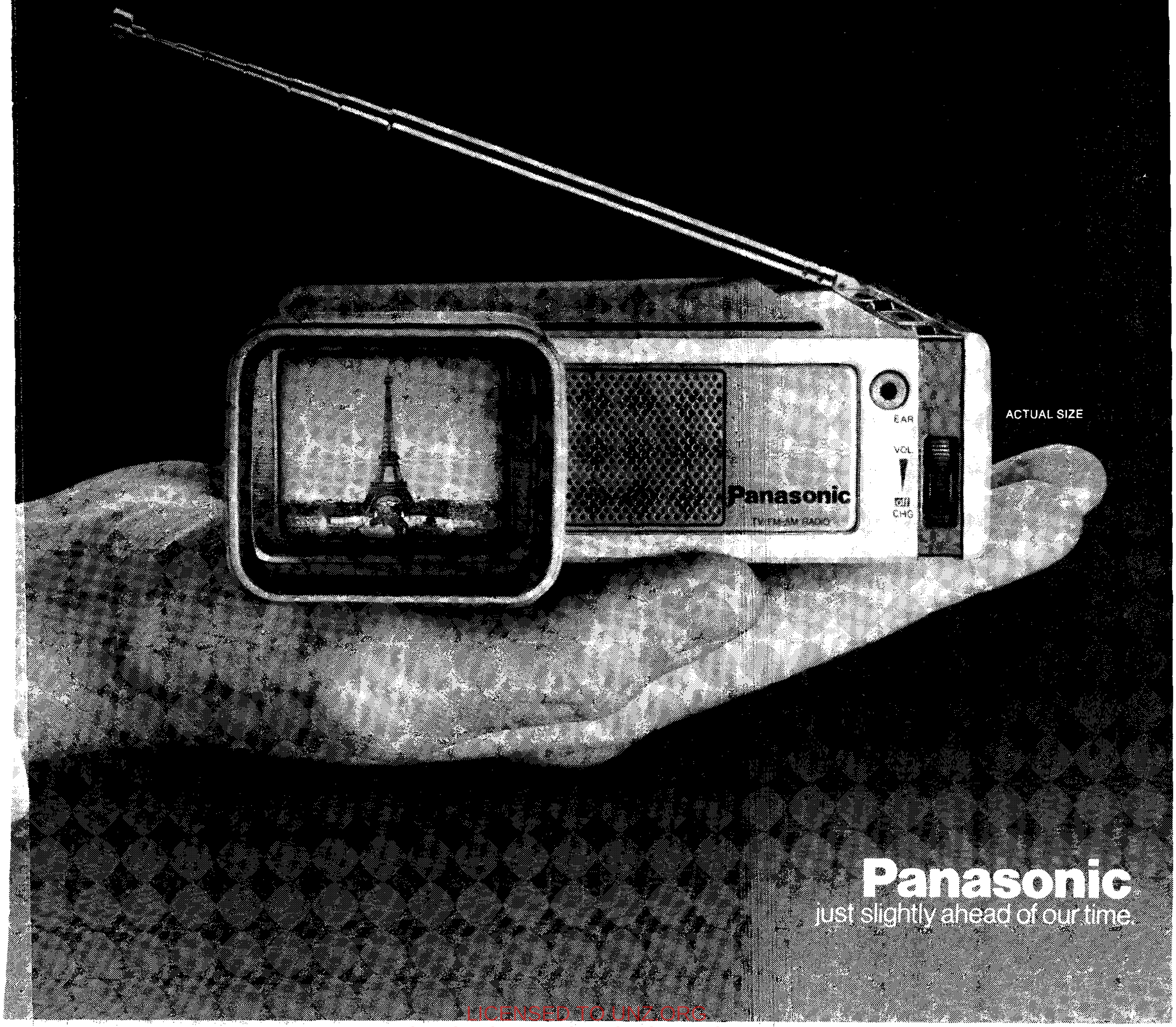

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

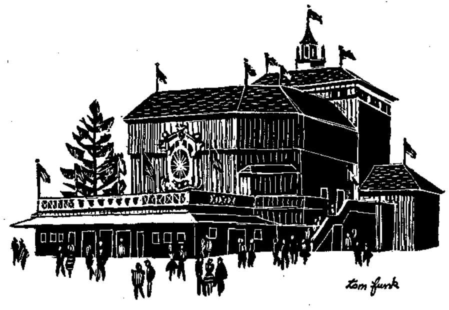
**Tintypes**—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 10.)

**To Bury a Cousin**—A play by Gus Weill, with Harry Goz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 10.)

**West Side Story**—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Your Arms Too Short to Box with God**—Vinnette Carroll has translated the Gospel According to St. Matthew into contemporary black street language, not altogether to its advantage. (6/16/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jeff Hayenga is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **EVITA**: A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 8,432 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PETER PAN**: Why not? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ROMANTIC COMEDY**: A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SCRAMBLED FEET**: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR BABIES**: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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## MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—This year's summer show is devoted to American musical entertainment (the last hundred years of it). Part of the extravaganza: a re-creation of the Ziegfeld Follies and Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe Revue, plus a Carmen Miranda lookalike doing the carioca. The Rockettes—of course. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An intimate—there are only four hundred and fifty seats—rock palace. Janis Ian sings on Wednesday, Aug. 6; on Thursday, Aug. 7, Magazine, a British band, will play some rock; Friday, Aug. 8, two bands, the Spiders and Nervus Rex, will swap sets; on Saturday, Aug. 9, the **MOTELS**, a new-wave band from L.A., will be here; Monday, Aug. 11, will belong to the Iron City Houserockers, an admired rock-and-blues band from Pittsburgh; on Tuesday, Aug. 12, drummer **LOUIS BELLSON'S** big band will take over; and on Thursday, Aug. 14, jazz vocalist **BETTY CARTER** will arrive to perform opposite saxophonist **JAMES MOODY** for four days. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians: pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Aug. 9; **RED MITCHELL** and guitarist **JOE BECK** on Sunday, Aug. 10; and pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** beginning Monday, Aug. 11. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

**Cachaça**, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

**Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** has taken over the keyboard, and she's playing with a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

**Café Pierre**, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays hot chord solos on his beautiful-sounding seven-string guitar, accompanied by his guitar-playing son John. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Carnegie Tavern**, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is playing solo piano in this bar and restaurant, which is located behind Carnegie Hall and which is decorated in chic dark browns. Music nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This downtown rock-and-roll club, with its exposed rafters and weathered, splintery wood posts, looks like the interior of a ramshackle barn. The musicians: Casuals and Ex-Husbands Wednesday, Aug. 6; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9, Richard Lloyd and Joe Bidewell. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

**City Limits**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—An acceptable place to break in a new

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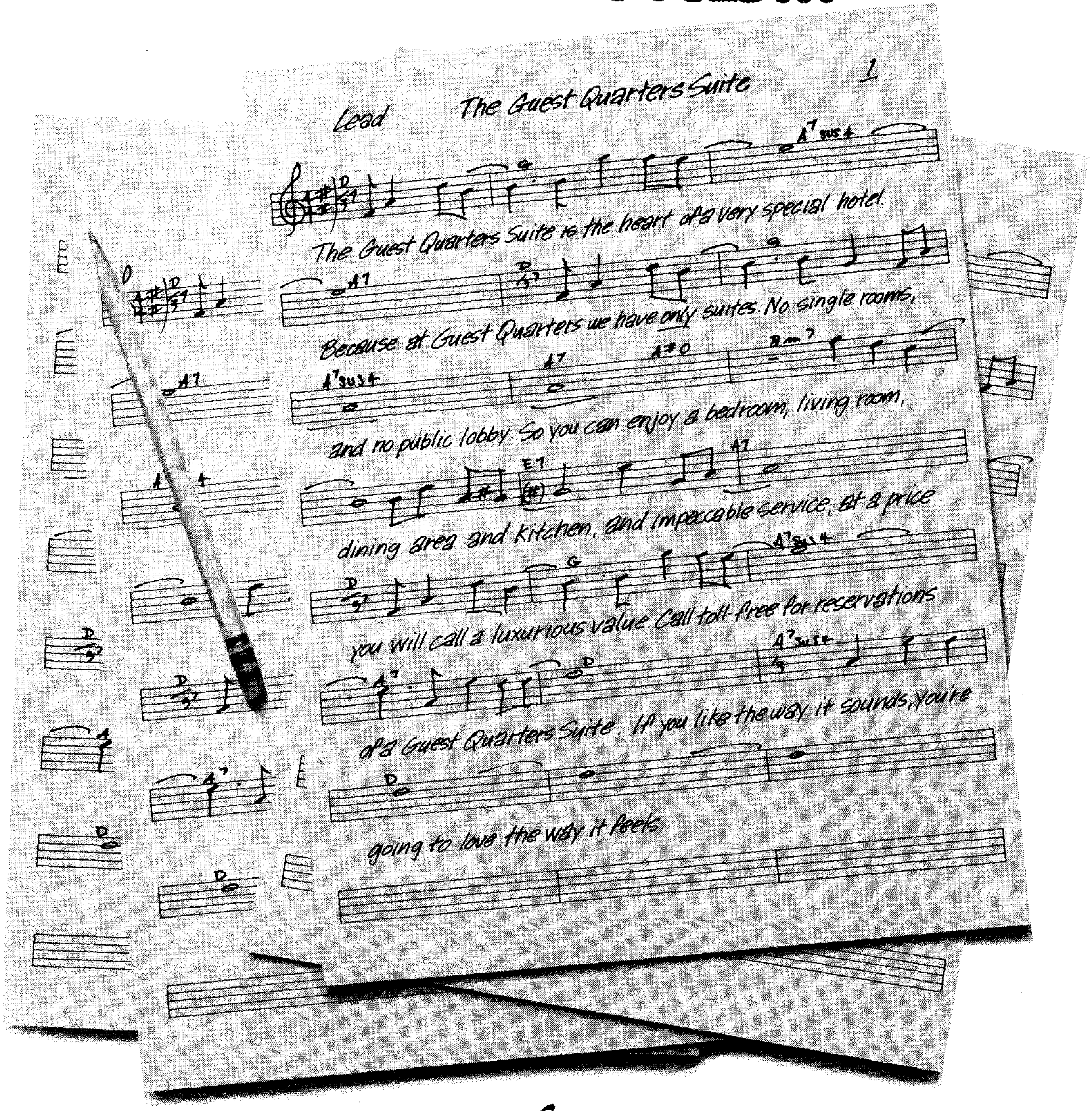
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

pair of cowboy boots. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

**COOKERY**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**MARION WILLIAMS**, a truly uplifting gospel singer, is performing here nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven. On Sundays, **DARDANELLE**, a delight of a singer-pianist, goes on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. On Sunday, Aug. 10, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will guide a quintet that will feature tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**, bassist **JAY LEONHART**, and drummer **CONNIE KAY**. They'll begin about nine-fifteen. Dining.

**FAT TUESDAY'S**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and positively first-rate jazz. Drummer **ROY HAYNES** leads his hard-bop quintet through Saturday, Aug. 9; on Tuesday, Aug. 12, tenor saxophonist **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** and trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** will begin performing with pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** trio. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

**GRAND FINALE**, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—**SARAH VAUGHAN** in a club! But only through Sunday, Aug. 10. Her shows start at nine and eleven-thirty. After that, beginning Monday, Aug. 11, singer and dancer **ANDRÉ DE SHIELDS** will be performing here at eleven-thirty only.

**GREENE STREET**, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was until last fall—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe, performs through Sunday, Aug. 10; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 12-13, will belong to guitarist **JIMMY PONDER**; and on Thursday, Aug. 14, Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA** will arrive with her backup team. Music nightly after ten. Dining.

**GREGORY'S**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **BEN ARONOV** and guitarist **AL GAFA**, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist hold sessions from seven to ten.

**HANRATTY'S**, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts East Side-looking couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a juke box.) Stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** has settled in the dining room, where he usually plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. The exception to the schedule will occur Monday through Thursday, Aug. 11-14, when Kansas City pianist and singer and movie star ("The Last of the Blue Devils") **JAY MC SHANN** appears here.

**HORS D'OEUVRERIE**, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Lou Forestieri's trio performs for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

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**HURRAH**, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident DJs select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven and between sets. The live sounds: Magazine Wednesday, Aug. 6; Secret Affair Thursday and Friday, Aug. 7-8; Single Bullet Theory Saturday, Aug. 9; and Helen Schneider Tuesday, Aug. 12. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Video shows on Mondays. Closed Sunday, Aug. 10.

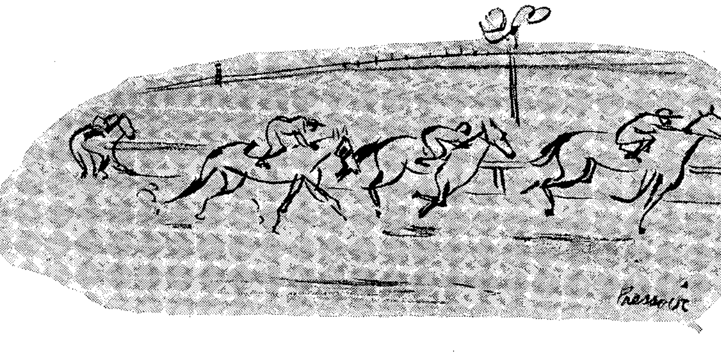
**JAZZMANIA SOCIETY**, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, couches, air-conditioning, *and* live jazz—it is worth the four-flight climb. Music from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**KNICKERBOCKER SALOON**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded, but crowded with good listeners. **JUNIOR MANCE**, a bluesy, rhapsodic pianist, works with his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**, through Saturday, Aug. 9. On Tuesday, Aug. 12, pianist and National Public Radio star **BILLY TAYLOR** and bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** will return to this, their home base in New York. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** form the Sunday and Monday duo. Music from ten.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—One is apt to run across a lot of T-shirts, Bermuda shorts, and sockless loafers in here in the summer. Wednesday, Aug. 6, will be claimed by country-folk singer Jesse Winchester; on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 10-11, drummer and country-rock singer **LEVON HELM**, who used to work with a band called Levon & the Hawks—they were later known as The Band—will lead his current group; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 12-13, rock-and-roll veteran **ROY ORBISON** will be onstage; and Texas Jewish standup folkie Kinky Friedman will perform on Thursday, Aug. 14. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

**MAX'S KANSAS CITY**, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Science and Strain Wednesday, Aug. 6; Ras Karbi band and the Splits Thursday, Aug. 7; Superheroes and Donna Destri Friday, Aug. 8; Senders and Tiger Beats Saturday, Aug. 9; Popular Science and 4/4 Sunday, Aug. 10; Come to Poppa, Bounce, and Ushers Monday, Aug. 11; and Teasers, Hi-Sheriff of Blue, and Wheels Tuesday, Aug. 12. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.



**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert of 1938 is being re-created on this bandstand—the sextet part, that is. The part of Benny Goodman is played by **BOB WILBER**; guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** plays Charlie Christian; vibraharpist Lars Erstrand plays Lionel Hampton; drummer Chuck Riggs plays Gene Krupa; and bassist Phil Flanagan plays Harry Goodman. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

**ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

**OTHER END**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club. **MARY TRAVERS**, a famous, veteran pop-folkie, will sing here Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 12-13, will be guitar-bass-duo nights with **GENE BERTONCINI & MICHAEL MOORE** and **JOHN STOWELL & DAVID FRIESEN** all sharing the stage; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, Jim Dawson will perform some folk music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine.

**PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

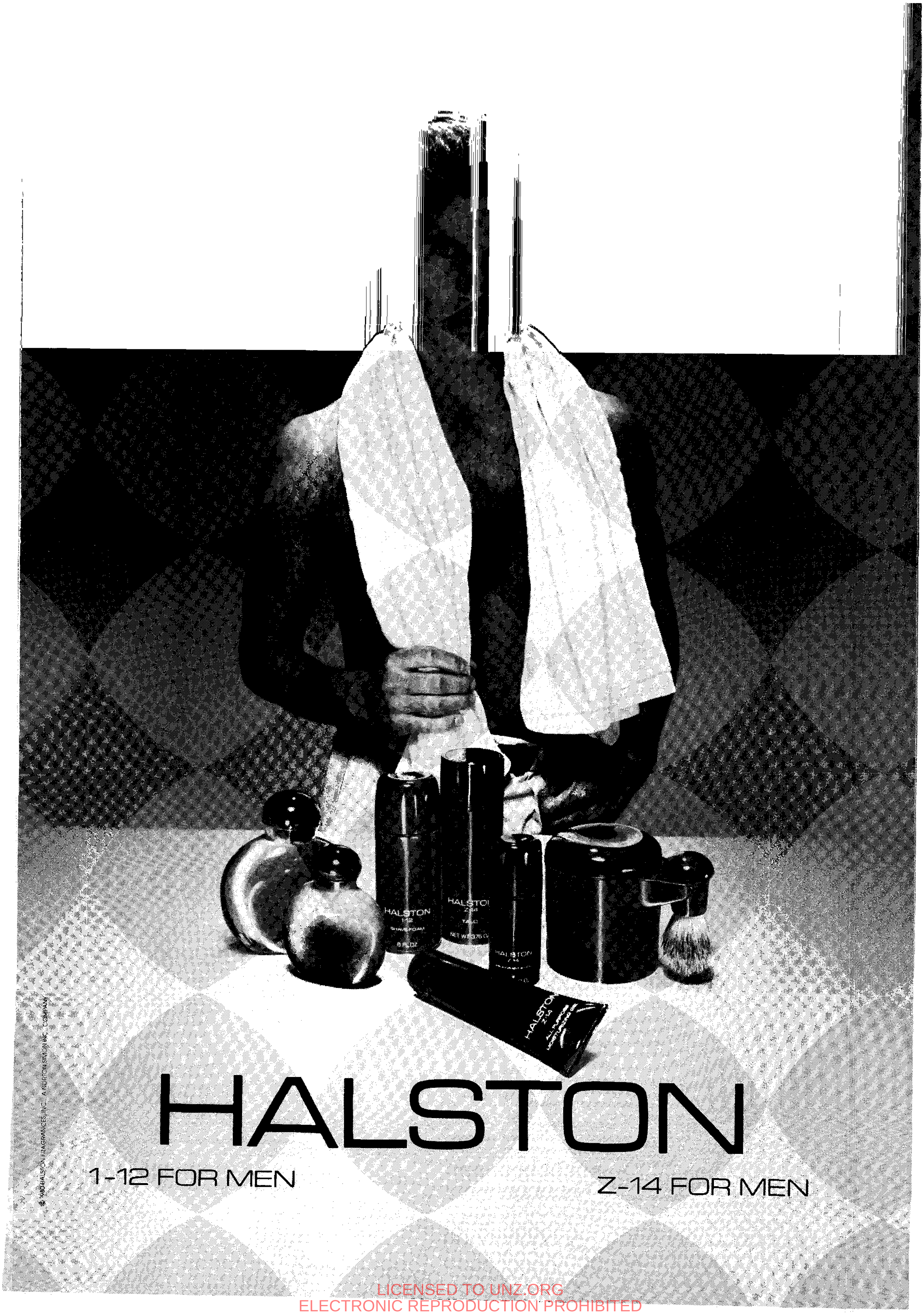
**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible for one not to want to dance Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**RITZ**, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in Art Deco. A very large ballroom—the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet—remodelled in 1935 to accommodate neighborhood ethnic social-club affairs, and then used for nearly twenty-five years as an RCA recording studio. Now it belongs to the post-Pepsi generation. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 6, Blotto; Thursday, Aug. 7, **JERRY LEE LEWIS** quintet; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, Robin Lane; Monday, Aug. 11, **FATS DOMINO**; Tuesday, Aug. 12, Hitmen, Christian Rex & the Connections, and Neighbors & Allies; Wednesday, Aug. 13, Original Savannah Band; and Saturday, Aug. 16, Fleshtones, Get Wet, and Testors. Music after midnight. Dancing.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—The King Cole Room offers brass bannisters, Maxfield Parrish paintings, and a trio led by singer and pianist **HAZEL SCOTT**. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to eleven; Fridays from eight to midnight; and Saturdays from eight to one. Dining and dancing.

**SALT PEANUTS**, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach St. (431-6044)—Below Canal Street and way out west, one will find alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON'S** quartet performing Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to four. Dining.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz and R. & B. room. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 7-10, will be given over to trumpeter **MIKE LAWRENCE'S** quintet; Thurs-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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day and Friday, Aug. 14-15, the **PERSUASIONS** will sing some stunning street-corner a-cappella soul numbers; and on Saturday, Aug. 16, **DEFUNKT**, the fine, swinging D. & B. (dissonance-and-blues) sextet led by the swaggering trombonist and singer **JOE BOWIE**, will move in. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Sheraton Centre,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents the wonderful **TITO PUENTE**, who plays timbales and marimba, and his quintet. Music from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

**Star and Garter,** 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A room where one can just wander in, take a seat, and listen to some impressive jazz duos. The duos: **BILL TAKAS** and **BOB DOROUGH** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9, **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and **BROSS TOWNSEND**; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 14-16, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **EDDIE GOMEZ**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands, and the place keeps on being crowded. Drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his latest crop of sidemen are here through Sunday, Aug. 10; Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 11-13, pianist **MAL WALDRON'S** trio will be on hand; and on Thursday, Aug. 14, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will head up a trio. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Syncopation,** 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—Blown-up photographs of famous people from within and without the world of bebop—Max Roach, Stan Getz, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford—line the wall. Drummer and proprietor John Lewis heads up a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays belong to the **LOUIS HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio (that's drums, piano, and bass). The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

**Tin Palace,** 325 Bowery at 2nd St. (674-9115)—It's not the tattered awning around the side of the building or the dreary surrounding streets but the wonderful jazz on the inside that makes this place palatial. Trumpeter Johnny Coles, who has worked with Herbie Hancock, Ray Charles, and Duke Ellington, is working with his own group on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 6-7. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A rock, jazz, ska, and blues lineup. On Friday, Aug. 8, **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS** will sing about hurricanes, wimmin, prison, bad luck, and trouble, and will play a few of his favorite chords; Saturday, Aug. 9, will be given over to Chicago-blues-harp legend **BIG WALTER HORTON**; on Sunday, Aug. 10, **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS**, two fine second-generation Chicago-blues musicians, will be present; Tuesday, Aug. 12, will belong to the Speedies; and on Friday, Aug. 15, saxophonist, singer, and former associate of Howlin' Wolf **EDDIE SHAW** will lead the Wolf Gang Blues Band. Shows most nights at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side: Wednesday, Aug. 6, John Loeffler & the Immortals and Colleen Heather & the Smash; Thursday, Aug. 7, the Others and Jinx; Friday, Aug. 8, Jimmie Mack; and Saturday, Aug. 9, the Rattlers and the Exciters. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

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**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs outsized quarters: **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** is singing through Sunday, Aug. 10; on Tuesday, Aug. 12, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will bring in his Latin-jazz band and trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** will bring along his quartet. On Monday nights, the room is given over to salsa bands. Music from nine on Mondays, from ten-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays and on Sundays, and from twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Meanwhile out on the sidewalk lounge, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays after nine.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and pianist **BARRY HARRIS** are co-piloting a hard-bop quartet through Sunday, Aug. 10. Tuesday, Aug. 12, will mark the arrival of tenor saxophonist **ARNETT COBB**, who in the forties was billed as "The Wildest Tenorman in the World." Cobb, who works mostly out of Houston nowadays—even taking gigs in such unlikely places as nearby Galveston—plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that kind of music very often anymore. The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off on Mondays. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Esther Blue is the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday pianist; Sadik Hakim has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight.

**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** and longtime Ellington drummer **SONNY GREER** share the stage Wednesday, Aug. 6; on Thursday, Aug. 7, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will take charge with his quintet. Music from about nine.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Magazine**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 473-5421. Friday, Aug. 8, at about midnight.

**Tal Farlow Trio**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday, Aug. 9, at 9.

**Alice Cooper**—With Billy Squier. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

**Jazz Forum**—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Walter Davis, Jr., Trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10: Diamond Sextet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 13: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: Bobby Sanabria and Ascensión Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16: Ted Nash Quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around 9.)

**Benefit Concert**—With Lester Bowie, Sonny Fortune, Joseph Jarman, Leroy Jenkins, Oliver Lake, Famoudou Don Moye, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 473-1844.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

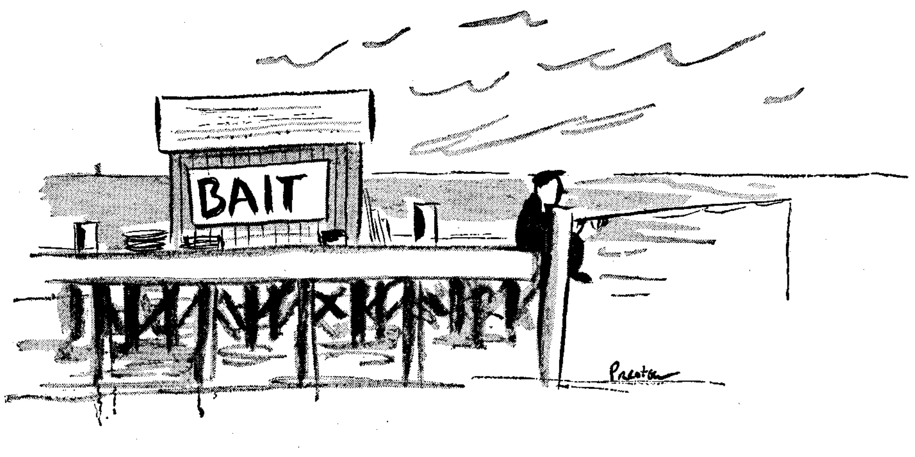
**Maureen Connor**—Constructions of starched white organdy, in shapes derived from the art of napkin-folding. Through Aug. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**Michael Heizer**—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug. 29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Northwest Coast Indian Art**—A display of a hundred imaginative masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through Aug. 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Battery Park City**—Sculptures out-of-doors by Alice Aycock, Michael Davis, Heide Fasnacht, Maren Hassinger, Andrew Leicester, Nancy Rubins, Ursula von Rydingsvard, and David Wells. Through Sept. 14. (Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The nineteenth annual Old Master print exhibition: More than two hundred original prints from the fifteenth century through the eighteenth, including Montagna's engraving "Virgin and Child," Rembrandt's etching "Hundred Guilder Print," and Dürer's engravings "Sea Monster" and "Coat of Arms with a Skull." Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Boulderlike floor sculptures by Grace Knowlton and colored-pencil drawings of fruits and vegetables by Po Kim are among works by nine artists. Through Sept. 19. . . . **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings and drawings, about thirty in all, by Theodore Robinson, Winslow Homer, Maurice Prendergast, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine emerging artists who first emerged at this artistic proving ground, among them Frank Moore, James Zwaldo, and Maryam Zafar. Through Saturday, Aug. 9. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **FREIDUS**, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Herbert George, Arthur Gibbons, and Joe Neill are some of the artists in a show devoted to sculptures by gallery regulars. Also working drawings. Through Aug. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Two works each—one from the early sixties and one completed recently—by seven gallery artists: Jack Beal (self-portraits from the two periods), Robert Arneson, Joan Brown, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and William Wiley. Through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show of symbolist art by more than twenty artists, nearly all American and English. Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . **HAMMER**, 33 W. 57th St.: Fifty works (paintings, mostly) by American and European artists—Cassatt, Marsh, Renoir, and Henri among them—of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 29. . . . **SPECTRUM**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works by contemporary artists depicting fifteen American Presidents, sometimes reverently, more often not. There is a life-size stained-glass likeness of Abraham Lincoln by Hy Bley; slapstick



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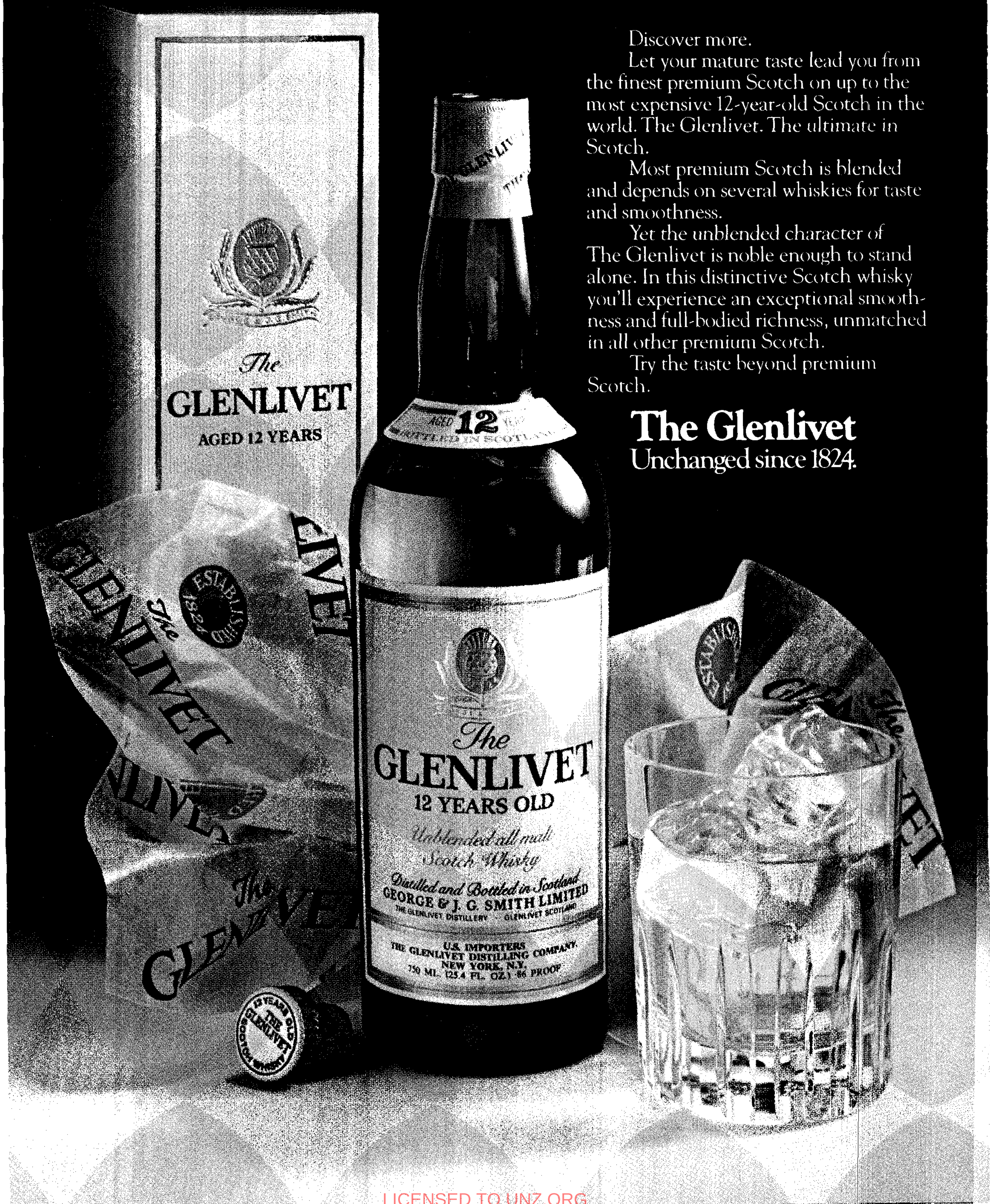
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sculptures of him by William King; and a lithograph, "Sam's Art," by Saul Steinberg, which shows Lincoln sitting at an easel drawing images from the back of a dollar bill. Through Aug. 22. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: "Time and Space," an exhibition of paintings, drawings, collages, and reliefs by Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Leon Polk Smith. Through Aug. 29. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures by Manzù and Calder, plus a small show of drawings and paintings by Henry Moore, Marini, Matisse, Hopper, and others. Through Aug. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of works by gallery artists, or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway. . . . **HUTCHINSON**, 138 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACK**, 138 Prince St. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **LONG**, 7 W. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**LUCIEN AIGNER**—Forty vintage prints from the thirties of Parisians celebrating Bastille Day. Through Friday, Aug. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

**IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM** (1883-1976) / **LAURA GILPIN** (1891-1979)—Sixty little-known prints selected by Judy Dater, and thirteen portraits of friends and associates of Imogen Cunningham taken by Ms. Dater. / Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ALFRED R. WAUD** (1828-78) / **EDWIN CASPER** (1884-1951)—Mid-nineteenth-century tintypes of ordinary people in ordinary surroundings. / Early-twentieth-century photographs on rice paper, watercolor paper, and even on the back of textured wallpaper. Through Saturday, Aug. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Sixty mid-nineteenth-century photographs made on the grand tour of the Continent. Examples by Bisson Frères, Charles Marville, Robert MacPherson, and others. . . . ¶ Thirty-five black-and-white street photographs by Louis Lanzano. Both shows through Sept. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A group show of photographic works meant to shake up conventional ideas of what a camera is for. The artists include Ray Metzker; Barbara Crane; Andrea Kovács; and Hass Murphy and Jerry Jones, who are known collectively as the Vision Stations. Through Sept. 18. (Open noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Inanimate objects—masks, mannequins, dolls—in photographs from the twenties and thirties exploring the notions that "seeing is believing" and "the camera does not lie." Three signed Hans Bellmers and several Man Rays are included. Through Friday, Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: About fifty contemporary photographs, by twenty-two invited artists. Through Friday, Aug. 15.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About forty works on paper by the Belgian symbolist Leon Spilliaert (1881-1946). The exhibition has been organized by the Phillips Collection. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty-one paintings by European artists (three apiece by Klee, Léger, and Matisse), temporarily on loan from the otherwise occupied Museum of Modern Art. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

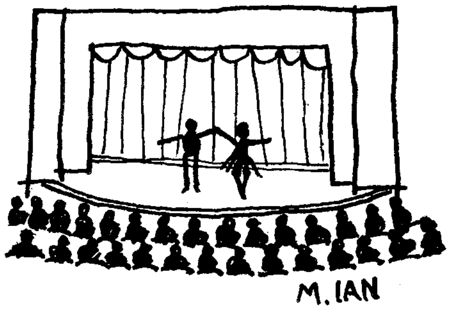
**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the permanent collection—nearly two hundred works in all. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty works by Charles Burchfield, the majority of them landscapes in watercolor. Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—"Indian Botanical Paintings," an exhibition of seventy-two watercolors from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries which were commissioned by the East India Company. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer, but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM**, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)



**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A historical survey of hair styles and hair ornaments, and an exploration of hair as a symbol in literature and religion. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**JAPAN HOUSE**, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of about seventy-five traditional paper and bamboo Japanese kites made by contemporary craftsmen. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART**, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show by artists-in-residence: paintings by Louis Delsarte; sculptures, paintings, and photographs by Candace Hill-Montgomery; graphics and handmade books by Jacqui Holmes. Through Sept. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

**MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL**—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 6: Eduardo Mata conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Paula Robison, flute; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Benita Valente, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Westminster Choir. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 11, and Wednesday, Aug. 13: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with Ilana Vered, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 12: A chamber-music program with Mr. Rampal; Marya Martin, flute; Mr. Parnas; and John Steele Ritter, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: The Borodin Trio, with Robert White, tenor. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16: Calvin Simmons conducting the orchestra, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Garrick Ohlsson, piano; and Barry Tuckwell, horn. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

**PEKING OPERA**—Opening performances of a two-week engagement of traditional Chinese opera by a company of ninety singers, dancers, and musicians, appearing here for the first time. Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 7:30; Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8; and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2: "Monkey King Fights the Eighteen Lo Hans," "The Jade Bracelet," and "Yen Deng Mountain." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 13, and Friday, Aug. 15, at 8: "Three Forked Crossroad," "The White Snake," and "Goddess of the Green Ripples." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.

### IN THE COUNTRY

**TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL**—Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: Maureen Forrester, contralto, and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 7: John Oliver directing the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Sym-

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

phony in an all-Berlioz program, with the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Colin Davis conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mozart-Mahler program, with Miss Forrester and Mr. Shirley-Quirk. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Richard Pittman directing the Boston Musica Viva in a performance of two fully-staged chamber operas—Stravinsky's "A Soldier's Tale" and Harbison's "Full Moon in March." . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 7: Alexis Weissenberg, piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Chopin-Perle-Janáček program, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2:30: Hang Zhong-Jie and Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with soloists from the People's Republic of China performing on Chinese instruments. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.)

**SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER**—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 23—Wednesday, Aug. 6: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 7: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8: Robert Irving conducting a program of ballet music, with dancers Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Journey on Sunday, Aug. 10, at 7, and by Tony Bennett on Monday, Aug. 11, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 13: James Conlon conducting an all-Brahms program, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14: Aldo Ceccato directing a program of opera music by Verdi, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a program that includes the première of Ezra Laderman's "Summer Solstice," with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16: Henry Mancini conducting a program of popular music. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Thursday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**CARAMOOR FESTIVAL**—Final performances of the season—Sunday, Aug. 10, at 5:30: The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Ani Kavafian, violin; André-Michel Schub, piano; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 17, at 5:30: Elly Ameling, soprano. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

**SUMMERFARE '80**—Final performances of a five-weekend festival of theatre, dance, and music taking place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. Friday, Aug. 8, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 9-10, at 3 and 8: "The Ruling Class," a play by Peter Barnes, starring John Glover; Michael Kahn is the director. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: The Feld Ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 8, at 11: Leon Redbone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30: The Feld Ballet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: A benefit program, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano; Zoe Caldwell, actress; Catherine Malfitano, soprano; Neil Shicoff, tenor; Honi Coles and Peggy Lyman, dancers; and others. (For information about tickets to any of the above events and other events not mentioned, call 914 253-5900.)

**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL**—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 9: The Ohio Ballet. . . .

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¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-16: The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 413 243-0745.)

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2. . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 11-13, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 14-15, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2:05.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Chicago Bears, Sunday, Aug. 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Denver Broncos, Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8.

**GOLF**—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 14-17.)

**RACING**—At **SARATOGA**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 25. The DeWitt Clinton, Wednesday, Aug. 6; the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 9; the Bernard Baruch Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 10; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 16. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 9, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 16. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. The United Nations Handicap, Friday, Aug. 8.

**SOCCER**—Cosmos vs. Edmonton. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Thursday, Aug. 7, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.) . . . ¶ New York United vs. the National Team of Ecuador. (Shea Stadium. 651-6100. Sunday, Aug. 10, at 3:05.)

**TROTTING**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Aug. 8, through Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Woodrow Wilson, Wednesday, Aug. 6.

**YACHTING**—Australia, France, Great Britain, and Sweden in the first two of three elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Preliminary trials through Sunday, Aug. 10, and observation trials Thursday, Aug. 14, through Monday, Aug. 25.)

## ET ALIA

**DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION**—Opens at Madison Square Garden Monday, Aug. 11, at 11 A.M. The keynote address, by Representative Morris K. Udall, of Arizona, will be delivered that evening.

**AUCTIONS**—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave. at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.)—Friday, Aug. 8, at 10:15: European and American paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Monday, Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, Aug. 8.

### THE GREAT OUTDOORS

**NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL**—The Festival has put Shakespeare aside this year in favor of Gilbert and Sullivan. Free performances of **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**, with Linda Ronstadt, Patricia Routledge, George Rose, Kevin Kline, Rex Smith, and Tony Azito, are being presented through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—Concerts in various city parks. David Zinman is conducting the second in a series of peripatetic programs: **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens, Friday, Aug. 8, at 8. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8. . . . **SNUG HARBOR PARK**, Staten Island, Sunday, Aug. 10, at 8. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN**, Monday, Aug. 11, at 8.

**DAMROSCH PARK**, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in the last in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 6-8, and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 8.)

**CENTRAL PARK MALL**—Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8 (rain date, Thursday, Aug. 14): The No Gap Generation Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8: Julius Grossman conducting the Julius Grossman Orchestra, with Warren Lash, cello. (In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Universalist Church, 4 W. 76th St.)

**SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM**—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 8: The Multigravitational Aerodance Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15: The Blue Sparks from Hell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 16: Hellman's Angels. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

**WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK**—Henry Schuman conducting the Festival Band in the final concert of the season, with Linda Seay, soprano. (Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

**WOLLMAN RINK**—Wednesday, Aug. 6: B.B. King and Bobby Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Utopia, with Todd Rundgren, Roger Powell, Kasim Sulton, and John Wilcox. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 11: The Ramones. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 13: Melissa Manchester. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 15: Al DiMeola. (Evenings at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

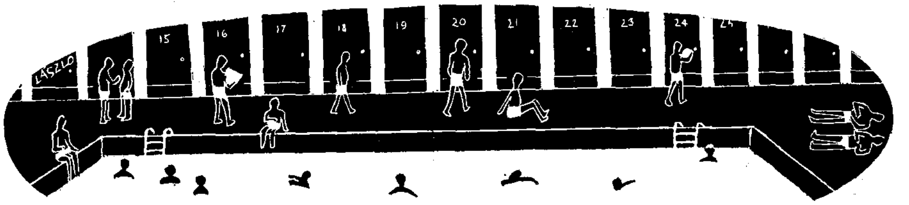
**LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS**—Opening performances of a three-week festival that includes jazz (as well as country and bluegrass music), dance, musical comedy, children's theatre, cabaret, Hispanic specials, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA**: The Big Apple Circus, Tuesday, Aug. 12, at noon. . . . ¶ Jazz at Noon, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at noon. . . . ¶ The Brooklyn Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 6. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK**: The Molly Picon Show, Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Country Song and Dance, Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Bluegrass Festival, Friday, Aug. 15, at noon, 6, and 8:15. . . . ¶ The American Symphony Orchestra, Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8. (For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

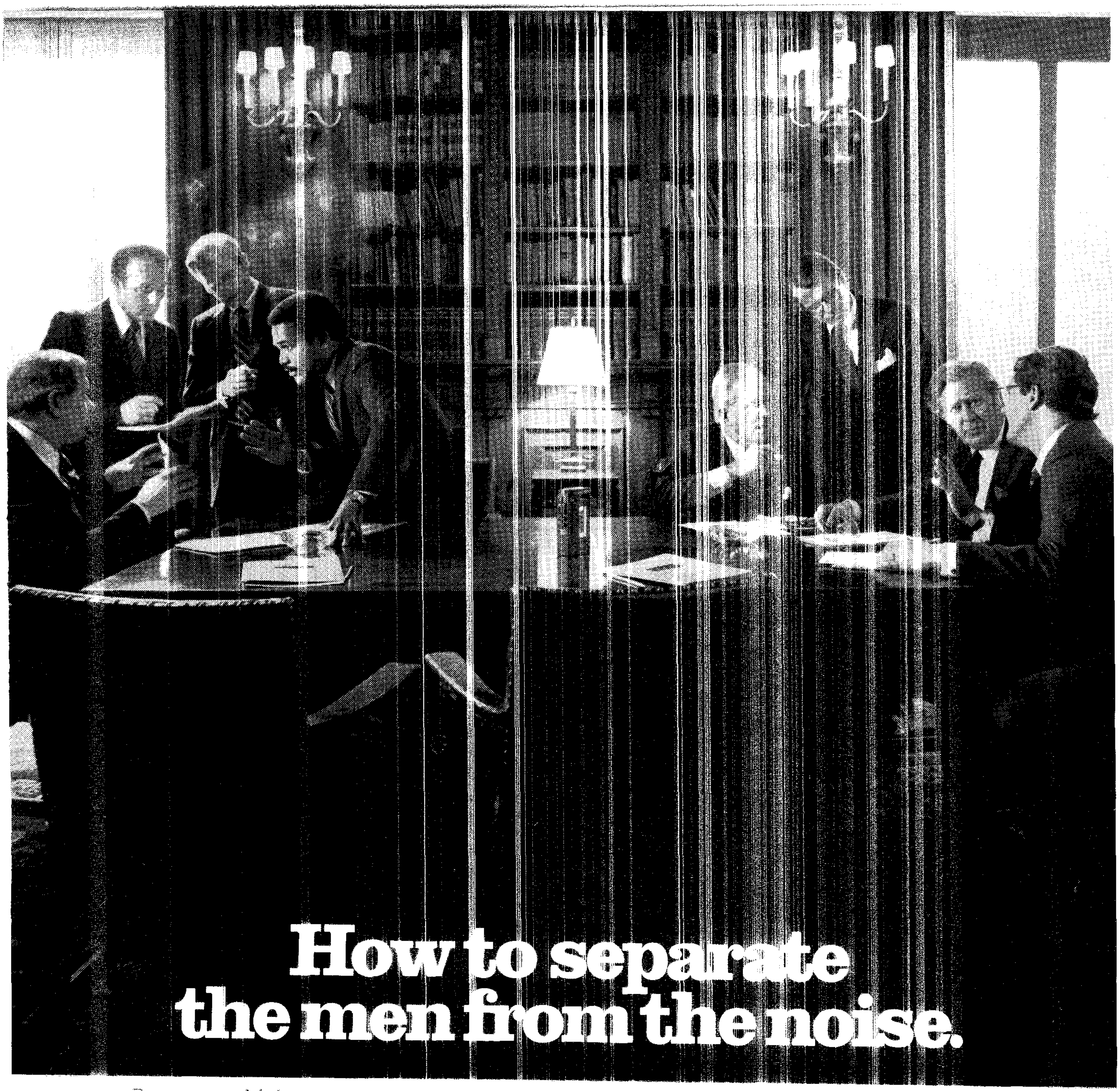
**JONES BEACH THEATRE**—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, Earl Wrightson, and Lois Hunt, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

**WALKING TOUR**—"Chelsea: A Literary Excursion," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Aug. 10, starting at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2. For reservations, call 534-1672.

**PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS**—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best night for watching is Monday, Aug. 11, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

**DEEP BREATHING**—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The Park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.





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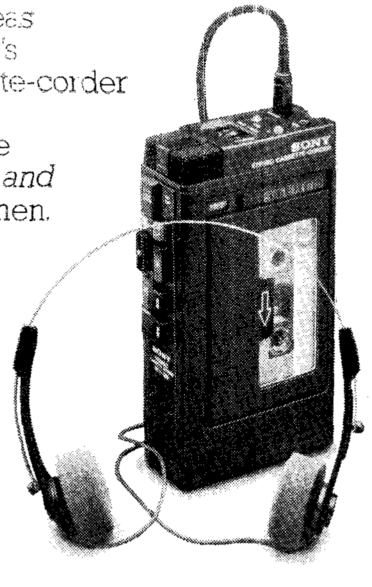

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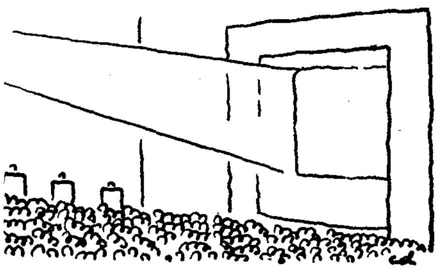
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Ludwig." (No performances on Monday, Aug. 11.)

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Strange Masquerade."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 7: "Brubaker" and "Norma Rae."
Aug. 8-14: "The Blue Lagoon" and "Small Change."
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Aug. 7: "The Blue Lagoon."
From Aug. 8: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Hunter."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Airplane!"

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 7: "The Blues Brothers."
Aug. 8-14: "Fame."
From Aug. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit II."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Big Red One."

**Penthouse East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 7: "Honeysuckle Rose."
From Aug. 8: "Xanadu."

**Manhattan 1,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

**Manhattan 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"My Bodyguard."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Aug. 14: "Airplane!"
From Aug. 15: "Willie & Phil."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Getting of Wisdom."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 14: "My Brilliant Career."
From Aug. 15: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"No Nukes."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"The Tin Drum."

**Gemini 1,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Aug. 14: "The Final Countdown."
From Aug. 15: "The Kidnapping of the President."

**Gemini 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Aug. 7: "Fame."
From Aug. 8: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dressed to Kill."

**Loews New York 1,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Caddyshack."

**Loews New York 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Aug. 7: "The Empire Strikes Back."
From Aug. 8: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 7: "Urban Cowboy."
From Aug. 8: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Aug. 7: "Brubaker."
Aug. 8-14: "Urban Cowboy."
From Aug. 15: "The Blue Lagoon."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Aug. 7: "The Blue Lagoon."
From Aug. 8: "Xanadu."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 7: "The Last Flight of Noah's Ark" and "101 Dalmatians."
Aug. 8-14: "Don't Answer the Phone."
From Aug. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit II."

**Loews Orpheum 1,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

**Loews Orpheum 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hunter."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Final Countdown."

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 7: "The Blues Brothers." From Aug. 8: "Battle Beyond the Stars."
Theatre 2: "Cheech and Chong's Next Movie."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Caddyshack."

**Greenwich Playhouse 1,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"My Bodyguard."

**Greenwich Playhouse 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fame."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Brilliant Career."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 14: "The Big Red One." From Aug. 15: "The Tin Drum."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: "Dressed to Kill."

**Harold Clurman,** 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 6: "The T.A.M.I. Show" and "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones."
Aug. 7: "Ladies and Gentleman, The Rolling Stones" and "That'll Be the Day."
Aug. 8-14: "Dark Star."
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Santini."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Raise the Titanic."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Aug. 7: "Airplane!"
From Aug. 8: "Rough Cut."

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dressed to Kill."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Aug. 13: "Come Have Coffee with Us."
Aug. 14: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 15: "Willie & Phil."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Practice Makes Perfect."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Arabian Nights."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Blue Lagoon."

**Cinema Studio 1,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 10: "Les Petites Fugues."
Aug. 11: "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."
Aug. 12: "Alex in Wonderland."
Aug. 13: "Blume in Love."
Aug. 14: "Harry & Tonto."
Aug. 15: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
Aug. 16: "An Unmarried Woman."

**Cinema Studio 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Aug. 14: "Brubaker."
From Aug. 15: "Come Have Coffee with Us."

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 7: "Caddyshack." From Aug. 8: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind."
Theatre 2: "My Bodyguard."
Theatre 3: "Dressed to Kill."
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 7: "The Last Flight of Noah's Ark" and "101 Dalmatians." From Aug. 8: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu."

**New Yorker 1,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Aug. 7: "My Brilliant Career."
From Aug. 8: "The Tin Drum."

**New Yorker 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Fame."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 7: "The Shining" and "Time After Time."
Aug. 8-14: "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Electric Horseman."
From Aug. 15: "The Blues Brothers" and "The Jerk."

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Center,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 7: "The Big Red One." (†) From Aug. 8: "Xanadu." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Blue Lagoon." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 7: "Honeysuckle Rose." (†) From Aug. 8: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 7: "The Shining." (†) From Aug. 8: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane." (†)
Theatre 5: "Fame." (†)

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Aug. 7: "Brubaker." (†)
From Aug. 8: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

**Embassy,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "My Bodyguard." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 7: "Urban Cowboy." (†) From Aug. 8: "Brubaker." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 7: "The Last Flight of Noah's Ark" (†) and "101 Dalmatians." (†) From Aug. 8: "Brubaker." (†)

**Embassy 5,** B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Dressed to Kill." (†)

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Airplane!" (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

**Loews State 1,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Hunter." (†)

**Loews State 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Caddyshack." (†)

**National,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cheech and Chong's Next Movie." (†)

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 7: "Zombie."
Aug. 8-14: "Don't Answer the Phone." (†)
From Aug. 15: "Smokey and the Bandit II." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 1,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"The Final Countdown." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Aug. 7: "The Blues Brothers." (†)
From Aug. 8: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu." (†)

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 6: "Despair" (1979), directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976), in German, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
Aug. 7: "Rape of Love" (1979), in French, directed by Yannick Bellon, with Nathalie Nell.
Aug. 8: "Starting Over" (1979), directed by Alan Pakula, with Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh, and Candice Bergen; and "Handle with Care" (1977; "Citizens Band"), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Paul Le Mat, Marcia Rodd, and Ann Wedgeworth.
Aug. 9: "Amarcord" (1974), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Bruno Zanin.
Aug. 10: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Federico Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.
Aug. 11: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (1976), directed by Herbert Ross, with

Alan Arkin, Vanessa Redgrave, Robert Duvall, Nicol Williamson, and Laurence Olivier; and "Time After Time." (†)

Aug. 12: "Yojimbo" (1961), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Fencing Master" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Harumi Mizuho.

Aug. 13: "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Rebecca." (†)

Aug. 14: "Animal House" (1978), directed by John Landis, with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, John Vernon, and Verna Bloom; and "Animal Farm" (1954), an animated film.

Aug. 15: "Lolita." (†)

Aug. 16: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 6: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "A Perfect Couple" (1979), directed by Robert Altman, with Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.

Aug. 7: "Charade" (1963), directed by Stanley Donen, with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

Aug. 8: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Aug. 9: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Mark of the Vampire" (1935), directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Carol Borland, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, and Elizabeth Allan.

Aug. 10: "A Star Is Born." (†)

Aug. 11: "The Age of the Medici" (1973), Parts 1 and 2 of this Roberto Rossellini film.

Aug. 12: "The Age of the Medici" (1973), Parts 2 and 3 of this Roberto Rossellini film.

Aug. 13: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria." (†)

Aug. 14: "The Duellists" (1978), directed by Ridley Scott, with Keith Carradine, Harvey Keitel, Cristina Raines, and Albert Finney; and "Joseph Andrews." (†)

Aug. 15: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

Aug. 16: "The Damned." (†)

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 7: "Salò: 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.

Aug. 8-9: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Dracula" (1979), directed by John Badham, with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence.

Aug. 10-11: "To Forget Venice" (†) and "A Simple Story." (†)

Aug. 12: "Pumping Iron" (†) and "The Queen." (†)

Aug. 13-14: "The Way We Were" (†) and "A Star Is Born." (†)

Aug. 15-16: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones" (†); and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 14: "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

From Aug. 15: "Rockers" (1980), a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos, with Leroy Wallace.

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 6: "Uncertain Glory" (1944), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas, Jean Sullivan, and Lucille Watson; and "All Through the Night" (1942), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, and Conrad Veidt.

Aug. 7-9: "Strawberry Blonde" (1941), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, and Rita Hayworth; and "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Carney, Walter Huston, and Joan Leslie.

Aug. 10-11: "King's Row" (†); and "Captains of the Clouds" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, and Dennis Morgan.

Aug. 12-13: "Sergeant York" (1941), directed by Howard Hawks, with Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, Joan Leslie, George Tobias, and Ward Bond; and "Gentlemen Jim." (†)

Aug. 14-16: "The Big Sleep" (1946) and "To Have and Have Not" (1944), both films directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 6: "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Jackie Coogan; and four short silent Charlie Chaplin-Edna Purviance films—"The Idle Class," "The Floorwalker," "The Adventurer," and "The Vagabond."

Aug. 7: "Child Bride" (1939), "I Changed My Sex: Glen or Glenda" (1951), and "Reefer Madness" (1939).

Aug. 8-9: "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "The Devil and Miss Jones" (1941), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings, and Edmund Gwenn.

Aug. 10: "Things to Come" (1936), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976), directed by L. Q. Jones, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

Aug. 11: A program of foreign cartoons; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated science-fiction film.

Aug. 12: "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers; and "Animal Crackers." (†)

Aug. 13: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and three Chaplin short films—"The Rink," "The Pawnshop," and "Behind the Screen," all made in 1916.

Aug. 14: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Aug. 15-16: "Cousin, Cousine" (1976), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 6: "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell and Kay Francis; and "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon.

Aug. 7: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937), directed by William Keighley, with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn.

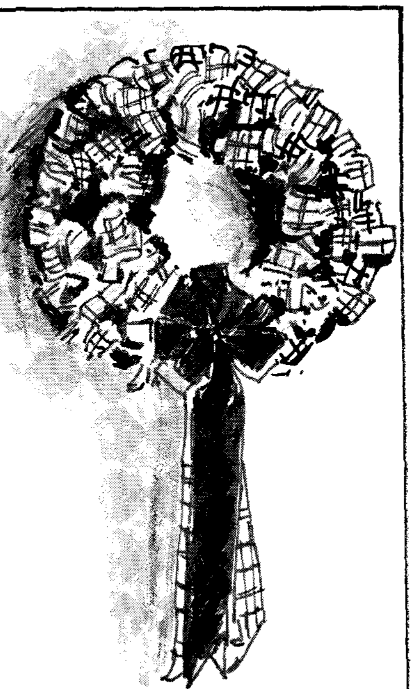
Aug. 8-9: "The Apartment" (1960), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray; and "One, Two, Three" (1961), directed by Billy Wilder, with James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, and Lilo Pulver.

Aug. 10: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale.

Aug. 11: "Romance" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, and Lewis Stone; and "Inspiration" (1931), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Aug. 12: "Broadway Melody of 1940," directed by Norman Taurog, with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "Broadway Melody." (†)

Aug. 13: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960), directed by Sidney Lumet,



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with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Aug. 14: "Murder, He Says" (†) and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case." (†)

Aug. 15-16: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 6 at 6: "Maxwell's Demon" (1968) and "Artificial Light" (1969), both directed by Hollis Frampton, and "N:O:T:H:I:N:G" (1969), directed by Paul Sharits. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: "Coming Apart" (1969), directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg, with Rip Torn, Sally Kirkland, and Viveca Lindfors. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: "Simon of the Desert" (1965), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Intimate Lighting" (1965), in Czech, directed by Ivan Passer. Both have English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8:30: "The Red and the White" (1968), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6: "That Cold Day in the Park" (1969), directed by Robert Altman, with Sandy Dennis and Michael Burns. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 8:30: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Kinuyo Tanaka and Kyoko Kagawa; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 6: "The Round Up" (1965), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 8:30: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 6: "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" (1969), directed by Abraham Polonsky, with Robert Redford, Robert Blake, and Katharine Ross. . . . ¶ Aug. 11 at 8:30: "Sweet Charity" (1969), directed by Bob Fosse, with Shirley MacLaine, Chita Rivera, John McMartin, and Ricardo Montalban. . . . ¶ Aug. 12 at 6: "Topaz" (1969), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Frederick Stafford, John Vernon, and John Forsythe. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 6: "Dillinger Is Dead" (1969), directed by Marco Ferreri, with Anita Pallenberg. . . . ¶ Aug. 13 at 8:30: "Ghost Poems, Part One" (1969), directed by Andrew Noren; "69" (1969), directed by Robert Breer; "Cosmos" (1969), directed by Jordan Belson; and "Tops" (1969), directed by Charles and Ray Eames. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 6: "Distant Shores" (1937), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk, with Zarah Leander; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 15 at 8:30: "La Habañera" (1937), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 6: "Final Chord" (1936), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lil Dagover; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 8:30: "Pillars of Society" (1935), in German, directed by Douglas Sirk, with Heinrich George; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

# IN BRIEF

**SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.**
**IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.**

**Airplane!**—With Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Robert Stack, and Lloyd Bridges; directed by Jerry and David Zucker and Jim Abrahams. (34th St. East, and Forum. . . . ¶ Festival; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Aug. 14.)

**Alex in Wonderland** (1970)—Paul Mazursky's account of a movie director (Donald Sutherland), who has just made his first picture (Mazursky had just made his first, "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice"), fretting and fantasizing over his next project. Alex's fantasy life has no intensity—it's a series of emotionally antiseptic reveries, staged like the big production numbers in a musical. And the film is so loose that one's attention wanders. (It was a commercial failure.) But Mazursky and his co-writer, Larry Tucker, have an affectionate, ambivalent way of observing the contradictions in how people live—especially in the domestic scenes of Alex and his wife (Ellen Burstyn) and their two daughters, and in the chaotic ambience of late-sixties Hollywood, where bearded executives wear Indian headbands and consider themselves anti-Establishment. The film has very funny moments, and at least one satiric triumph: a long revue skit in which Alex goes to lunch with a manic producer (played by Mazursky). Sutherland isn't bad—he has a soft-spoken way with dialogue, and he's wonderful when he leans back in fatuous satisfaction as Jeanne Moreau (who appears briefly as herself) sings to him—though he's so cool he drifts away while you're watching him. With Federico Fellini (as himself), Meg Mazursky, Glenna Sergent, and Viola Spolin. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 12.)

**Animal Crackers** (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts," of the year before, it was a Broadway musical comedy, slightly adapted, and filmed in Astoria—and it looks stagy. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Arguably the best line: "Signor Ravelli's first selection will be 'Somewhere My Love Lies Sleeping' with a male chorus." Once again, the writers were George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs (the justly celebrated "Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Victor Heerman. (Thalia; Aug. 12.)

**The Arabian Nights** (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema 3.)

**Battle Beyond the Stars**—With Richard Thomas and Robert Vaughn, directed by Jimmy T. Murakami. (R.K.O. 86th St.; starting Aug. 8.)

**The Big Red One**—With Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill, directed by Sam Fuller. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 14.)

**The Blue Lagoon**—The central and virtually the only characters are two little cousins; shipwrecked, they grow up alone together on a South Seas island, and turn into Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. The film has an inevitable, built-in prurience. All we have to look forward to is: When are these two going to discover fornication? The director, Randal Kleiser, and his scenarist, Douglas Day Stewart, have made the two clean and innocent by emptying them of any dramatic interest. Watching them is about as exciting as looking into a fishbowl waiting for guppies to mate. It's Disney nature porn. The cinematography, by Nestor Almendros, is so inexpressive that we seem to be looking at the scenic wonders of a vacation spa in a travelogue. Taken from a popular novel of 1908, by Henry de Vere Stacpoole, which was adapted to the screen once before, in 1949, with Jean Simmons. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/21/80.) (Paramount, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; Aug. 8-14. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 15.)

**The Blues Brothers**—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 15.)

**Blume in Love** (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Paul Mazursky directed. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 13.)

**Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice** (1969)—A lively, unabashedly commercial American comedy on the subject of modern sexual mores—the first feature directed by Paul Mazursky. The period is late 1969, when the concept of legal marriage is being undermined and Southern California middle-class people are culturally uneasy about clinging to something square, and personally tantalized by thoughts of the sex possibilities they're missing; swinging is in the air. The film contrasts the marriage of Robert Culp, as a documentary filmmaker, and his wife, Natalie Wood, with the mismatch of Dyan Cannon and her lawyer-husband, Elliott Gould—she's bored and he's bewildered. Mazursky and his co-writer, Larry Tucker, who served as producer, designed the picture as a series of sketches, letting the rhythm of the actors' interplay develop as it does in satiric improvisational-revue theatre. Natalie Wood is the wrong kind of actress for this material; she's still doing what she was doing as a child—still telegraphing us that she's being cute—and when she tries hard she just becomes an agitated iron butterfly. But the scenes involving Gould and Cannon are small miracles of timing; Cannon (who looks a bit like Lauren Bacall and a bit like Jeanne Moreau, but the wrong bits) is also remarkably funny in her scenes with an analyst (played by the analyst Donald F. Muhich). You can feel something new in the comic spirit of this film—in the way Mazursky gets laughs by the rhythm of clichés, defenses, and little verbal aggressions. With Horst Ebersberg, K. T. Stevens, Lee Bergere, Greg Mullavey, and Gary Goodrow. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 11.)

**Broadway Melody** (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Jed Prouty, Kenneth Thompson, and Mary Doran. Directed by Harry Beaumont, with ensemble numbers staged by George Cunningham; produced by Harry Rapf. (Some sequences were in an early Technicolor process.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 12.)

**Brubaker**—Suggested by the Arkansas prison scandals of the late sixties, this muckracking melodrama has considerable power and some strong performances. In the film, the prison, which is under the control of gun-carrying convict guards who supply slave labor to nearby farms and businesses, is in an unidentified Southern state. Robert Redford plays the warden who tries to clean up the place, but he's the wrong kind of actor for a prison movie—he isn't a tough man of action, and so the character has been mythologized, softened, and honeyed, and he seems to be the selfless white knight of the Westerns. Despite some perplexing scenes—probably occasioned by the fact that the director, Stuart Rosenberg, took over a project that had been shaped for a different director (Bob Rafel-

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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son) and tried to mold the material his way—there are individual sequences that may be the best work Rosenberg has ever done on the screen. The script, by W. D. Richter, has offhand dialogue with a warm, funny edge; the cinematography, by Bruno Nuytten, has a marvellous ease. And the remarkable cast includes Morgan Freeman, Richard Ward, Yaphet Kotto, David Keith, Tim McIntire, David Harris, M. Emmet Walsh, and Matt Clark. There are also performers who are used poorly (Murray Hamilton, John McMartin, Jane Alexander) or use themselves poorly (Everett McGill). (7/7/80) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Embassy 1; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 8.)

**CADDYSHACK**—With Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, Ted Knight, and Michael O'Keefe; directed by Harold Ramis. (Waverly, Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 7.)

**LA CAGE AUX FOLLES** (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**CALIGULA**—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

**CHEECH AND CHONG'S NEXT MOVIE**—Directed by Thomas Chong. (Manhattan 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and National.)

**CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND** (1977)—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. It sends you out in a state of blissful satisfaction. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (Gramercy, Loews New York 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; starting Aug. 8.)

**COME HAVE COFFEE WITH US** (1970)—With Ugo Tognazzi, directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 15.)

**THE DAMNED** (1969)—Luchino Visconti's view of depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. The Nazis are rotten, scheming degenerates, who look like werewolves talking politics while green lights play on their faces. When the young hero's impersonation of Marlene Dietrich is interrupted by the news that "in Berlin, the Reichstag is burning," he goes into a snit. Visconti is grimly serious about all this curling-lip-and-thin-eyebrow decadence. Ingrid Thulin is the fag-hag mother, a Krupp-Borgia baroness. She turns her son (Helmut Berger) into a dope-addicted transvestite molester of little girls who eventually beds down with mother; this is too much even for her and she becomes a zombie. It's really a story about a good boy who loves his wicked mother, and how she emasculates him and makes him decadent—the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. With Dirk Bogarde, Helmut Griem, Charlotte Rampling, Florinda Bolkan, and Umberto Orsini. Though some of the actors speak their own English, this version of "The Damned" has all the disadvantages of a dubbed movie—the characters talk in a language that belongs to no period or country and sounds like translated subtitles. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 16.)

**DARK STAR** (1974)—With Brian Narelle, directed by John Carpenter. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 8-14.)

**DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE**—With James Westmoreland, directed by Robert Hammer. (U.A. East, and Rivoli; Aug. 8-14.)

**DRESSED TO KILL**—One of the most sheerly enjoyable films of recent years, this sophisticated horror comedy, written and directed by Brian De Palma, is permeated with the distilled essence of impure thoughts. Set in Manhattan, it's about sex and fear; De Palma presents extreme fantasies and pulls the audience into them with such apparent ease that the pleasure of the suspense becomes aphrodisiacal. Angie Dickinson shows a much warmer expressive range than might be expected as a beautiful, aging golden blonde, married yet frustrated, and longing to be made love to; Michael Caine brings fine, precise shadings of ambiguity to the role of her analyst; the breezy comedienne Nancy Allen is a pretty, investment-minded hooker, who witnesses a murder; Keith Gordon is Dickinson's teen-age prodigy son, who builds computers; and Dennis Franz is a brash police detective. The music is by Pino Donaggio, the cinematography is by Ralf Bode, and the editing is by Jerry Greenberg. (8/4/80) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, 57th St. Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 5.)

**THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN**—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. If the story sounds familiar, it's because it's an almost perfectly preserved specimen of the nineteen-thirties Frank Capra populist-political comedy—a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" in Frye boots and Las Vegas lights. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Olympia; Aug. 8-14.)

**THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. Directed by Irvin Kershner, produced by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through Aug. 7.)

**FAME**—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2, New Yorker 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; Aug. 8-14.)

**THE FIENDISH PLOT OF DR. FU MANCHU**—With Peter Sellers, directed by Piers Haggard. (Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Aug. 8.)

**THE FINAL COUNTDOWN**—With Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen, Katharine Ross, and James Farentino; directed by Don Taylor. (86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Aug. 14.)

**GENTLEMAN JIM** (1942)—As the young James J. Corbett, a chipper showoff bank clerk in San Francisco who's loyal to his family and friends, Errol Flynn plays in the quick-witted, cool, and cocky style that he was best at. Narrow-hipped and long-legged, he's fast on his feet; he looks as if he might be able to lick his opponents, or, at least, outdance them. The film, which covers Corbett's transition from amateur boxer to professional, is well paced and has considerable charm, though the Corbett clan, headed by Alan Hale as Jim's father, is Warners' lovable Irish, with hot-tempered and wobbly brogues. As a young society woman who develops a love-hate relationship with Jim, Alexis Smith wears her hair in a thick roll swept up from her forehead, and goofy high hats; she looks like a ship in full sail, but she's quite entertaining. With Ward Bond, as the magnetic John L. Sullivan, and Jack Carson, William Frawley, John Loder, Rhys Williams, Madeleine LeBeau, and Lon McAllister. Directed by Raoul Walsh; one of the scriptwriters was Horace McCoy. (The film straightens out Corbett's life—his marriages have been divided by three.) (Regency; Aug. 12-13.)

**THE GETTING OF WISDOM**—An Australian film, with Susannah Fowle and Hilary Ryan, directed by Bruce Beresford. (Coronet.)

**THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE** (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version and Gracie thus made her first solo movie appearance.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, H. B. Warner, Horace MacMahon, and William Demarest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14.)

**THE GREAT SANTINI**—With Robert Duvall and Blythe Danner, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Guild.)

**HARRY & TONTO** (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 14.)

**HONEYSUCKLE ROSE**—With Willie Nelson, Dyan Cannon, and Amy Irving; directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Plaza, and Criterion Center; through Aug. 7.)

**101 DALMATIANS** (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (U.A. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; through Aug. 7.)

**THE HUNTER**—With Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Kathryn Harrold, and LeVar Burton; directed by Buzz Kulik. (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1.)

**THE JERK**—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Olympia; starting Aug. 15.)

**JOSEPH ANDREWS** (1978)—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed

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an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel who has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

**The Kidnapping of the President**—With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, and Ava Gardner; directed by George Mendeluk. (Gemini 1; starting Aug. 15.)

**Kings Row** (1942)—The typical nostalgic view of American small-town life turned inside out: instead of sweetness and health we get fear, sanctimoniousness, sadism, and insanity. Tranquilly accepting the many varieties of psychopathic behavior as the simple facts of life, this film has its own kind of sentimental glow, yet the melodramatic incidents are surprisingly compelling. The time is the beginning of the twentieth century, and the hero (Robert Cummings) is interested in the new ideas of Sigmund Freud. (Which is unfortunate: when Cummings, eyes alight with idealism, mouths naive views on Freud, almost any contemporary audience is bound to break up.) The director, Sam Wood, gets some remarkably well-defined performances from others, though: Ann Sheridan is radiant in the role of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks, and Betty Field's frightened, passionate Cassie is a memorable vignette. Charles Coburn and Claude Rains are the town's doctors; Coburn likes to perform amputations without anesthetics (his special victim is Ronald Reagan), and Rains keeps his daughter locked up in his house. The cast also includes Judith Anderson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Nancy Coleman, and Kaaren Verne. Casey Robinson adapted Henry Bellamann's best-seller; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer; and William Cameron Menzies did the designs. (Regency; Aug. 10-11.)

**Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones** (1974)—A concert film. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 6-7. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Aug. 15-16.)

**The Last Flight of Noah's Ark**—With Elliott Gould, Geneviève Bujold, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Charles Jarrott. (U. A. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; through Aug. 7.)

**Lolita** (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy. James Mason is the lover of little girls, the smiling, obsequious, phony Humbert Humbert; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed; Nabokov did the adaptation from his novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 15.)

**Ludwig**—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Aug. 11.)

**The Marriage of Maria Braun**—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

**Murder, He Says** (1945)—In the same native cornball-surreal black-comedy mode as "Arsenic and Old Lace" but much looser, sillier, funnier. Fred MacMurray is the insurance agent who stumbles into the house of a family of homicidal hillbillies. Mabel Paige is the unloved grandma, Marjorie Main is the yowling, whipcracking mother, Porter Hall the mousy, meek father, and Peter Whitney the half-witted twin sons—one of whom suffers from a crick in his back. Mother's cooking features a poison that glows in the dark, and in the climactic sequence the assembled characters keep turning off the lights and spinning the lazy-Susan table to avoid the poison. (There has never probably been anything like this sequence in other farces; it's a classic of slapstick craziness.) The work of the director, George Marshall, is square at times; it isn't up to the madness and invention of Lou Breslow's screenplay (based on Jack Moffitt's story). With Helen Walker, Jean Heather, and Barbara Pepper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 14.)

**My Bodyguard**—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (Manhattan 2, Greenwich Playhouse 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

**My Brilliant Career**—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Aug. 14.)

**Next Stop, Greenwich Village** (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 15.)

**Nights of Cabiria** (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. (It was the basis for the American musical film "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

**No Nukes**—Filmed at the September, 1979, rock concerts in Madison Square Garden, featuring such performers as Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Bruce Springsteen, and James Taylor. (Cinema I.)

**Norma Rae** (1979)—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 7.)

**Les Petites Fugues**—Directed by Yves Yersin. In French. (Cinema Studio 1; through Aug. 10.)

**Practice Makes Perfect**—With Jean Rochefort, Danielle Darrieux, and Annie Girardot; directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Paris.)

**Pumping Iron** (1977)—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (Cinema Village; Aug. 12.)

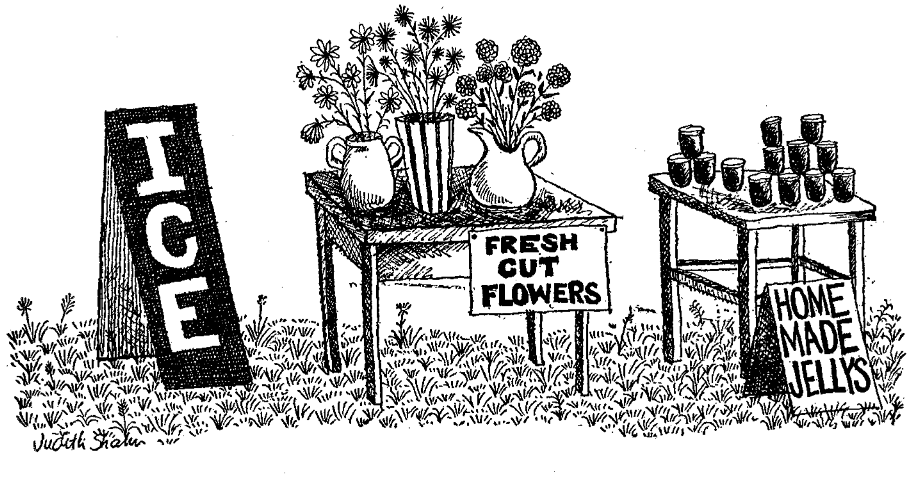
**The Queen** (1968)—A documentary centering on the transvestites entered in a "Miss All-American" beauty contest for female impersonators held at Town Hall in 1967. Directed by Frank Simon, the film (which runs just over an hour) has considerable humor and drama, as well as that mixture of perversity and sadness distinctive to the drag scene. (Cinema Village; Aug. 12.)

**Raise the Titanic**—With Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Alec Guinness; directed by Jerry Jameson. (Ziegfeld.)

**Rebecca** (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 13.)

**Rough Cut**—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Festival; starting Aug. 8.)

**The Shining**—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With



Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Olympia, and Criterion Center; through Aug. 7.)

**A Simple Story**—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (Cinema Village; Aug. 10-11.)

**Small Change** (1976)—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. Truffaut's deadpan, disjointed style is quicker and surer than ever before; the kids seem to be photographed in the act of inventing slapstick. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 8-14.)

**Smokey and the Bandit II**—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Rivoli; starting Aug. 15.)

**A Star Is Born** (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, see below, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

**A Star Is Born** (1976)—The Streisand-Kristofferson musical version—sentimental, without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson. (Cinema Village; Aug. 13-14.)

**Strange Masquerade**—With Endre Holman and Carla Romanelli, directed by Pál Sándor. In Hungarian. (Art.)

**The T.A.M.I. Show** (1971)—With James Brown, the Supremes, Jan & Dean, the Miracles, and others. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 6.)

**That'll Be the Day** (1974)—With David Essex and Ringo Starr, directed by Claude Whatham. (Harold Clurman; Aug. 7.)

**Time After Time**—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Olympia; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 11.)

**The Tin Drum**—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; starting Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 15.)

**To Forget Venice**—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country, but, as Dante said, *"Figurati un po'!"* ("Go figure it!"). With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Cinema Village; Aug. 10-11.)

**Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane**—With Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders; directed by William Peter Blatty. Based on a novel by Blatty entitled "The Ninth Configuration." (Gemini 2, and Criterion Center; starting Aug. 8.)

**An Unmarried Woman** (1978)—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (Cinema Studio 1; Aug. 16.)

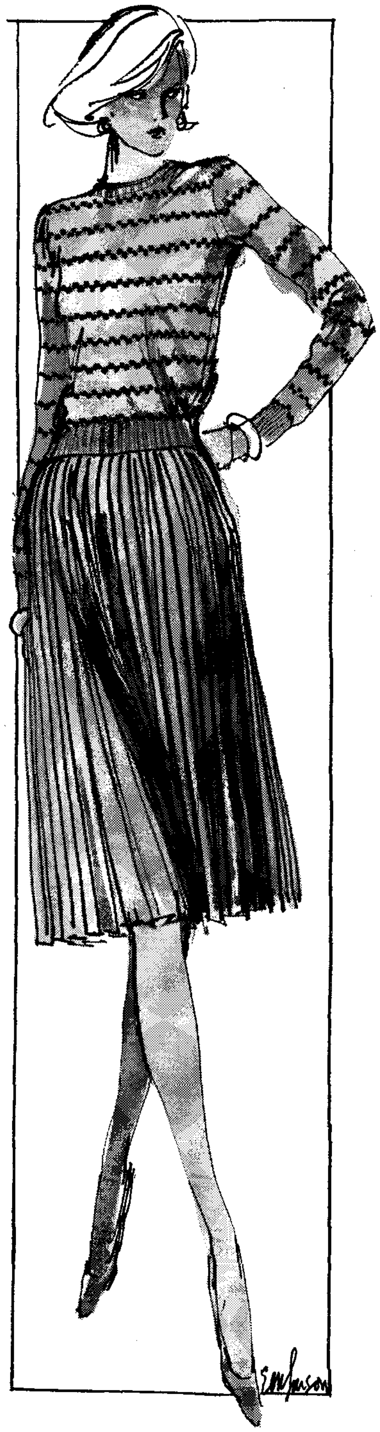
**Urban Cowboy**—Aaron Latham's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme. According to Latham, the headquarters of the young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston was a vast honky-tonk, Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bull, and these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this contraption. The film, directed by James Bridges, from a script he wrote with Latham, views its young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as rootless and ignorant. But on the assumption (probably false) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen, the movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so Bud can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (Loews Tower East, and Embassy; through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Aug. 8-14.)

**The Way We Were** (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (Cinema Village; Aug. 13-14.)

**Willie & Phil**—With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder, and Ray Sharkey; directed by Paul Mazursky. (Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Aug. 15.)

**Xanadu**—A musical, with Olivia Newton-John, Gene Kelly, and Michael Beck, directed by Robert Greenwald. (Plaza, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Criterion Center; starting Aug. 8.)

MONTALDO'S



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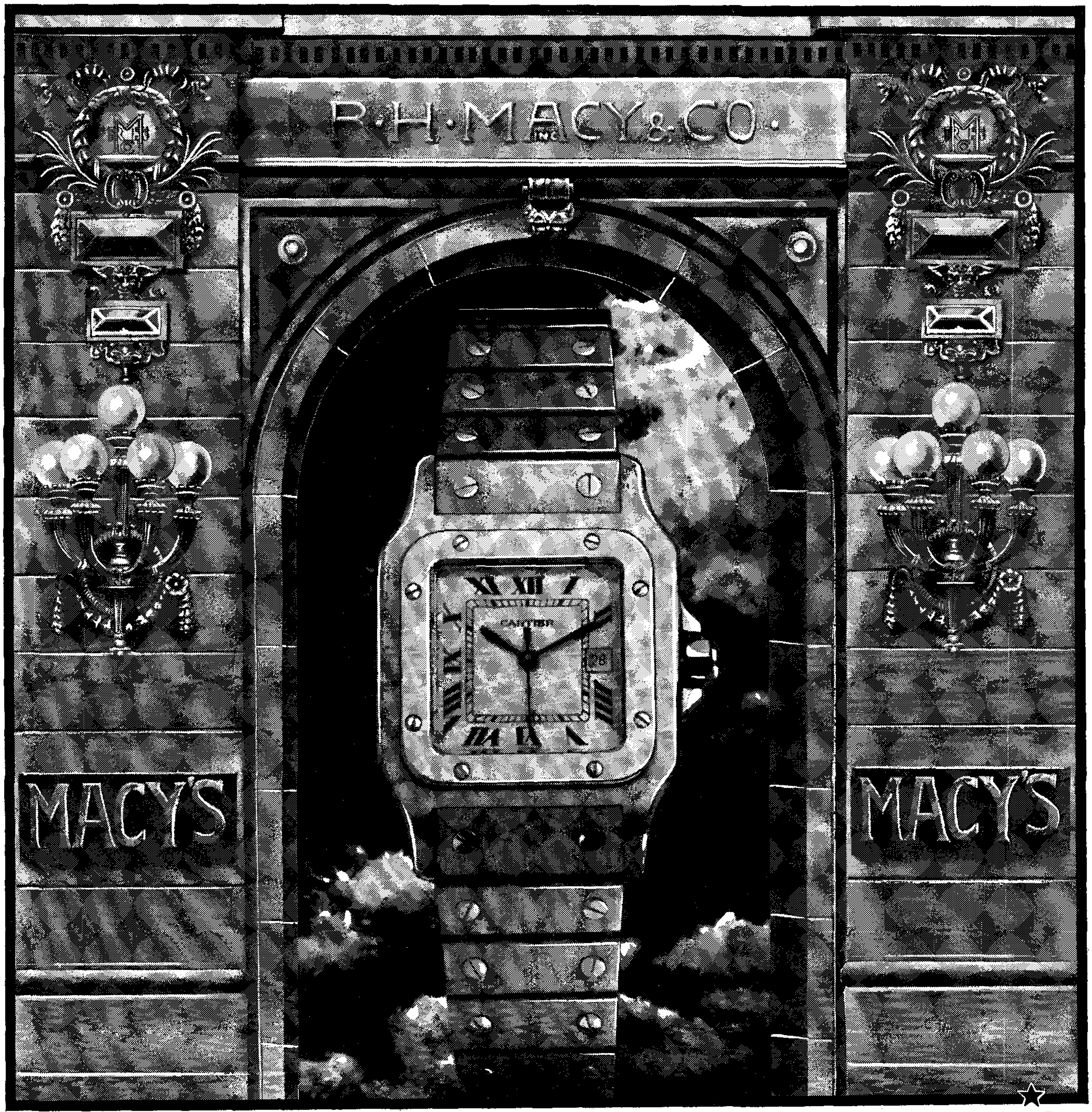

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

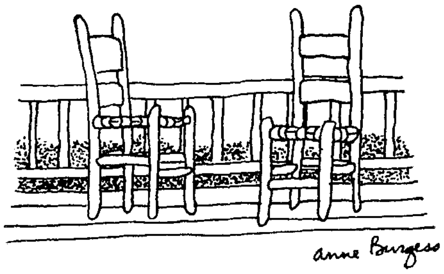
## *Notes and Comment*

A WOMAN we know has written us:

A mother can now see her child in her womb three months after conception. The black-and-white picture, which is translated from ultrasound waves and is called a sonogram, appears on a small screen of what looks like a television set. At first, it is hard to make sense of the swirling, unstable pattern of light and dark, but when the fetus is still, one can soon distinguish its head and then, a little less clearly, its torso. For some time, science has been producing pictures of life in the womb which are much clearer than the murky sonogram, but I, at least, was unprepared to see that figure emerge from the initially unintelligible swirls, unprepared for the knowledge that I was looking at my baby specifically as it was at that very moment. The picture shocked me, as though I had broken a taboo, thrilled me for the extension of my powers, surprised me by its concrete actuality, frightened me by bringing me closer than I am accustomed to being to the nothingness out of which we all come. The picture reminded me of photographs of galaxies. It consisted of millions of points of light which made up what looked like wispy, luminous clouds marking out against a dark field a soft yet unerring, freely symmetrical shape. In the center of this galaxy, hardest of all to perceive but most definite of all once discerned, was a small, dark, pulsating area. The darkness seemed blacker than the background. It had the dense darkness of blood, of a fleshly thing. This was the vessel that would become my baby's heart. Tiny as it was, its pulse was steady and measured. On the stethoscope, its beat came through the static like cymbals heard through the sounds of a storm, like a long-listened-for signal travelling, through senseless noises, from another part of the cosmos.

The purpose of the sonogram was to locate my fetus exactly, so that a doctor could perform an amniocentesis—a procedure whereby amniotic fluid is drawn from the womb. The fluid contains living cells sloughed off from the fetus, which can be grown in a culture and then examined for genetic defects—in particular, for Down's syndrome. The chances of conceiving a baby with Down's syndrome rise with the age of the mother; at twenty-two, for example, the chance is around one in two thousand, whereas at thirty-five, my age, the chance is around one in a hundred. In short, the reason for undergoing an amniocentesis is to forestall the fate of bearing a Mongoloid child, should that chance have struck you. However, establishing the possibility of escape, should it be needed, is not without a price. Implicit in choosing to have the test is a decision to end the life of the fetus if the results should come out in a certain way, and this deeply violates the experience of a much wanted pregnancy.

Pregnancy is such an utterly specific condition, yet also one that is a part of the most general rhythm of life that there is. In pregnancy, one is unusually aware of individuality—one's own, one's husband's, one's baby's—and of the way individuality is inextricably grounded in particular, unalterable time; time, which can so often seem like a great, undifferentiating river on which one is helplessly adrift, becomes instead a very local force in league with individual life. Yet pregnancy is also a state in which one feels a part of the grand, timeless, archetypal forces of nature. So during pregnancy one senses a profound harmony with the universe, an interchange between the grand and the particular which endows every detail of life with new vividness and meaning. Never is one more inclined to believe in the workings of Providence, for now one feels oneself to be a very part of the workings of Providence. The decision to have an amniocentesis negates this sense of harmony. It requires acknowledging that nature cares not at all for the individual, that it is full of blind chances that strike or miss individuals without meaning. The arguments of people who are against abortion often rest upon an assumption that Providence is an actual, objective force in the universe which gives every manifestation of life a special reason for being. But, attractive as this idea may be, it is one that many twentieth-century people are finding harder and harder to believe. To many of us, it seems that there is no such precise government of fate. To many of us, it seems obvious that our lives are vulnerable to an arbitrariness whose consequences, however stupendously significant to us, are not part of any grand plan at all but are as meaningless as the random way in which we are assailed. To those of us who believe this, it seems clear that man values individual life not out of respect for a principle larger than he is but in defiance of the laws of the universe. He draws his principles out of himself: he makes his moral decisions about the value of individual life utterly alone; and those decisions are necessarily relative ones, made in the face of conditions of existence which in themselves have no respect for individual life. To those of us who believe this, there is a shift of responsibility to our own shoulders which makes it a crime of negligence against individual life not to avail ourselves of the few small ways that we have learned to control our fate—have learned to protect ourselves against freakish accident. But, incontrovertibly true though this view of life may seem to us to be, the path to acceptance of it is not eased. Emotionally, the need to believe in Providence—or, at least, in



some kind of personal luck or specialness—remains in force, and becomes more powerful than ever during pregnancy. No matter how deeply we believe in the reasoning behind the decision to have an amniocentesis, the decision also offends our deepest wishes, dispersing a warm glow of inexpressible beauty with a grim, uncomforting light. Furthermore, the process itself, instead of somehow confirming the truth of this grim light—or, at least, being neutral and merely practical—draws one more deeply into the very experience that it violates, for during it a mother can actually see her baby on the sonogram.

In large part, it is modern science that has brought us to this view of the universe. The scientific approach that showed us that the cosmos does not revolve around man has also shaken us by revealing the impersonal quality of the forces that play with man's fate. Yet along with this terrifying chanciness science has revealed a complex beauty and orderliness in the universe which are far greater than anything imagined in the Age of Faith. The same body of insight that has made us feel alone and unprotected, helpless yet also responsible for ourselves, has prompted in us a great new awe. The same discoveries that have faced us with the terror of meaninglessness have revealed splendors that inspire a reverence far sharper and more specific than they did when they were shrouded in mystery. Amniocentesis is a comparatively minor scientific advance, but it brings one face to face with this paradox of our time—at least, for the month that it takes for the test to be completed. I have lived through that month and now know that my baby is normal. But before I sink back into the harmonious affirmative pleasures of pregnancy, before the illusion of a friendly personal Providence muffles my awareness, I want to record that vision of life and its demanding, paradoxical edge. We live in a universe of spontaneous order, where the somersaulting spirals of galaxies unfold—at a pace unthinkably slow—their immense, unerring, freely symmetrical shapes, where in microscopic privacy cells meet and without warning or announcement of any kind start at their own distinct pace to build, on their own distinct scale, an organism as complex as a human being, where human beings have both the ingenuity to extend their powers so that they can actually see each of these phenomena, so far beyond their natural ken, and the capacity for being in awe of the orderliness and beauty that they see. Yet this universe includes—and we have come to know that it includes—the possibility that, for no reason at all, an asteroid may crash into the Earth and destroy it.

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## *Clocks*

UNABLE to resist the lure of the quarterly newsletters of the American Section of the Antiquarian Horological Society (with their chatty references to verges, cycloidal cheeks, rise-and-fall regulators, pallet arms, arbors, and spandrels), we decided recently to join the A.S.A.H.S., which was holding its summer meeting in the city, on a visit to the clocks in the new American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum.

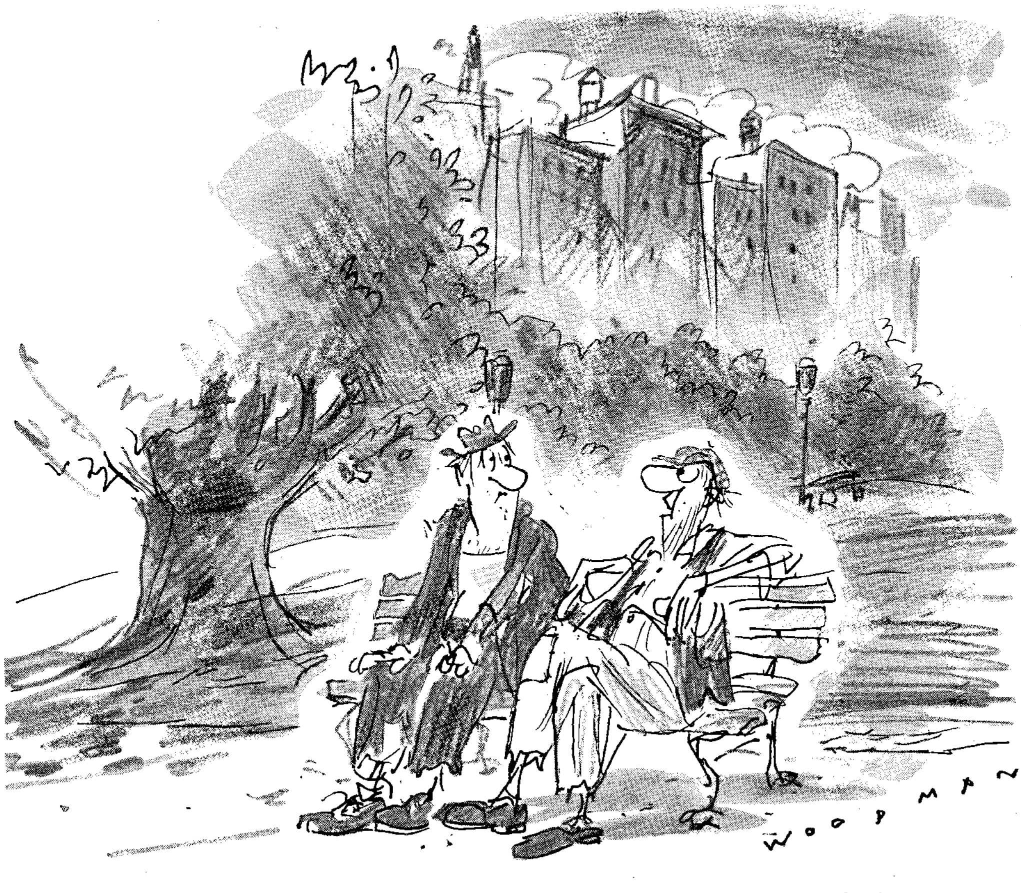
While the group assembled at the Information Desk, we spoke to Clare Vincent, who had arranged the visit. She is an associate curator in the museum's Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts and is vice-president of the American Section of the Society. She told us that the Section was established in 1975 and has about forty members. Then she introduced us to some of those present.

Bruce Chandler, a professor of mathematics at the College of Staten Island and the editor of the Section's journal, *Horological Dialogues*, said, "Horology is not just clocks and watches. The term covers astrolabes, nocturnals, sundials, water clocks, and similar devices. I'm particularly interested in the history of medieval and Renaissance timekeeping."

Marjorie Webster, who is co-curator with her husband, Roderick S. Webster, of antique scientific instruments at the Adler Planetarium, in Chicago, observed, "We have only eight clocks in the planetarium—all from the sixteenth century—whereas we have a total of about a thousand instruments. But we are very much interested in clocks."

At that point, a smiling, bow-tie-bedecked man strode up, and Miss Vincent, after greeting him, said to the group, "May I introduce Mr. Morrison Heckscher to the Society. He is a curator in the Metropolitan's Department of American Decorative Arts and will guide us through the collection."

"The old American Wing closed in July, 1974," Mr. Heckscher began, "and even before that our clocks were not stressed in exhibition. The ones that we did show were very 'discreetly'



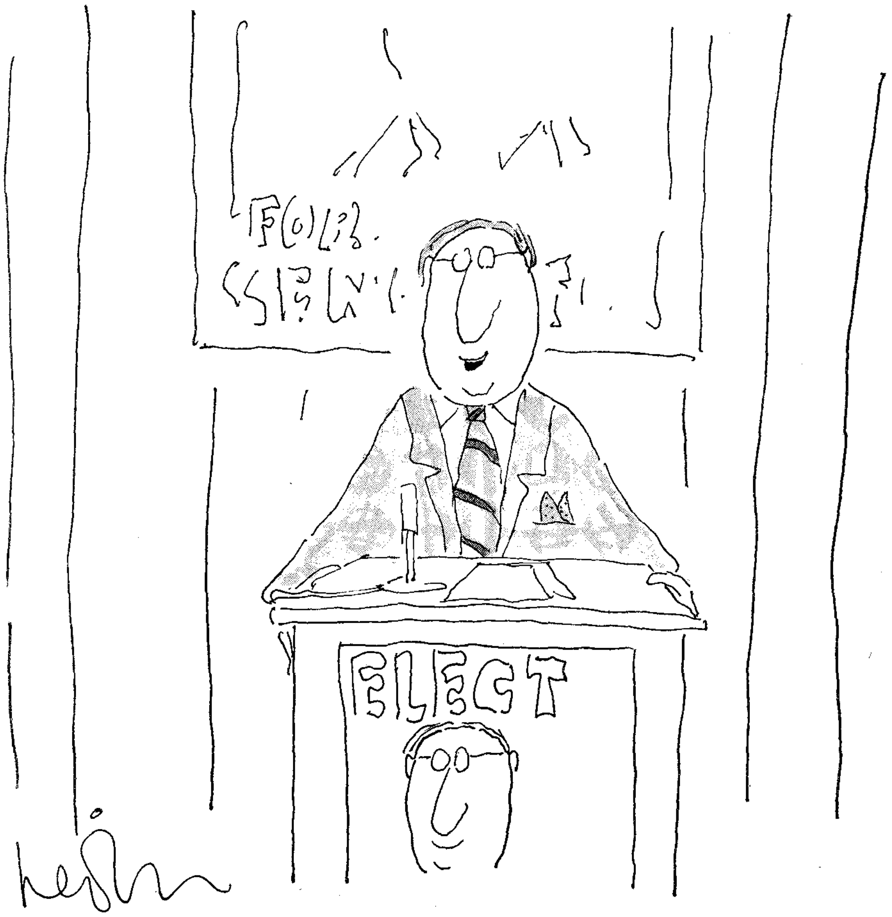
*"What do you mean you like New York? You can't just like New York. You've got to love it."*

placed: they were scattered about, adding atmosphere—some in period rooms, some on stair landings—but not telling very much about the history of American clockmaking. In fact, until this new wing opened, in May, they had never *all* been seen before. What have we got to show you? In the Bowler Room, from Portsmouth, Rhode Island, on the third floor, there's a simple tall clock with very fine works. On the floor below, in the Pennsylvania German Room, we have a very nice example by the Reading maker Jacob Diehl. Then, on the first floor, there's a remarkable Boston clock that has not been shown before. But most of our very best clocks are lined up in two long galleries: Gallery 204, with eighteenth-century tall clocks—ten, I think—and Gallery 113, with early-nineteenth-century tall clocks, wall clocks, and shelf clocks. We have thirty-eight clocks in all. We don't want to take the movements out, since we have just finished getting the clocks adjusted and synchronized—more or less—with each other. But we can open a couple of the cases and let you see inside."

Mr. Heckscher led us through the Garden Court and up to Gallery 204. In front of us was a row of clocks that were a trove of silvered scallops, scrollwork, and men-in-the-moon on fields of stars. One had a painted-iron lunette with a ship rocking within it. "I would say this wall of mid-eighteenth-century clocks shows two things," Mr. Heckscher said. "If you look at them in chronological sequence—starting with one by Benjamin Bagnall, circa 1725, and progressing to a clock with a case by John Townsend and works by William Tomlinson, dated 1789—you can see the evolution of case furniture from the late William and Mary style to the Chippendale. And the clock cases demonstrate the different furniture styles of the major American cabinetmaking centers—in particular, Boston, Philadelphia, and Newport. Why don't you look at them all first? After that, we can take the bonnets off and you can poke around."

Miss Vincent explained to us, " 'Bonnet' is American clock parlance for the case top. The English term is 'hood'—it's just the opposite of automobiles. The American 'tall clock'—or 'grandfather'—is the English 'long case,' and clocks much like our 'shelf' clocks are 'bracket' clocks in England."

A group that included Professor Chandler, Will Andrewes (the curator of the Time Museum in Rockford, Illinois), and Warner D. Bundens (a surgeon, who is past president of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors), gathered around a tall clock that, in an arc above the face, was signed "William Claggett—Newport."



*"If elected, I promise to eat all of my vegetables."*

• •

Professor Chandler was animatedly saying, "It's advanced by this wheel. No, I'm wrong. This is the moon wheel here."

Someone said, "Then this drives what?"

Professor Chandler said, "There's a pin on here, so this goes around every third hour—"

An English voice interrupted, saying, "I'm pretty sure it goes in lunar months. It seems to be synchronized with the moon dial. Once around, it kicks it."

The Claggett clock had four dials. In addition to the basic one, with hour and minute hands, and a dial for the second hand, it had two subsidiary dials in the upper corners. Mr. Heckscher took us aside. "The dial on the right, marked 'Strike—Silent,' obviously governs the bell that strikes the hour," he said. "The debate is about the one on the left. It's marked with Roman numerals I through XII. What is it—a high-tide indicator?"

The group was joined by a man with a board of clock-case keys under his arm. He was Henry F. Wolcott, a master restorer at the museum, who supervised the examining of the clocks. He waved a hand toward the clamor at the Claggett and said to us, "The thing that gets people excited about clocks is the mystery. That's the allure of clocks, the fun of them. And here we have a little mystery. Here we have a dial and nobody has yet been able to figure out what it does. Now, the only *reason* it's a mystery is that people haven't had a chance to get all the way inside—to count wheel teeth (wheels are what clock people call gears), to find out what the ratios are, to examine the works. Basically, all clock mechanisms are the same: a collection of gears connected with a power source—weight or spring—so that the gears drive the minute-hand arbor (that's the shaft), which, in turn, drives the escapement—consisting in this instance of a wheel and an anchor-shaped piece—which controls the release of power. You see, what all these people are really doing is working on a puzzle, a brainteaser. Trying to figure out what the dial is for without *seeing* what's going on."

Miss Vincent said to us, "We clock people are very specialized. Reinier Plomp just wrote a book on spring-driven Dutch pendulum clocks from 1657 to 1710. Professor David Landes is an authority on the economics of watch manufacture."

Max Rimler, the treasurer of the A.S.A.H.S., interjected, "You'll find that clock people are not usually interested in watches but watch people *are* interested in clocks." He paused, and a look of rapture came into his eyes. "When you have a collection of fine clocks and you wake up in the morning and see them, it's quite a thrill."

When the group descended to the first floor, everybody headed for what Mr. Heckscher had called "a remarkable Boston clock."

Mr. Wolcott said, "This clock really *is* a mystery. To start, remember that back then—this one was made about 1800—there was no radio to set your clock by, no number to phone for the time. How did you set a clock? By *sundial*. Now, the ordinary clock—which could cost the equivalent of a Cadillac—had what we call a recoil escapement. Watch one and you'll see the second hand go back a little before it advances. A *dead-beat* escapement, which doesn't recoil, requires expert maintenance. It was found only in fine clocks—especially in those that had to be accurate enough to time astronomical measurement in conjunction with a telescope. Now, when you wind a clock, you stop it for a random number of seconds—unless, that is, you have a little, flat spring that engages a gear and keeps it going, called the maintaining power. And here's this clock, built with all the mechanism of a highly accurate astronomical clock, including the dead-beat escapement, and it doesn't have maintaining power! That's the mystery: What was this clock for?"

"It's signed 'Dickinson—Boston' and it's in an ambitious New England case," Mr. Heckscher added. "Another question is, Who was Dickinson?"

"And *which* Boston?" Dr. Bundens put in. "In addition to ours, there's the Boston in Lincolnshire, in England."

"And the American case is no guarantee," Mr. Wolcott said. "I remember reading somewhere that one of the major imports into this country was clock parts. It could be an English clock in a domestic case."

Mr. Heckscher called Stacy B. C. Wood, Jr., over. Mr. Wood is the curator of the Museum of the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, in Columbia, Pennsylvania. "Can I have a free opinion?" Mr. Heckscher asked. "Have you seen English clocks like this?"

Mr. Wood said that the Boston clock looked as if it were made to be a regulator—a clock used to set other clocks and watches by—but that he was just as puzzled as the others.

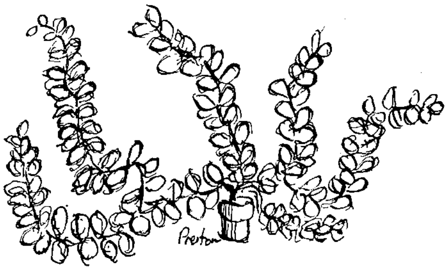
George C. Kenney II, president and secretary of the A.S.A.H.S., offered the opinion that the clock had some English features, like the cutout for the anchor-shaped piece.

All present concurred, however, that the clock face—an oval—was extraordinarily rare.

As the A.S.A.H.S. filed out of the American Wing, Mr. Heckscher turned to us. "I've always had a strong interest in clocks," he said. "Clocks have a particular appeal to me because they're the only pieces of furniture that are alive. Unlike the Met, most museums, unfortunately, don't keep theirs running." He reflected for a moment or two, and remarked, "There's something very sad about a clock that isn't running and something very exciting about one that is. It's music in the galleries."

## *Steve & Carol*

THERE are riskier places to try to pursue a professional juggling career than Father Demo Square—which is actually a triangle, an island bordered by Carmine and Bleecker Streets and Sixth Avenue, in the Village. For instance, there is the living room of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mills, in Morristown, New Jersey. *Nobody* juggles there and escapes unscathed, for not long ago Mrs. Mills put a no-juggling edict into effect. This has created some inconvenience for her son Steve, who, along with his wife, Carol, makes his living tossing around and usually catching gasoline-soaked torches. Nine months of the year, Steve and Carol Mills work on the road. They entertain between halves of Harlem Globetrotters basketball games, or they juggle in Missouri or New Zealand or Texas—wherever their agent books them. This summer, they have been boarding with Steve's parents and coming in from Morristown to spend Friday and Saturday nights working in Father Demo Square. For their own reasons (it has something to do with the texture of the daylight in New Jersey), they prefer to practice their juggling indoors. Of late, in deference to Steve's mother and her no-torches-in-the-living-room manifesto, they have done their juggling on the job.



Working in Father Demo Square means coping with certain adversities. Steve and Carol do five or six shows a night, between nine and midnight. Each performance lasts about twenty minutes. A steady patter by Steve accompanies the juggling, and he has usually shouted himself hoarse by the end of the evening. He has to contend with the traffic noise from Sixth Avenue, children who like to play kick-the-bottle on Bleecker Street, drunk hecklers, sober hecklers, and the usual explosions. When we went to watch the act one recent Friday, a festival sponsored by Our Lady of Pompeii, a church opposite the square, was in progress. A noisy generator that powered a carnival ride was parked nearby, but Steve was determined to shout over that, too.

A lot of jugglers come to Father Demo Square to watch Steve and Carol. The other night, we met John Reutershan, Stephen Cybard, Ned Gelfars, and Will Shaw. Reutershan and Cybard are earnest amateurs. Gelfars and Shaw used to have a semi-pro act, which they did next to the arch in Washington Square. "We called ourselves the Lester and Mel Juggling Trio," Shaw said. As he spoke, he tried, unsuccessfully, to keep two lacrosse balls and a unicycle airborne. Cybard told us that he is a composer who has been a serious juggler for two years. "I come here to get my juggling lessons," he said. "Steve is one of the top people in the country when it comes to torches and plastic clubs. He's unbeatable with clubs. He's very nearly unique in being able to juggle five clubs and pass them behind his back. Just a handful of people in the world can do it, really. At any jugglers' convention, you hear about Steve Mills and his clubs."

Steve and Carol met three years ago at a jugglers' convention in Delaware. A year later, they got married and formed their act. "We thought about it for quite a while, and decided to call ourselves Steve & Carol," Steve said.

Carol is slight and pretty and has light-brown hair and almost looks her age, which is nineteen. She does her most impressive juggling while she rides a six-foot unicycle. "I've been unicycling since I was seven," she said. "Later, my parents also took up unicycling, and we became the Haines Family Circus. My maiden name is Haines."

Steve, who is twenty-two, is slender

The Smythes
since 1937
An old-fashioned marriage
Modell

• •

and has long arms, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes, and a grin that goes well with his five-club back-crosses. It's wide and full of teeth, like a grimace, except that the corners of his mouth curl up and say, in effect, I've-never-done-*this*-one-before-folks-well-actually-I-*have*-done-it-a-couple-of-times.

Shortly before nine, with the daylight almost gone, a street lamp in the middle of the square came on. "Awright!" Steve said. "Time to go to work." He put on a white T-shirt with red trim and red lettering that said "Steve & Carol—Famous International Attractions," and stood near the street lamp, facing Carmine and Bleecker, with three plastic clubs in hand. For a minute or so, he worked the clubs in front of him, behind his back, under each leg, and high in the air. Finally, he balanced one on his chin. When Carol handed him three torches, he repeated most of these moves—all but the chin trick. The neighborhood after-dinner crowd had already gathered on the benches in the square, and now the flames began to cause bottlenecking delays in the pedestrian traffic. Brief applause greeted the conclusion of the torch routine, but Steve cut it short. "Wait! Wait! Wait!" he insisted. "Save your energy! I'm just *warming up*." This was meant to be the opening laugh line in his routine. It worked. Next, he said, "Now I'm going to throw up three torches, pirouette, and catch them. Your job is to yell when I finish. The more yelling, the more people, and the more people, the more money—I mean *fun!*" After a moment's hesitation, he launched three torches about fifteen feet in the air, pirouetted, and caught them. The crowd yelled at the finish, and Steve waved and called to the passersby, "Hurry up over! I'm great!"

During the next fifteen minutes, the crowd got steadily bigger. It saw, among other things, Carol-and-her-unicycle jumping rope; Steve juggling three clubs behind his back, over his head, under his legs, and rolling across his forehead; Steve juggling five clubs behind his back; Steve and Carol, each astride a unicycle, rapidly passing six torches between them from a distance of twelve feet; and Steve and Carol standing arm in arm and juggling three clubs back and forth with their free hands. Midway through the performance, Steve announced, "At this point, we'd like to introduce ourselves." He and Carol silently shook hands. The Steve & Carol aficionados, most of whom had seen the act many times, managed to laugh at some of the jokes. More often, they simply sighed. "Doesn't he have the smoothest back-crosses you've ever seen?" Cybard asked aloud during one effect. No one bothered to answer.

Each Steve & Carol performance has several false finales. Steve nurtures the audience's sense of anticipation by saying things like "And now, at last, the amazing trick! Why do I call it that? Because it is!" and "You might have *heard* about this next trick! You might have *read* about it! Probably neither." At one point, working with torches, he said, "Remember, this is for *your* entertainment, not mine. I've seen it before." The actual finale took place when Steve was on his unicycle. He wore a floppy felt hillbilly hat to protect his hair, and he said, "I will now ride in a complete circle without burning you." He kept this promise. While pedalling around the street lamp, he juggled torches under his legs. This drew big applause and set Steve up for his concluding speech. "Before you go, I have two things to say to you," he announced, still pedalling. "First, you've been a great audience. Second, this is *your* part of the show, where you make *us* happy. No! Wait! Not yet! Before you reach into your pockets—please!—remember that *last movie* you went to see? It was *lousy!* You paid *five bucks!* You were *honked off!* Well, tonight, ladies and gentlemen, Carol and I have given you a bargain."

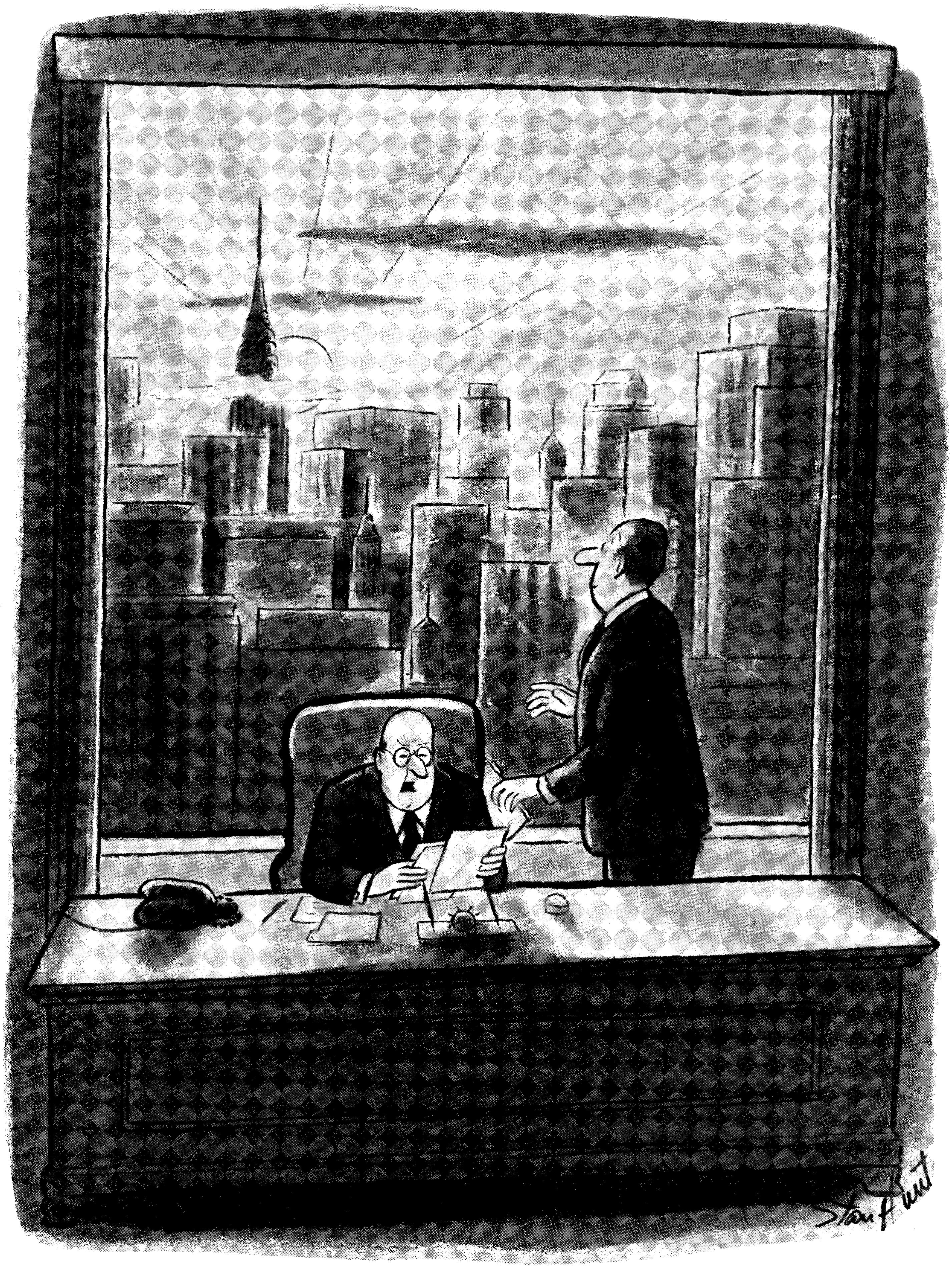
Steve got down from the unicycle and took a walk around Father Demo Square, literally passing the hat. Carol passed a wool stocking cap she had been wearing. When Steve saw some nonpaying spectators slinking off down Carmine Street, he called after them. "Please! Don't leave feeling guilty!" The solicitations lasted about five minutes. Several members of the audience walked across the square to drop bills into one of the hats.

Afterward, Steve and Carol got together to examine the booty.

"It was pretty good for a first show," Steve explained. "It usually gets even better as the night goes on. We need it. We've just put in a bid on a house." He showed us a brochure, which featured a photograph of a model design called Tahoe II. "The one we want to buy is in Milford, Pennsylvania," he said. "Since we're on the road most of the year, we'll rent it out for nine months and just live in it during the summer."

"It has a cathedral ceiling in the living room," Carol added.

"Twenty feet high," Steve said, nodding, grinning.



*"I daresay you're right about the view, Hollingsworth. I've never looked out the window."*

# WEDNESDAY'S CHILD

### Add Two Tbsp. Hubris and Call the "Times"

Rex Balpeen, a young conceptual artist in fur who supports himself by realigning roller skates, hasn't let economic hardship stifle his taste for a fine meal. Each evening, he sits down to a dinner he has conceived and prepared with thrifty good taste and a carefree disregard for personal safety. "Haute cuisine needn't mean megabucks," he says, laboring over a large piece of mutton he has sautéed lightly, then boiled for a long, long time. "Pass me those pliers, would you?"

Mr. Balpeen shares his loft, a converted fast-food restaurant near Washington Square, with a former friend. Although the renovation remains incomplete, they have a spacious kitchen with a refrigerator, a large grill, and excellent facilities for deep frying, a Balpeen specialty. "I've got an electric lettuce-dryer, several pairs of tongs, a Veg-O-Matic, and a digital egg timer," he says. "Also plenty of buns—they were here when I moved in. I'm glad to have them, but I do wish I had some potatoes. Did you ever try to make French fries with white bread? They end up like paper dolls."

On one recent evening, Mr. Balpeen and six friends sat down to a memorable meal that began with the individually wrapped cheese-and-crackers Mr. Balpeen buys from a vending machine in the movie house across the street. After a relatively unsuccessful second course of yeast, he won cries of apprehension for a platter of Italian sausages warmed slightly on his clock radio so they were still pink inside—and outside, for that matter. "I always remove the casings," Mr. Balpeen says knowingly. The dish's leaden, glutinous quality contrasted well with the piquant, undercooked rice he served with it.

"I never follow a recipe," says Mr. Balpeen. "I just open a few cans and wait for inspiration. If it's a particularly complex meal, though, I'll sometimes consult a periodic table or my attorney."

His choice of wines was also made to suit both palate and pocketbook. A Lithuanian Zinfandel bearing a $1.29 price tag was followed by a pint of Train de Nuit at seventy-nine cents and an antacid. Dessert, a bowl of M&M's in grenadine, was accompanied by Mr. Balpeen's renowned Café ¡Olé!, an aggressive brew to which he adds jalapeño peppers and saltpeter.

No culinary dilettante, Mr. Balpeen offers a practical rationale for his cooking. "The way I look at it," he says, "if I don't eat I'll starve."

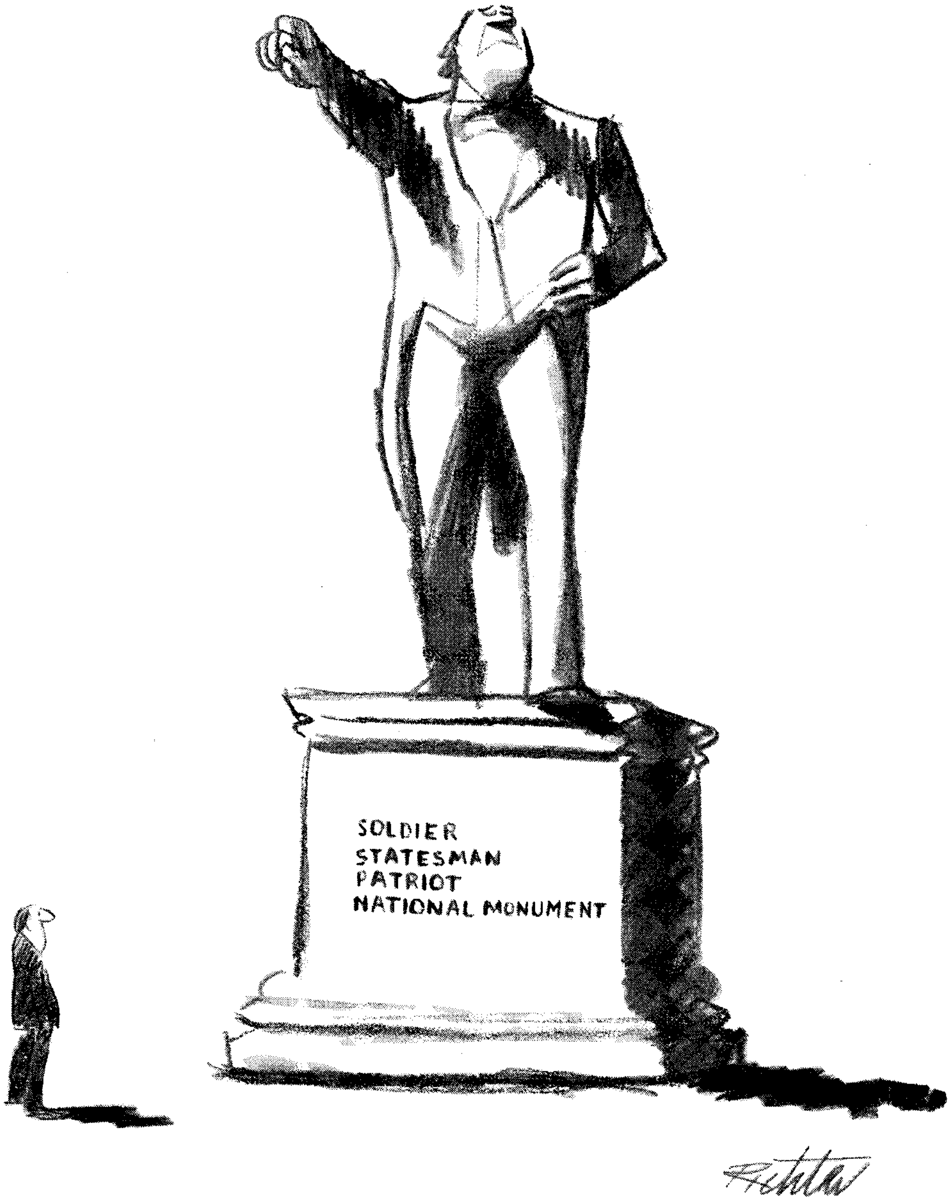
At Billy Joe Bob Dinwiddie College, where he studied cool, Mr. Balpeen acquired his taste for the whole-wheat grits he serves at every opportunity. He also prides himself on his veal roast, always a favorite with company. "I cover it with foam from my fire extinguisher, then drop the meat into a skillet full of flaming Cointreau," Mr. Balpeen says. "When the steam clears, I serve a pre-sweetened cereal and gherkins." Later, a crust forms around the skillet, which his friends take turns helping to scrape off with their fingernails.

Despite his limited budget, Mr. Balpeen can easily find most of the ingredients for his recipes in his neighborhood market, pharmacy, and adult bookstore. Okra, in season, comes fresh in ten-pound sacks from Ira's Okra Outlet on West 197th Street. "Ahgh mrfl vhasz hrshamgrm," Mr. Balpeen says, appreciatively munching a handful.

Much of his expertise in spirits he credits to his father, a pinsetter, who always washed his hair in day-old Pilsner. (The younger Mr. Balpeen still uses a bowling shirt in place of cheesecloth.) "Sometimes when I take a chance on an inexpensive unlabelled vintage from Guatemala or Bergen County," Mr. Balpeen says, "I'll notice one of my guests becoming a little bug-eyed. In that case, I just save the rest of the bottle for stripping furniture and practical jokes."

He does offer one caution for fellow-cooks. "Stay away from cholesterol," he advises, gesturing with a sausage. "Even when you can get it fresh, it doesn't have that old Stuttgart tang."

—Marc Kirkeby



# THE MANHANDLERS

Andy wants an egg-salad sandwich. But his stepfather, David, refuses to stop the car. So Andy throws a map from the back seat and hits David smack in the side of the neck. "I am *too* hungry," Andy says. "I'm not kidding." He leans forward and puts his chin on the headrest in front of him.

"Andy, please, just wait," his mother says. His mother's name is Pegalee, but Andy's father always called her Pegaleg. Or sometimes, when he was particularly sorry about something, he called her Peg. David is Pegalee's husband now. He calls her all sorts of things.

"I'm hungry, too," Amy says. Amy is Andy's sister. She is only seven, four years younger then Andy. She is wearing a polo shirt that advertises a brand of bourbon.

"We'll be there in an hour and a half," David tells them. "You can hold it."

"There's nothing to hold," Andy says, and then spells it out for David. "F-o-o-d!"

"If you don't stop and let us eat," Amy tells David, straddling the hump in the middle of the back seat, "I'm going to throw a fit." She gives him a preview by yelling David's full name into his ear.

"All right, do *you* want to drive?" David asks her, lifting both hands off the steering wheel and drumming the air with his fingers.

"I'm hungry!" Amy shouts and throws herself back on the seat.

"Shut up," Pegalee says to her daughter.

"Don't shut up," Andy advises his sister, locking and unlocking the door on his mother's side.

"I'm throwing a fit!" Amy screams.

They are all nearly flattened by an oil truck when David veers out of the fast lane and cuts across two lanes of traffic. He pulls the car to a stop on the shoulder. He turns the radio off but keeps the engine running. Then he presses a button that rolls the window down.

"Get out!" David orders, turning to the two of them in the back seat.

"You're such an ass," Pegalee tells David. She sounds as though she is reassuring him.

"I'll go," Amy volunteers.

"Don't," Andy warns her.

"I'm getting out," Amy says.

David is the first one out, though. Amy follows and stands next to him as he extends his arms above his head. In the hot August sun, David is already sweating. He puts one leg up against the gray guard rail, bends over, and stretches, reaching for the sole of his shoe. Amy measures almost to David's waist. Her short hair doesn't sway at all when the trucks hurtle past. David's hair blows up and out when just a compact car passes.

"You *would* leave me here, too," Amy says. "I'd shrivel up in this hot sun real quick. If you stopped by on the way home, you wouldn't even see a *sliver* of me."

"Who says we'd stop?" David asks her.

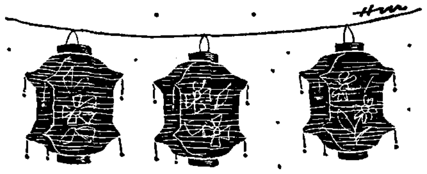
"You drive too fast," Amy tells him. She puts her arms around David's waist, slipping her fingers through the loops of his jeans, punching her cheek into his belt buckle.

"I know I do," David agrees and lifts Amy up. From inside the car, Andy opens the door for his sister. Pegalee shifts the air-conditioning vents so that the wind doesn't blow on her.

When they ease back onto the expressway, Pegalee turns and says, "Amy, you would *not* shrivel up. There are policemen up and down this road. You know things like that. They've already been explained to you."

Amy doesn't answer. Instead, she puts a pillow behind her head. Pegalee turns back to the front, but stops halfway for a look at David. His eyes face the road. If Andy wanted, he could trace David's belt buckle from the mark it has made on Amy's cheek.

Andy has stayed at Dot's house once before. That was three years ago, when he was eight. Dot was fifty-eight then. She said that the two of them had the age of a good man between them. That time, they visited Dot in March, and the sun was not very hot for Florida. "You can never work up a sweat when you want one," Dot said again and again, shaking her head as though not the weather but she herself had somehow disappointed them. Pegalee took Andy and Amy to the public swimming pool almost every day. Occasionally, she climbed to the top of the slide and slid down into the water right behind them. Andy's cousin Keith, who was home from college for spring vacation, kept turning him upside down over the water and dropping him into the deep end. Keith spent most of his afternoons at the pool. In the summers, he worked there as a swimming instructor.



Keith isn't really Andy's cousin, and Dot isn't really Andy's grandmother, but Pegalee says that Andy should consider them cousin and grandmother anyway. Dot is really Pegalee's aunt, her mother's younger sister. When Pegalee was growing up, she and Dot lived in the same house. Just before Pegalee turned seven, her mother went off with a man nobody knew, and Dot took care of her then. So Andy and Amy call Dot their grandma. Keith is her husband's nephew. Dot's husband ran the most popular shoe store in Pensacola until he slumped over in the storeroom, eleven years ago. When he died, Dot moved down to Brandon, where most of his relatives lived. During her first spring there, Dot took care of Keith while his parents went camping in Colorado. She also lent him the money for a motorbike he had in high school, and even though he is out of college now, Keith still cuts Dot's lawn. He has his own place only a few miles away. Before they left home, Andy tried to explain all these relations to David. But David told him, "Don't worry about it. I'll catch on. It's a small town anyway. If everybody owned up to their Saturday nights, they'd all be related one way or another."

Andy just wanted David to know the names and connections before they got to Dot's house. David has never been to Florida with the rest of the family. The last time they drove down from Michigan, it was just Pegalee and Andy and Amy in the car. Andy's father, Richard, stayed in Lansing, and Pegalee drove the entire way by herself. When they arrived in Brandon, Dot left her newspaper on the porch swing, came down to the curb, and opened the car door before Pegalee could cut the engine.

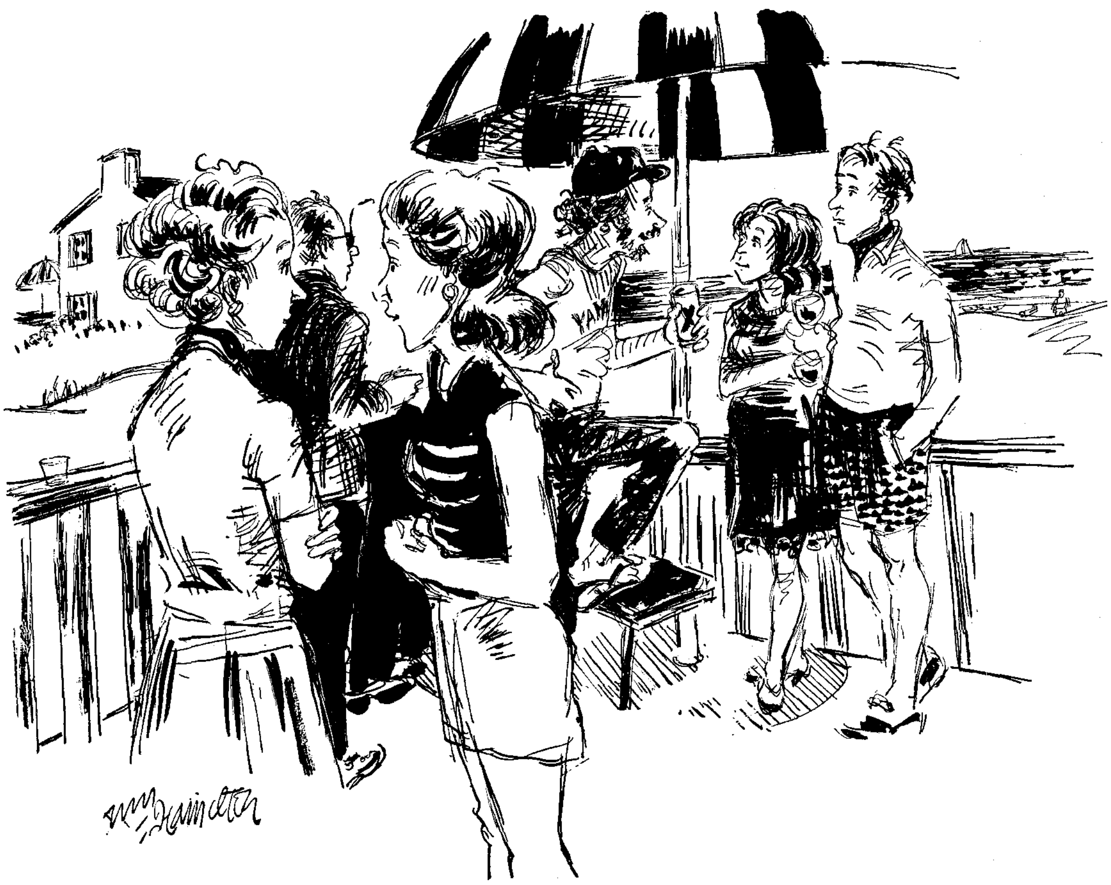
"You look like hell," she said to Pegalee.

"It's winter," Pegalee said. "Everybody looks like hell."

When they arrive this time, Dot is not sitting on the porch. She is standing in the street. The moss from the tree behind her hangs down nearly to her head.

"You're him," Dot says to David before she speaks to anyone else.

"You're Dot," David tells her, turning sideways in his seat and



*“Nothing has really happened for him, so he’s decided to become a character.”*

• •

stretching his legs out on the asphalt.

“You know who he looks like,” Dot says to Pegalee. She doesn’t ask it as a question. She sounds sure that Pegalee knows. Dot squats down on the curb and nods at Andy and Amy in the back seat to see if they know, too.

“No, he doesn’t,” Pegalee says. “Not at all.” She glances at David to make sure, though.

“He looks like Al Pacino,” Dot declares. “Only taller. And lighter.”

“A lot of women have told me a lot of things,” David says to Dot, “but you’re the first one to tell me that.”

“You don’t think that he looks—” Pegalee says to Dot.

“But he talks like a cowboy,” Dot interrupts.

“That’s because of the boots,” Pegalee tells her. David has just taken out his brown boots and lined them up on the roof of the car. He grins at the two women standing together on the other side. For a moment, they all three stand still in the sun in the middle of the street, with the car doors wide open and the air-conditioner still on. They don’t move until a Pontiac comes over the crest, toots its horn twice, and passes around them.

AS soon as he is inside Dot’s house, Andy knows that he could walk through blindfolded and not bump into anything. It is as though he never left. The same chairs. The same silverware. The same TV timetable on top of the television set, although the faces of the couple on the cover have changed. Dust doesn’t collect in Dot’s house—not even in the two back bedrooms she keeps only for company. The same spreads are on the beds in those rooms. Dot doesn’t care for rearranging. The night before, as they drove through Tennessee, in the dark, when Andy was almost asleep, he heard Pegalee whisper to David, “Wait till you see her. Richard used to call it suspended animation.”

ON the second night of the vacation, David and Pegalee drive up to Crystal River for a dinner by themselves. Alone with Andy and Amy, Dot fries them fish and hush puppies, and in the kitchen, after dessert, she squeezes fresh oranges for breakfast the next morning. During the last visit, she squeezed juice every night. Andy missed some school that trip, because after they got to Dot’s house Pegalee wouldn’t leave. She said she was staying until she no longer looked like hell. That took eighteen days. When they went back home to Michigan, Pegalee’s arms peeled in the car as they drove along the expressway. By the time they crossed the Ohio border, her entire body was splotches of sunburn and new skin.

“Tell me about the divorce,” Dot says to Andy and Amy, who are kneeling on kitchen chairs, watching her slice the oranges and strain out the seeds. Andy presses the start button each time Dot slips another half into the electric juicer. Amy pulls the plug in between oranges. She says she doesn’t want her brother burned to death by bad wiring. It doesn’t make any difference to her that Dot has already explained the way currents work.

“Tell me,” Dot says again when no one answers her.

Andy presses the button, but this time the machine doesn’t start. The plug lies on the linoleum floor, where Amy has forgotten it. She is in the corner, standing in front of a church calendar taped to the refrigerator, and is counting the days until they leave. She names each day out loud.

“Was it messy for you two?” Dot asks, leaving the oranges on the table.

“Nope,” Andy answers. He juggles two oranges through the air. There are no brand names stamped on the oranges Dot uses. The fruit comes from one of her friends, who owns a grove nearby.

“What happened?” Dot asks.

“They fought all the time,” Andy tells her, not missing a throw.

Amy comes back to the table and kneels again on the chair.

“They had to get divorced,” Amy explains to Dot, “because there was a flood and we were swimming around the roof and holding on to the chimney. But it was O.K. We floated on our backs. Except for Titan. He tried to dog-paddle, but the water was too much for him. He sank.”

“What?” Dot says.

Nearly all of Amy’s stories end with water and bloated bodies now. When Amy first started telling these stories, they were almost always about high-rise buildings and crowded orphanages that collapsed with everyone inside. This morning, it was a head-on collision between houseboats.

"They *had* to get divorced," Amy repeats. "It's already been explained to you."

"What did they fight about?" Dot asks as she pours them each a glass of fresh juice.

"Us," Andy says.

"You," Amy says to Dot.

"Everybody," Andy says.

"O.K.," Dot answers. She puts the rest of the juice in the refrigerator. There is so much food on the shelves that she can barely find room.

"Wait a minute. The puppy drowned?" she asks, turning around. "When did Titan drown?"

Titan was Dot's present to Andy and Amy. Right after their first visit to Brandon, Dot mailed Andy's father a check, and along with the money she sent a note. It said, "Richard, here's the funds as promised on the phone. It's only enough for a mutt. But please get a dog. Our collie used to work wonders with Peg." When Richard brought Titan home from the pet store, the note was attached to a ribbon around the puppy's neck.

# MEMORIAL DAY, 1979

1
My neck sits in a pool
of gray leaves. In May. Draining.
To the west, on the other side
of Lake Michigan,
hundreds of shoes are scattered
across the end of O'Hare runway.
All of them are on fire.
A path of smoke is rising
from the center of the nation,
from the insides of shoes,
death has left
two hundred and seventy-three footprints
in Chicago, in daylight,
with a map of gasoline
curling around them;
where oil is burning the blood off
the bone begins to flow,
as the skin ends
the sound of rivets
and eyelids closing is spreading.

2
Hydraulic fluid has entered
every vein on board.
The huge wing of steel is offered,
broken off, and lifted up
through the lungs of an infant.
The other wing is a cliff
above tides of metal.
All the glowing instruments
of weather and direction and triumph
kneel between these wings
and begin to darken.
There is another kind of time
that does not stretch ahead of one
or sink behind one—
it flows off to either side
and hangs there, pressing the light
from bone, beyond arms, wings, prayers,
reaching for the echoes of God's body.
Perhaps some hear them once before dying.
I don't know. There are winds so hard
they leave behind them a silence
where the rain can be heard
hitting the bottom
of Lake Michigan. And spreading.

3
Though it is not water
that has fallen like rain today.
A grave is drifting over Chicago,
and the ashes of three friends,
a father, mother, and daughter,
sift to the bottom of the runway.
They are not with strangers any longer.
Near the edge gravel is turning over.
Insects stir beneath the concrete slab.
They scurry from the heat. Still alive.
In three days we honor the war dead;
beside these miles of white crosses
the lake waits, the news moves over it.
News of the dead, towed this far
by hand behind the boat people—
they arrive with our guides, the refugees,
the ones living on water. And spreading.

4
I want to sleep for a long time
inside this husk of a tear around
my shoulders; beneath the left one
is a knot of rust. Turning over,
I reach out and feel the path beat.
And the grass ending at my throat.
A path through leaves of water.
In town the library and the tavern
open their shelves to the same dust,
the same ruins in my mouth.
Beyond all this a child is beginning
to run toward us from the beach,
where every breath is a holiday,
the waves lifting spray around her.
She pauses, listening to the lake
until she can hear the lice
moving upon the seagull's wing.
She closes her eyelids and waves
from where she can see them flying
through skin. There is no trust
  beyond hers.
And she is touching nothing alive.
The light keeps falling into her mouth
with such grace, like an echo, a word
coming to rest in her, as though
it were already shaped by another.

—EUGENE RUGGLES

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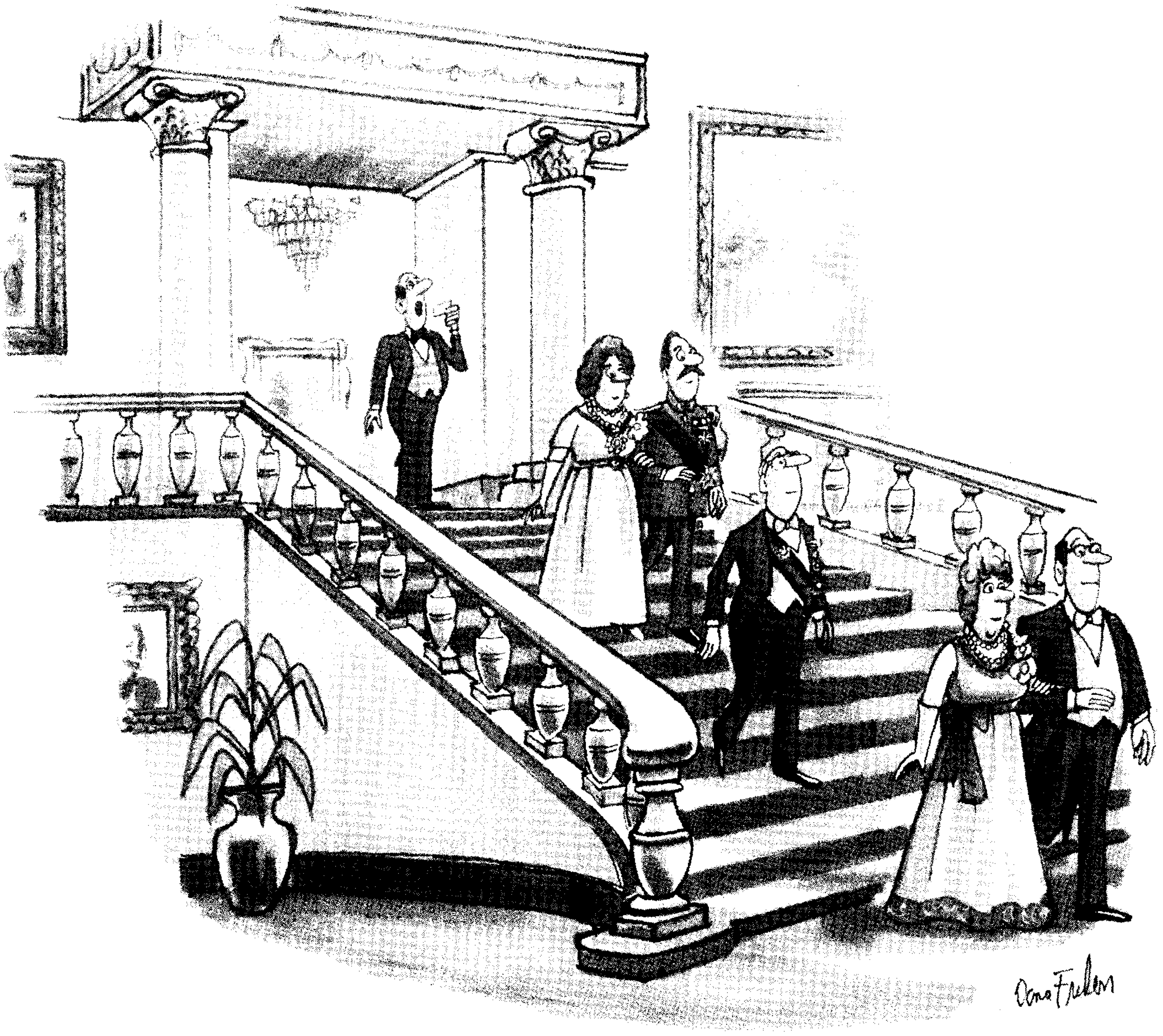
"Titan didn't drown," Andy says, slipping his hand over Amy's mouth before she answers with another story. "He never drowned. He was run over by a mail truck."

The next morning, Andy hears Titan's name as he comes downstairs. He stops on the second-floor landing and listens to the voices in the kitchen. Dot is mad that Pegalee never told her about the goddam mail truck and the dog. Pegalee is mad that Dot ever sent Richard the check in the first place. As soon as Andy walks into the kitchen, Pegalee stops talking and hands him a glass of orange juice.

Keith appears at the screen door and says, "You-all want me to bring in my boxing gloves? If you're going to keep fighting, I'll get them out of the trunk of my car." Keith is carrying a sack of oranges in his hand. He has shaved off his sideburns since the last time Andy saw him. He doesn't part his hair in the middle anymore, either. He looks as if he has spent time in the sun. His skin is light brown, the color of cork on a bulletin board. Keith is in the copying business now. When he graduated from Duke, a year ago, he brought a Ditto machine home with him. Dot said he won it in a bet. Pegalee said he probably stole it from some dean's office. Last summer, he set up the machine in his father's garage, on the edge of Brandon. At first, his business was just from friends, and he said he was sticking with it only until September. But then there were more orders and new customers, including the Mothers' Club and the animal hospital. By the time Keith bought a big Xerox copier, even the Baptist minister was handing him work once a week. Not long ago, Keith took in two partners and rented a corner spot in the new shopping



*"Lord and Lady Mobley! Mr. and Mrs. Weldon C. Truscott! Sir Wendel Fortney! Lord and Lady Allsworth! And, in case you're interested, I am Freddy Brown!"*

• •

center for their store, The Kopy Kats. Last month, after Dot called Pegalee and begged her to visit, so that she could meet David, Keith got on the phone, too. He said he wasn't going to hold the grand opening until they arrived. Pegalee said she was on her way.

"I'm mad, too," Keith says now, setting his sack on a chair. "Nobody let me know that you already had oranges. You Yankees are going to be healthy as hell by the time you get out of here." He lifts Andy up and then turns him over, just as he used to do at the swimming pool.

"Here's the man with the golden hands," Dot says to David, taking him by the arm and pointing at Keith. Keith has promised to change the mileage on David's car. He knows how to adjust the odometer so that when David sells the car at the end of the summer, it will look as if it had never been driven down to Florida.

"So you're the one who's going to turn back the hands of time," David says. He stands up at the side of the table and shakes hands with Keith. "I'm David."

"Keith."

"That's who," Pegalee says to Dot. "Not Al Pacino. It's Keith. That's who David looks like. Don't you think?"

Dot doesn't see it. Neither does Keith. Neither does Amy, although she wants to.

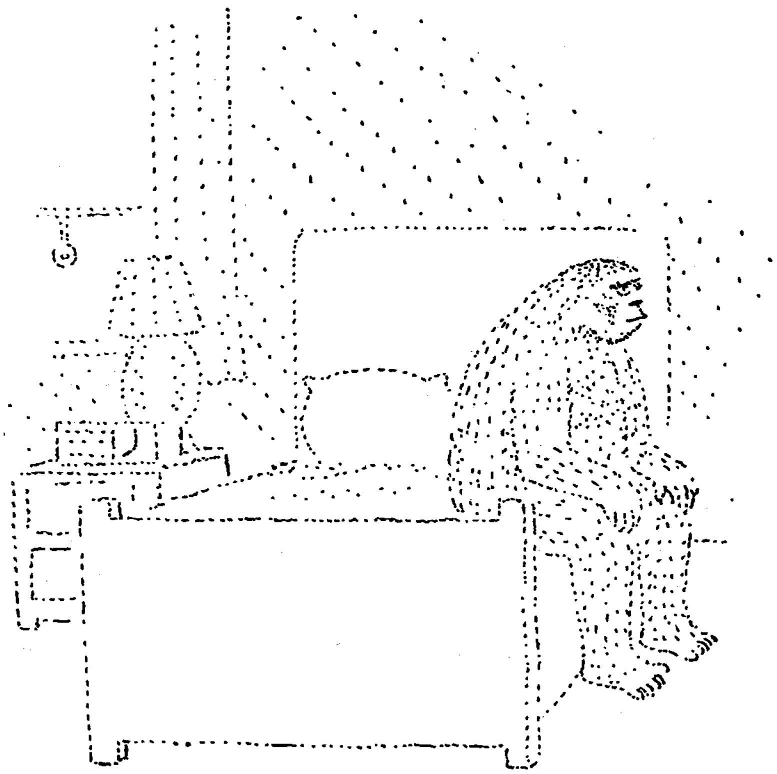
"Stand next to David," Amy says to Keith. She puts her two hands on Keith's behind and pushes him across the kitchen floor. He slides with her help. David doesn't coöperate. He sits at the table. The coffee cup he holds covers half his face.

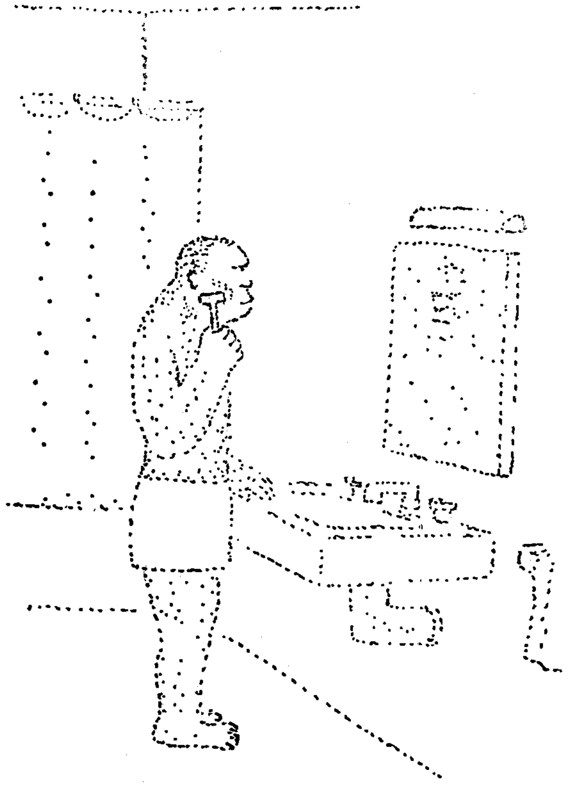
"You're all as crazy as ever," Keith assures them. He leans back against the dishwasher.

"It's there," Pegalee says, sounding sure of herself. "I can see it."

They all try to see, eyes crossing from Keith to David to Keith and back. All except Pegalee. She stays staring at Keith in the corner. She already knows what David looks like.

It doesn't matter how many times Dot asks. She doesn't understand. The divorce was messy, but not for Andy and Amy. It was messy for the house. When Andy's parents started fighting all the time, they stopped cleaning. Pegalee did not pick up the





mud or the leaves or the cracked pieces of the planter after Richard watered the avocado and then threw it at her. Richard didn't pick it up, either. He refused because he was mad that he missed. Pegalee did not scrape the wax off the dining-room rug after she tossed the burning bayberry candle at Richard. But she did warn Andy and Amy to wear shoes whenever they went through the kitchen. She said that because of the broken glass there.

Andy stayed outdoors most of that July. He couldn't bring any friends into the house, because he never knew if the air-conditioning would be working. Some days, Pegalee refused to turn it on at all. She didn't care what the temperature was. When Andy complained, she told him, "I didn't make this hell, either, but I have to live in it, too." Amy stayed in the basement, where it was cool, and she watched the black-and-white TV, even though the reception was bad down there.

The afternoon that his father finally moved his suitcases out of the entrance hall, Andy was at a shopping mall where two of the Detroit Lions were signing autographs. (They misspelled his name.) When he came home, the lamps were back on the end tables and the ottoman was up on its feet.

"What happened here?" Andy asked his mother.

Pegalee told him that Richard had left, and just in time, too, because the avocado was starting to take root in the carpet. Then she put on a Beatles album. She cried through both sides.

IN the parking lot behind Keith's store, the Kopy Kats roll back the numbers on David's odometer. The Kats' names are Rico and John. They went to high school with Keith. Rico and John each own a quarter of the store. Keith owns the other half. But they are all partners, Keith tells Andy. They all share, and they make their decisions together. Earlier in the afternoon, the three of them decided to leave 11,111 miles on David's sedan, in honor of Andy's age.

Keith is standing, in his stocking feet, on a chair in one corner of the store, and he is taping blue crêpe-paper streamers to the ceiling. Behind the counter, the radio is tuned to a station playing a Neil Young retrospective, and every so often, when the music sounds good to him, Keith does a little dance on top of the chair. Outside, on the sidewalk, behind the plate glass, two women with shopping bags watch him and whisper to each other. Inside, David watches, too. He is sitting on the white Formica counter, playing with index cards and the paper cutter.

Andy stands on a low stool in front of the Xerox machine. Keith said he could make copies of whatever he wants, so Andy places his left hand on the glass. He selects a paper size, and pushes the start button. His whole arm goes green when the light comes on.

"Tape that masterpiece up there," Keith tells Andy when the copy comes out of the machine. He points to a row of papers lining the wall. "We'll add you to our collection." All the way around the room there are pages of toes and elbows and ears. There are three versions of Keith's underarm. On some of the copies, Andy can't distinguish the part of the body from the paper. He can't tell where the background begins. "What's this?" he asks Keith, confused by a page that has only one long curved line down the middle.

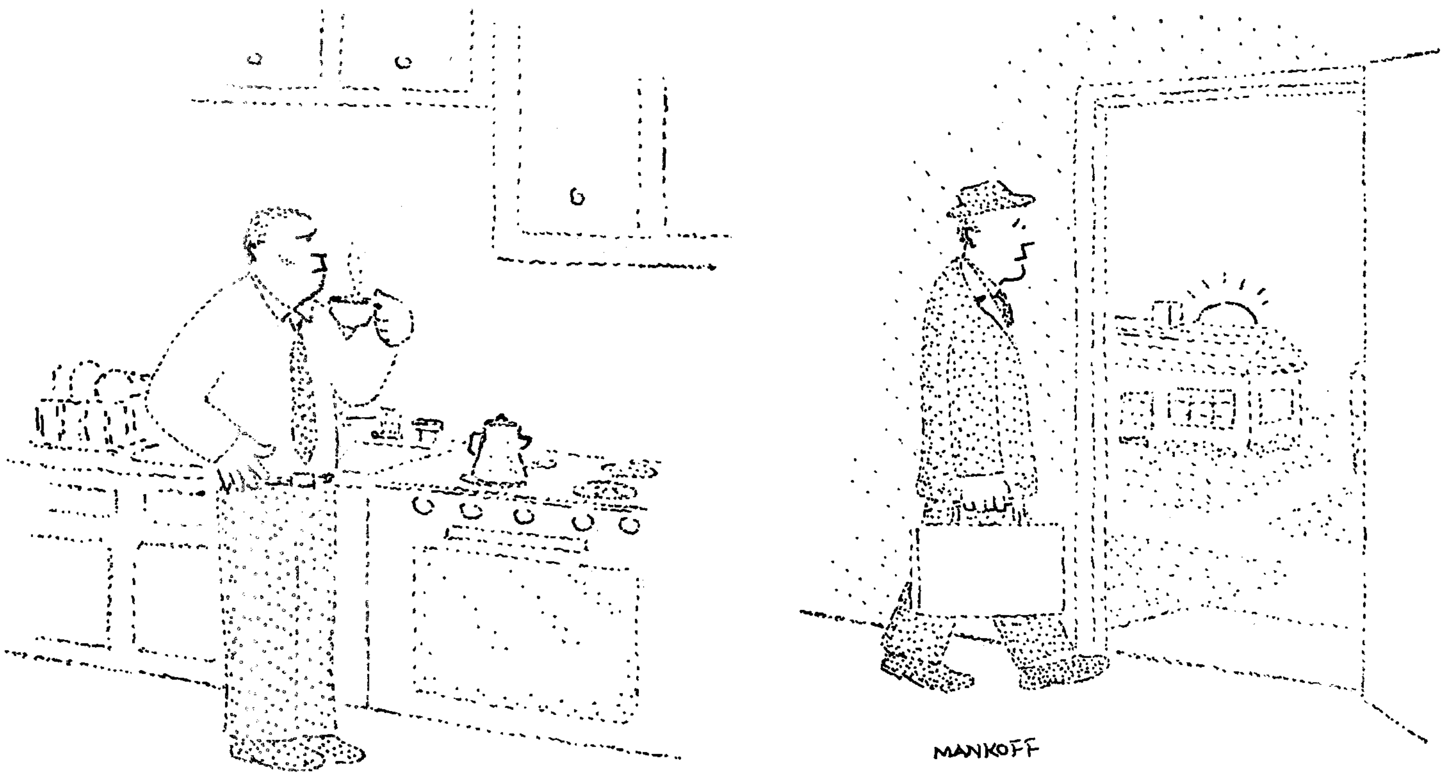
"That's Rico's butt," Keith says.

Next to Rico's butt, there is a framed photograph of Keith and John and Rico in the mud the day that construction began on the store in the shopping center. In the picture, the three of them are dressed in identical orange ponchos. No one is touching the ground. They are balancing themselves on shovels stuck straight up in the mud. Above the photo, there is a framed five-dollar bill, and across the front someone has printed "Our first buck" in bright-blue ink.

"Dot handed me that five the day I signed the lease," Keith explains. "She said she couldn't wait until the grand opening. She had to be first. A wonderful lady, but itchy as hell."

"Is that why she was waiting for us at the curb?" David wonders aloud. Now he is shredding a stack of colored cocktail napkins in the paper cutter.

"Who knows?" Keith answers. He secures another streamer. "Things



must have been pretty messed up by the time you met her."

"Who?" David asks.

"Peg," Keith says.

"Who?" David repeats.

"His mother," Keith answers. He points to Andy, at the machine. Then he points back at David. "Your wife."

"He means Pegalee," Andy explains to David.

"Oh," David says. "Yeah. No. I don't think so. It depends on your definition of mess." He is concentrating on the colored strips in his hand, separating them from one another.

"When she was down here before," Keith continues, "she was in bad shape."

"I guess," David says.

"But she was still married to Richard then," Andy reminds the two of them.

"That's right," Keith remembers. "She was."

Andy is making a Xerox of his watch. He puts the dial face-down against the glass. He presses the button. On the copies, the second hand shows up as a blur.

"How long did you live together before you got married?" Keith wants to know.

"Did you major in social work at Duke?" David asks. Then he answers Keith's question. "Four months. Almost five."

"She was a mess last time. You must be good for her."

Before David can respond, he is hit in the back of the head with a jelly bean. Rico and John have got into the supply room, where there are bags of candy for the grand opening. They say they are hungry. Andy can tell they are stoned. Rico settles on the counter and looks at David. John sits down on the top step of a ladder. His head is almost at the ceiling. "Your car has been reborn," he says to David.

Andy has never seen people sit so still when they are stoned. After David and Pegalee smoke, they don't sit at all. They zoom around the house as though they believe they are airplanes. They race against each other, doing sit-ups in the entrance hall. They play Frisbee in the living room. When they can't find the Frisbee, they toss the record albums that Richard sends to Andy and Amy from California.

"You two guys are messed up," David informs Rico and John, fanning himself with the strips of napkin he has cut.

"*She* was messed up at Easter vacation that time," Keith says to David. "Really."

"What does it matter to you?" David says.

Keith doesn't say anything. He lets the crêpe paper roll out of his hand and across the floor.

"You care a lot," David says. "Why do you? Why you?"

Andy lifts the lid of the Xerox machine and puts his nose down to the warm glass. His forehead feels flushed against the surface. He wonders how many dots will come onto the paper when he copies his eyes. He wonders what shades of gray will show through.

PEGALEE says she is getting the best tan of her life. And she is, but Andy can't figure out how. She doesn't lie in a chaise when the rest of the family is in the back yard. She goes out in the sun only when nobody else is at home. The sun is turning Pegalee a color that Andy has never seen on his mother.

DAVID has begun singing the same song at every meal. He doesn't seem to care who cooks, whether it is Dot or Pegalee or Andy and Amy, who sometimes make sandwiches for everyone. Each lunch and dinner, as David sits down at the table, he sings, "How do you handle a hungry man?" It is a line he has learned from a Campbell's soup commercial on TV. He sings it in a loud voice, so that everyone stops and listens to him. It doesn't matter to David whether or not they are having soup at that meal. Or that even when they do Dot doesn't serve Campbell's. He never finishes the song, though. He just sings that one line and stares at Pegalee. "How do you handle a hungry man?" he asks.

ON the evening of the Kopy Kats' grand opening, Dot prepares a chicken dinner as her contribution. She fries some hush puppies, even though Pegalee insists that hush puppies should be served with fish, not chicken.

"These children don't have much occasion for hush puppies up North," Dot says. "Get it while you can."

Dot has been cooking ever since lunch. Everyone stands in the kitchen, watching her move from the stove to the sink to the freezer. Keith and David are in Dot's way, but she won't tell them to move. She is happy to have her family there. Keith is standing against the sink. He keeps putting his hands in and out of his sports-coat pockets. He laughs no matter what anyone says. He has pinned to his lapel a bird feather that Amy found in the back yard. "I want to look like a stud tonight," he says.

"All I know," David says, "is that I had more hair on my head when I was your age. I wasn't going bald at twenty-four. I have great genes. Incredible genes."

"How nice for you!" Pegalee says.

"Even my father had a full head of hair when he died," David says.

"That doesn't matter, Davey," Dot tells him.

"The trait descends from your maternal grandfather," Keith explains. "Your father doesn't count."

"He doesn't?" David replies. "How nice for him!"

As far as Andy can tell, David has never been very good at teasing, although he tries. When Pegalee first introduced David to her children, Andy couldn't tell when he was teasing and when he was serious. "You'll learn soon enough," Pegalee said, as if David's manner were a math problem.

"Is your hair falling out all over?" David asks Keith.

"No," Keith answers, smiling. "Just on my scalp. And here." He pats the back pocket of his jeans.

"Don't talk dirty in front of these kids," David warns.

"God," Andy says.

Dot turns to Pegalee. She says, "Every time that boy says 'God,' I think of Richie. Richie used to say it like that all the time."

"I called him Richard," Pegalee reminds her.

*Waiting for the Train Whistle*

"Call him right now for all I care."

"God, God, God," Andy says.

UPSTAIRS, while Andy is putting on his dark socks and dress shoes, Amy enters the bedroom with a brown paper bag in each hand. She holds them out to Andy, who is sitting on the bed.

"Pick," she says.

He taps her left hand. She turns the bag upside down, and an outdoor thermometer falls into Andy's lap. It is attached to a piece of colored cardboard that has a picture of the sun at the top. There are instructions printed alongside, and on the back there is a cartoon drawing of a girl in a blue bikini.

"What's this for?" Andy asks.

"Daddy. For his birthday. We can send it to California, and he'll always know how hot it is."

Amy picks up the thermometer and stands across from Andy, so that the girl in the bikini is facing him. "Look," she says. When Amy moves her hand, the girl winks one eye. Out of the other bag Andy pulls an automobile compass wrapped in cellophane.

"That's for David," Amy explains. "He sticks it to the dashboard. Then he can figure out how to get home."

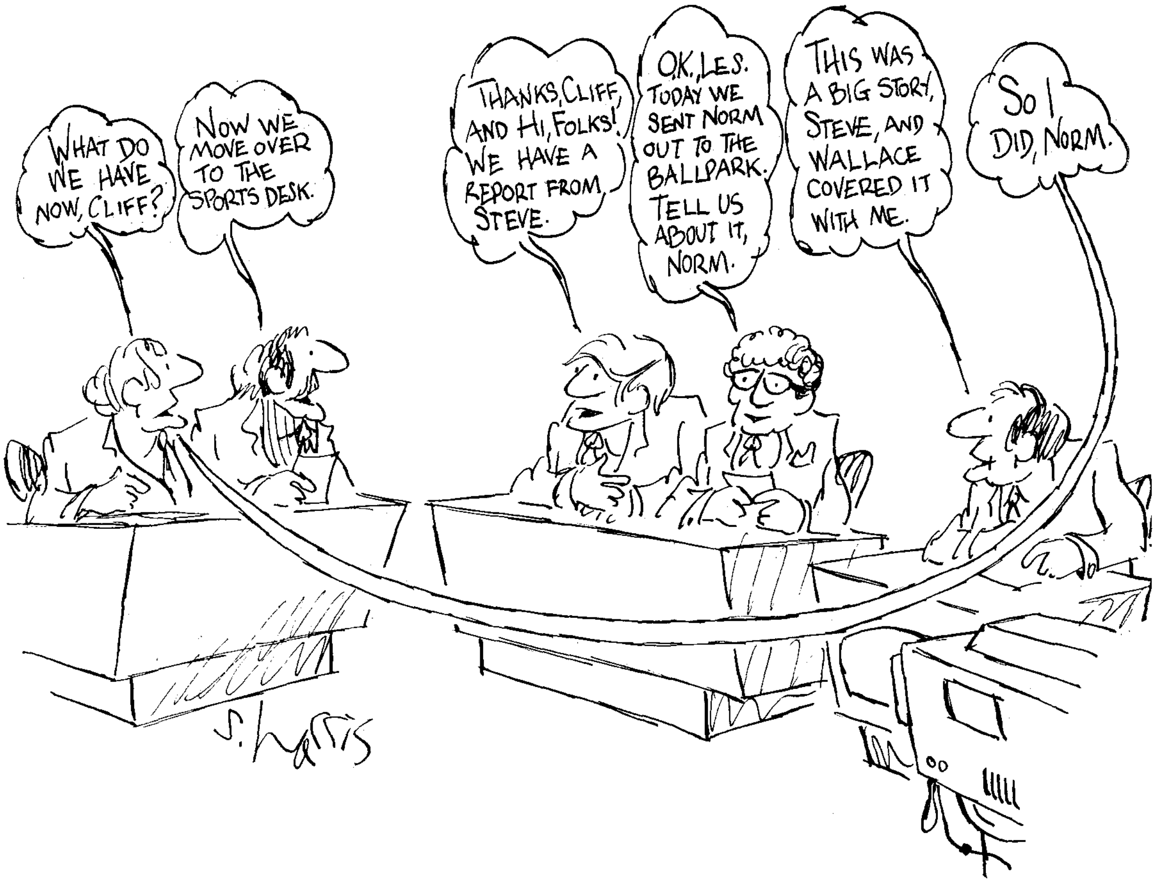
Andy puts the thermometer back in the bag and tosses the compass to Amy.

"You know where I got them? You want to know whose idea they were? I can't tell. I said I wouldn't. So I can't, can I?"

"Where's mine?" Andy asks.

Amy goes out into the hallway and brings back a white department-store box. She sets it on the floor in front of Andy. Inside, he finds twenty snack-size packages of Cheez-Its. Amy starts to giggle. "They're for the ride home," she says. "We'll hide them in the back seat. And when we say we're hungry and David gets mad, we'll show him these. Then he'll think he's a dope." Amy covers the box and slides it under the bed. "Promise you won't tell?"

Andy agrees, although he thinks Amy's plan sounds stupid. He wants to tell his sister something about David. He knows something that no one else does. There was another time that David stopped his car by the side of the road, just as he did on the drive down to Florida. It was on the Saturday before he married Pegalee. Andy was spending the day running errands with David. Snow fell all that afternoon, and flakes stuck to the hood of the car. "After the wedding, you can call me whatever the hell you want," David said as they pulled into a parking space at the pharmacy. "Just so it isn't 'stepfather.' I don't want to be anyone's wicked witch." The windows steamed when they left the insurance man's office, and the expressway was starting to ice over as they rode home. David was driving slowly up the exit ramp when he suddenly swung his car onto the shoulder. He rolled his window halfway down. Then he opened the door and was sick to his stomach. Andy turned the radio up loud so he wouldn't hear. Afterward, when David closed the door and rolled up the window, he said to Andy, "Nerves. Just nerves, I guess, huh? Don't tell Pegalee. O.K.?" Andy said O.K. He gave David a jawbreaker to make his mouth taste better.


WHAT DO WE HAVE NOW, CLIFF?
NOW WE MOVE OVER TO THE SPORTS DESK.
THANKS, CLIFF, AND HI, FOLKS! WE HAVE A REPORT FROM STEVE.
OK, LES. TODAY WE SENT NORM OUT TO THE BALLPARK. TELL US ABOUT IT, NORM.
THIS WAS A BIG STORY, STEVE, AND WALLACE COVERED IT WITH ME.
So I DID, NORM.

• •

AT the grand-opening party, Amy sits on the Formica counter with her dress pulled over her knees and her feet crossed at the ankles. Up on the counter, she is as tall as the adults standing around her. Amy would like to think this is her party. She talks to everyone who walks by her—even people she doesn't know. Now she is telling Rico about the Italian family that used to live next door to them in Lansing.

"They were bad people," Amy explains. "They were so bad that the police ran them up the trees in the front yard. Even the baby had to climb up to the top. And then the police shook the tree. The whole family fell out. Splat!"

Amy is laughing, and so is Rico. He applauds while he laughs. Rico thinks Amy is the funniest girl ever to visit Brandon. He says that to Pegalee and David and all the people at the party.

Rico isn't stoned tonight, but John is. His eyes are the same shade of red as Amy's sunburned nose. In the corner of the store, beside the bookshelf stocked with reams of paper, John shuffles through the stack of Xeroxed body parts that were taped to the wall earlier. He is playing a game with Dot. She tries to guess which part belongs to which body, and when she chooses right, she and John toast each other with their glasses of wine. Dot picks out Keith's feet right away. But she insists that John's ears belong to Rico.

At the Xerox machine, Andy copies a message—"HI, GEEKS"—to send to his friends at home. David explains that it is too late to mail the messages. They are leaving tomorrow, and Andy will be home before the mailman can deliver them. Together, Andy and David lay toothpicks across the glass and make words out of them. They copy "FUN" and "HOT" and "HOT FUN."

When Pegalee walks by, David hands her one of the copies. She is wearing a white halter dress that shows her tan marks.

"Who's hot and who's fun?" Pegalee asks David.

"You tell me," David replies.

Pegalee doesn't answer. Instead, she kneels down in front of Andy and ties his shoestrings, which have become undone. As she bends over, Andy notices that even the part in his mother's hair has been burned by the sun. When Pegalee stands up, David is gone. He is across the room, talking to a man who is pointing at Amy. Behind David, three girls in a circle take turns kissing Keith. The girls went to college with him, and they drove over from Orlando for the party. Earlier, one of them started to make a toast, but when everyone was finally quiet she couldn't stop laughing long enough to say it. Dot finished for her.

"Having a good time?" Pegalee asks Andy as she stands up. He picks up a Xeroxed page off the machine and hands her the answer. "FUN."

"Guess again, sweetheart," she says and kisses him on the forehead. Then she goes back outside, where she has spent most of the party, leaning against a light pole, sipping wine from her plastic glass and watching the shoppers stroll past. Now there are no more shoppers. The other stores have already closed for the night. Dot comes up to Andy at the Xerox machine and nods toward the door. "Have you told your mother that you like her eyeliner?" Dot asks.

"No," he answers.

"Well, go ahead," she says. "Your mother wants to know nice things like that."

"How do you know?"

"I know," she declares, and sets her glass on top of the machine. "I know. But what the hell good does it do me?"

Dot pulls Andy off the stool and faces him toward the door. Outside, the air feels muggy, even though it is night. Pegalee turns toward Dot and Andy as though she were surprised to see them. No one else from inside the store has visited her.

"Your son has something he wants to say," Dot says.

Pegalee looks at Andy as though she couldn't imagine what he might have to say to her. She tosses her plastic cup into the trash can beside her.

"Where have you been all my life?" Andy asks his mother.

Dot punches him hard on the arm. "Is that a crack?" she asks, turning red. "Your mother's been cooking and cleaning and cussing over you, that's where she's been."

"It's no crack," Pegalee says evenly. "It's something Richard used to say. David does it, too. He picked it up from those two."

"Come back in," Dot tells her.

Pegalee looks in through the plate glass. Keith is surrounded by the three girls from Duke. David is adding paper to the Xerox machine. Amy and Rico are clapping their hands.

"What the hell good would it do me?" Pegalee asks Dot.

"All right," Dot answers. She takes Andy by the hand. "Leave her alone then."

When Andy returns to the copying machine, Keith is duplicating directions to a softball game in Tampa. He lifts Andy onto the stool. "Where are those women you were with?" Andy asks.

"They were asking about you," Keith says. "What do you want me to tell them?"

Andy watches his mother out on the sidewalk, with a Xeroxed "HOT FUN" in her hand. Keith glances at her and assures him, "The lady suits herself." But Andy knows that she doesn't. She doesn't like standing alone on the sidewalk, even though she stays there. Andy can guess where Pegalee wants to be. He can imagine her at the center of the party, toasting and teasing, with David on one arm and Keith on the other, and people saying that she is the funniest girl in Brandon.

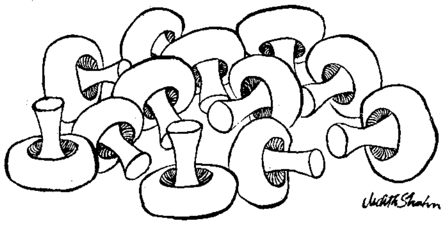
Outside, Pegalee flicks a finger at one of the Christmas-tree lights that border the window. It blinks back on. The red and yellow lights make Pegalee look even tanner. She looks as if she had always been that color. In the dark, Pegalee looks as if she might have spent all her life in Brandon. Out there, she can't hear Amy tell the story of the deadly spaghetti sauce that smothered Detroit.

THE following morning, Andy and Amy are in the back seat of the car before Dot is even dressed. They have already arranged the pillows. They have brought out the bingo cards. Amy honks the horn loud and long. In the kitchen, David tries to drink enough cups of coffee so that he can stay awake while driving. Although they are not even out of Brandon yet, Amy has already finished drawing a car accident. On the back porch, where Andy can see her, Dot bottles fresh orange juice for them to drink during the ride.

Keith packs the trunk while David finishes his coffee. Pegalee leans against the side of the car, watching Keith arrange the bags and boxes. A visor hides her face from the morning sun.

"I'll probably divorce him when we get back," Pegalee says to Keith.

"The windows are down," Keith whispers, nodding toward the front of the car. "They can hear you."



"I know," Pegalee says, squinting to see into the back seat.

When Keith has fit all the luggage in, he lowers the trunk lid but doesn't slam it shut. Andy knows there will be more. Before they go, Dot will carry some heirlooms out of the house and down to the curb. Dot is always sure she will die before she sees her family again, so at the end of each visit she gives them something valuable.

"I'm probably going to do it," Pegalee says.

"Don't look at me," Keith tells her. The way he says it, he sounds as though she had accused him of something he didn't do. "You can't look at me," Keith tells her again. Out the back window, Andy and Amy are staring at him.

PEGALEE wants David to stop. He has been driving for only two hours, and they are not even out of Florida yet.

# CASE

This is a tale of the body, its inert
material, sullen texture, which I do
not understand. Passive and massive, it is
tedious, tedious, as it sits in a

fatherly armchair, refusing to get up
to look for its slippers and the day's paper.
While the mind is no doubt worrying about
how bloated and repulsive the body is

becoming and wondering why it doesn't
care to rise and jog several times around
the block in the rain. The mind thinks, Without a
body, hair would not need to be blown dry, chins

squared, eyebrows lifted, and so forth. All of us
could thus and in such a manner have more time.
This is a marriage between a drugged slug and
an aerial acrobat. The mind has more

than once applied for divorce, but the body
doesn't want to be bothered with procedures.
The body wants to be left alone to sit
in the sun's way and to spread, like some kind of

vegetable matter, into the loam of the
garden. The mind would like to strangle it, but
lacks that kind of strength. Oh, no, this is not a
blissful coupling! Often the mind is as quick

as some sprightly animal travelling by
way of hanging vines with all the ancestral
energy the body lacks, in its torpor,
waiting for supper, the smell of food raking
through its middle like a red-hot fingernail.

—Phyllis Janowitz

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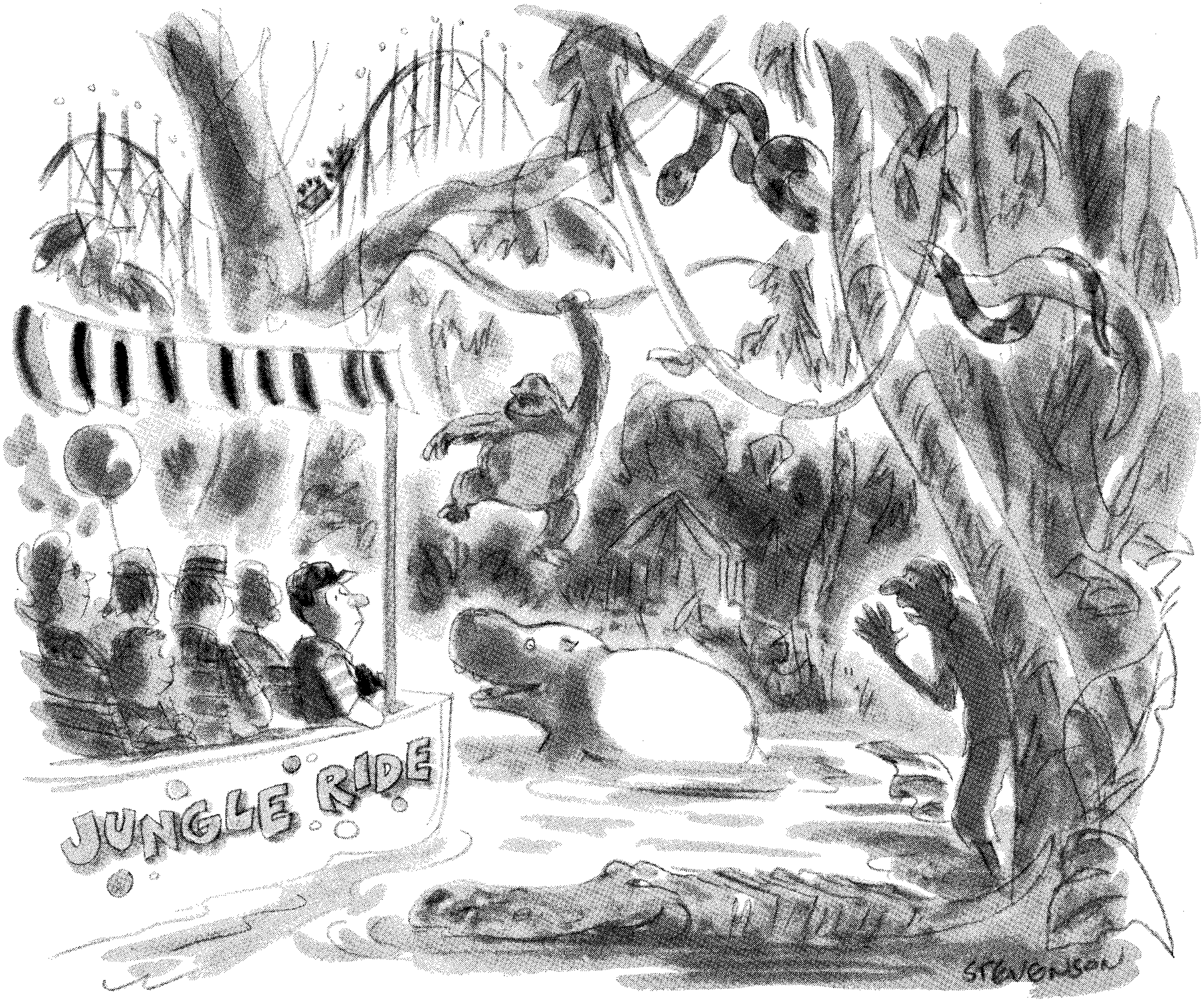

*"Kurtz is dead."*

• •

"Doesn't anybody have to go to the bathroom?" she asks, turning around in her seat for a nod from Andy or Amy.

Nobody has to go to the bathroom. No one is hungry. But Pegalee wants to stop. She has seen signs that advertise a special store for purses. She thinks this store is the factory outlet where they stopped on the trip before. She found some good-looking bargains that time.

"Anything for a bargain," David teases her. "Right?"

"Just stop," Pegalee says, although Andy can't tell if she wants David to stop the car or stop talking. Then she adds, "O.K.?"

When David leaves the expressway, they find that six more factory outlets have been built along the strip. Andy doesn't care if there are bargains in every store. He doesn't care if things are being given away. He doesn't want to stop. He wants to keep going. He refuses to get out of the car.

"Lock the baby in then," Amy tells David.

Andy decides he might as well wait outside on the hood. But the sun is too hot, and there isn't any shade. He walks across the parking lot. The gravel is almost the same color as his sneakers. There is an area sectioned off for a sale on motor homes. Strung between tall light poles, colored flags clap in the wind. Some of the vehicles are without wheels, and they sit up on concrete blocks. Andy opens the door to a wide, white motor home that has a long brown stripe down its side. He climbs up the narrow steps and settles in behind the steering wheel. He is not too short to see out the windshield. In front of him, he can see another motor home. There are rows of them lined across the lot. He can see three more in the side-view mirror. Andy clicks the flashers on. He tries the stick shift.

"Can I help you?" asks a salesman, who has caught Andy with one hand on the wheel and the lighter pushed in. The salesman is almost bald, and he has a mustache that ends at the corners of his mouth. He hasn't had much sun for someone who lives in Florida. He is too fat. Andy's fingers lie wrapped around the stick. From where he watches, the salesman can clearly tell that Andy's feet won't reach the clutch. He can see that Andy's eyes are walls of water.

"It won't shift," Andy says.

—SCOT HALLER

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The 60-year-old former Governor, who began serving a three-year term on May 19 after his conviction for mail fraud and racketeering, is housed in a new dormitory with air-conditioning, carpeting and individual cubicles with built-in cabinets and a bookcase, according to the prison superintendent, Larry Kerr. "It certainly isn't a country club," said Mrs. Mandel.
—*The Times.*

No, but it's a great place to write a book.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## 1980: THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

DETROIT. Sunday, July 13th. The Republican National Convention officially opens tomorrow, but in fact it has already begun. Ronald Reagan will, of course, be the nominee, but that does not settle a number of other questions. This Convention is a showcase for Reagan: an opportunity to convince the nation—indeed, the world—that he is "Presidential." This was described to me a couple of weeks ago by his campaign director, William Casey, as the overriding goal of the Reagan team. As Reagan's staff sees it, there will be two tests for Reagan here: the way he goes about choosing a running mate, and his acceptance speech. The ideas that the Reagan people will attempt to establish here this week, according to Peter Hannaford, a public-relations man who has been a close adviser to Reagan for years and is in charge of what is written for him, and Peter Dailey, a California advertising man who has been signed up as Reagan's media adviser (he handled Nixon's advertising in 1972 and worked for a while on Ford's 1976 campaign), are that Reagan is not a rigid conservative, not just an actor, not simplistic—that he is competent, pragmatic, and thoughtful, and that he is looking to the future. Hannaford said in a conversation I had with him yesterday, "The acceptance speech will be a thematic speech, impressionistic. It will be different from his stump speeches. There will be no laundry list of statistics or facts and figures—people are aware of that side of him." The statistics have caused Reagan some trouble, of course, as have slips on other matters. The staff has now begun to take care to see that Reagan is carefully briefed before each stop. Hannaford continued, "The speech will be broad enough in scope that everyone feels included. It is an inclusionary speech. Governor Reagan wanted it to be indicative of his theme of renewal and rededication of the country. He wants it to be a forward-looking speech, striking the theme of a coalition of people with different backgrounds who share the same values and want a sense of steadiness and stability. He will stress five summary words: family, work, neighborhood, peace, and freedom."

I asked Hannaford how this fitted in with the poll data the campaign had gathered.

He replied, "It's all quite compatible with the data we're finding: a strong desire to enter a period of stability, of steadiness, of consistency—coupled with economic fear."

The Reagan campaign organization is not in very good shape, considering the time it has had to get in shape—the nomination has been in hand since May 26th. And Reagan, who apparently tends to take a relaxed view of such matters, has allowed things to drift. In politics, a head start can be of great advantage; the Reagan people appear to be frittering. The campaign staff is ridden with tensions among the different generations of aides. Though some of the Reagan advisers are more conservative than others, the frictions have less to do with ideology than with the nature and duration of the various people's ties to Reagan. Lines of authority are fuzzy at best. A plan for the fall campaign is only beginning to evolve. The indecision that has marked the Reagan group lately—sometimes with damaging consequences—was demonstrated twice in recent weeks: over whether Bill Brock should be replaced as chairman of the Republican National Committee and over Reagan's failure to address the convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. (Brock is a conservative, but not as conservative as many of Reagan's followers. The fear of those who wanted him ousted—the more right-wing members of the Reagan camp—was that if Reagan lost the election Brock would fire the Reagan people who were being added to the National Committee's staff, and thus they would lose their opportunity to take control of the Party's machinery.) After much public to-and-fro, Brock was kept on. And now Reagan is to address the National Urban League in August. Some of Reagan's own people are worried about the lack of planning for the fall, and about the lack of lines of authority within the staff, and about Reagan's reluctance to assert himself. "He's very good with people," says one loyal aide. "But he's not so good with persons."

**WHILE YOU WERE AWAY**

THAT'S IT? I WAS GONE TWO WEEKS.
CBarsotti

The tendency to let things happen characterized the Reagan campaign's approach to the consideration of the platform here last week. Some people within the Reagan camp are disturbed by the platform committee's removal of the Party's long-standing support of the Equal Rights Amendment (it substituted a section saying, "We acknowledge the legitimate efforts of those who support or oppose ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment") and its addition of a section supporting an anti-abortion constitutional amendment and of another one saying, "We will work for the appointment of judges at all levels of the judiciary who respect traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life." The platform committee also added a section calling for repeal of the fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit. Other Republicans,

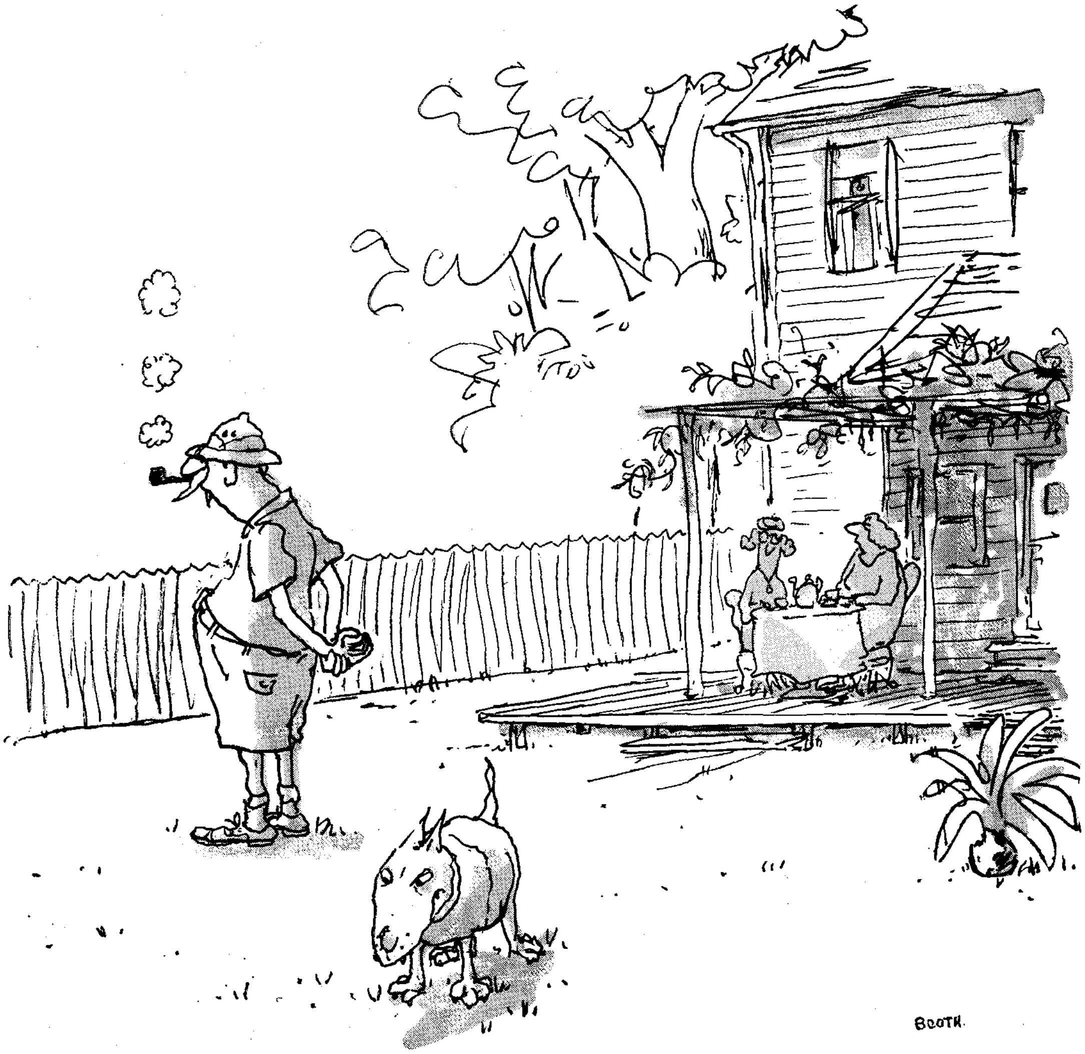
*"Edgar is in contact with everyone but me."*

• •

especially Party officials and elected politicians, are appalled. They place some blame on the Reagan staff, saying that the political people were preoccupied elsewhere or asleep at the switch, and that the "substantive" people who were on the scene failed to see the political implications. (In fact, Reagan opposes the Equal Rights Amendment and favors a constitutional amendment to prohibit abortion.) The platform committee also adopted an amendment, offered by Senator Jesse Helms, of North Carolina, calling for military "superiority" over the Soviet Union.

What happened on the platform committee, and the reaction to it among other Republicans here, is indicative of what sort of group or what sorts of groups are gathering here in Detroit. Both political parties have a group on the periphery—the Democrats on their left, the Republicans on their right—that comes to the Convention more interested in issues than in politics. The candidate is less important than the causes; these groups are unresponsive to arguments that what they seek to do might hurt the candidate's chances of winning the election. They disdain compromise. When the Democratic Party is tending leftward, as it was in 1972, the people on the periphery tend lefter; when the Republican Party is tending rightward, as it is this year, the people on the periphery tend righter. And in both instances it is these people who head for the platform committees. And there is a new element at the Republican Convention this year: the fundamentalist religious movement, which has recently got increasingly involved in politics. It is a new form of an old element in American political life. These fundamentalists constitute a kind of counter-reformation—against the growing public acceptance of such things as abortion and homosexuality, against the changing role of women. They seek prayer in the schools, they are disturbed about sex education, and they object to textbooks that they feel do not uphold traditional values. They are upset and they are absolutists, and their power comes from their numbers and from their method of communicating—through the "electronic ministries." Their strength is enhanced by their alliances, ideological and political, with the New Right. The New Right, as opposed to the old conservatism, has its roots in social protest, in the politics of discontent, and it fastens on social issues—abortion, busing, homosexuality—as well as such issues as gun control, the Panama Canal, and military spending. These groups seek to implant their social and moral views in law. The New Right is technically nonpartisan but essentially Republican, and tries to appeal to blue-collar workers. (It also constituted some of "the Wallace vote.") Therefore, it plays an important part in Reagan's attempt to build a "new coalition." Actually, Nixon and Agnew tried much the same thing, with some success. But now the groups that can contribute to such an effort are better organized and financed and use more sophisticated political techniques. They are raising enormous sums of money to spend on political campaigns. One political fundamentalist group, called the Moral Majority, is headed by Dr. Jerry Falwell, an electronic evangelist who claims twenty-five million viewers for his program, "The Old Time Gospel Hour," and who will be here in Detroit. Falwell's organization has a number of delegates at this Convention, and it controls the Alaska delegation. Donald E. White, an Alaska delegate who served on the platform committee, says that the fundamentalist crusade is pro-life, pro-family, pro-morals, and pro-America. Reagan must come to terms with these people. The Reagan campaign has already made it clear that it plans to compete with Carter for the "born again" vote, and Reagan made a strong pitch for this vote by attending a fundamentalist gospel sing on Memorial Day.

Though in some instances these groups' interests may overlap with those of more traditional conservatives, the two strains are culturally distinct; the fundamentalists and the New Right have little in common with the traditional conservatives (the Tafts and the Buckleys). The new strain is essentially small-business and rural—it has a strong streak of populism—and is suspicious of the boardroom, and it makes the boardroom nervous. It is actually more radical than conservative. As of now, Reagan is astride this uneasy, even unwitting coalition, each element seeing in him the vehicle for achieving its purposes. Reagan enjoys strong support from business, and his closest friends in California are businessmen of substantial means—people such as Justin Dart, the head of Dart Industries, and Holmes Tuttle, the head of Holmes Tuttle Enterprises—who persuaded him to go into politics and gave him financial backing. Reagan is gifted at talking, in his speeches, to the "common man," at speaking to his grievances. But he socializes with magnates, and they are among his closest advisers. Such moderates as are here have pretty much given up. They are outgunned,



*"A word to the wise, Lucille. Only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun. One lump or two?"*

• •

and they know it, and they have talked themselves into accepting Reagan. Some of them—especially the elected officials—talk, at least privately, with bewilderment about "those nuts" who they feel have taken over this Convention. In fact, the moderates gave up years ago. They considered the gritty work of political organizing beneath them, and were accustomed to having the Party panjandrums arrange matters to their satisfaction. But as participation in politics spread, the panjandrums could no longer maintain control. The conservative movement, including the segment that developed into the New Right, went out and organized, almost unnoticed—and produced the nomination of Barry Goldwater in 1964. Now they are about to have their next triumph. The moderates could have been more of a force this year had they rallied around one particular candidate. They control the governorships in several important states, including Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. But they lay low until it was too late. (An exception was Governor William Milliken, of Michigan, who went on the line for George Bush and helped him win the Michigan primary.) Another problem the moderates have is that it is hard to say what, exactly, they stand for. The conservatives have no such difficulty.

At this Convention, there are old Reagan people and new Reagan people—who are not quite comfortable with each other. The old Reagan delegates are more "political," more adjusted to the idea of compromise, than the new Reagan delegates. The old Reagan aides are suspicious of the new ones. There are some people now working for Reagan who worked for Goldwater and then for Ford (against Reagan in 1976). They are flexible. Some of them also worked for Richard Nixon, who will apparently go unmentioned in the course of this Convention, as he did in 1976, and as will Nelson Rockefeller, the last Republican Vice-President. But this Convention has drawn—as onlookers, circulators, socializers—a number of people who worked for the Nixon Administration and have since retired to private life, and people who socialize in Republican circles but seemed to hide out four years ago. And this Convention, inevitably, has drawn people who are ready to go back into the government.

ALTHOUGH Reagan has known since late May that he would be the nominee, he has postponed the decision about the Vice-Presidential candidate for a number of reasons, his aides say: it would be hard to keep the decision a secret; it provides the only source of suspense at this Convention; and, according to one aide particularly close to Reagan, "he realizes he'll be watched for the way he does this, and the place to be watched is at the Convention." Another reason, apparently, is that Reagan is having trouble finding a running mate who appeals to him. Reagan's aides have been saying their polls show that the only possible choice that helps him is Gerald Ford, who has insisted that he will not run. "There's nobody outstanding in that crop," one of Reagan's most trusted advisers said to me this morning, referring to the most frequently mentioned prospective candidates: George Bush, who lasted longest against Reagan in the primaries, and who, though conservative, has support among the Party's moderates; Howard Baker, senator from Tennessee; Richard Lugar, senator from Indiana; Jack Kemp, congressman from New York; Guy Vander Jagt, congressman from Michigan; Paul Laxalt, senator from Nevada; Donald Rumsfeld, who was White House chief of staff and Secretary of Defense under Ford; William Simon, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Nixon and Ford; and Anne Armstrong, former Ambassador to Great Britain. Mrs. Armstrong appears to be on the list for symbolic reasons, as she was in 1976. There is a strong argument that it is in Reagan's interest to have made the decision by now. He could, as one man who advises Republicans said to me, get off the plane when he arrives here

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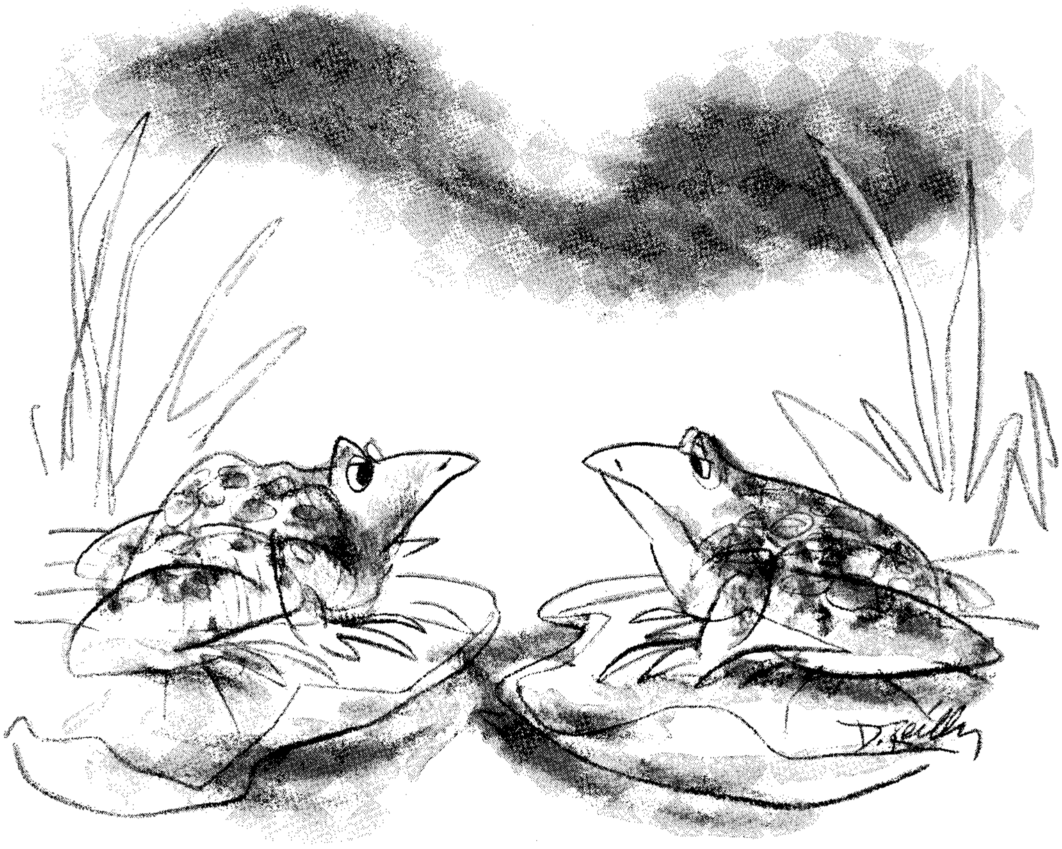
PHILLIPS 66

tomorrow and say, yes, he has decided whom he will select, and will announce it later in the week. "The Convention is not the real world," this man said. "People start coming in and out of the candidate's suite and bringing pressure, reacting to the moment."



*"There's a quality of frogness that I find lacking in our world today."*

Ford arrived in town yesterday. He criticized the E.R.A. platform plank on his arrival, and there is much talk here about what he said on "Issues and Answers" today about the Vice-Presidency. Ford is presumed to be for Bush—at least, some of Ford's closest associates as well as some of Bush's (in some instances, they are the same people) believe this to be the case. Ford said that Reagan should pick someone who would "broaden the base" and would "have some greater background than he has in Washington, D.C." He spoke most highly of Bush and Baker, described Lugar and Kemp as fine fellows but "newcomers," and gave a bit of the back of his hand to Rumsfeld and Simon. Simon is not considered a serious possibility now; he has never been in politics, and some members of Reagan's staff feel that his personality is too abrasive. Rumsfeld, it turns out, has a number of enemies: several of his colleagues in the Ford Administration considered his elbows a bit too sharp. Baker is considered out because many members of the conservative wing of the Party, particularly the Southerners, have an emotional negative reaction to him. These days, they say it is because he supported the Panama Canal treaties, but they were just as emotional about him four years ago, before he had had occasion to vote for the Panama Canal treaties. Their feeling seems to be that he is a Southerner who is not quite Southern, and a man who is too opportunistic. A Southern delegate said to me today, "There's a perception that he's very much a compromiser—a perception in the South that he's inclined to compromise on issues that Southerners feel emotionally about." Baker started trying to be the Vice-Presidential candidate in 1968. After he was passed over last time (Ford did not want to take on the right wing at the Convention), he said, "If I ever run for national office again, it won't be for Vice-President." And so this year he ran for the Presidency but got nowhere. When he found himself back in the Vice-Presidential speculation, he apparently decided that he really did not want to go through that again, or at least didn't want to appear to be going through that again, and so he has said that he is not a candidate for Vice-President. The Reagan people have decided to take him at his word.

It is one of the ironies of this Convention that Ford, who defeated Reagan in a tough fight four years ago, has become the power broker. Just as Reagan had to be appeased by the platform in 1976, it is assumed that Ford has to be appeased by the Vice-Presidential selection. According to people who know Ford well, he doesn't think much of Reagan—he resents the fact that in the 1976 Presidential campaign Reagan didn't exert himself on Ford's behalf, and he finds Reagan, as one Ford associate puts it, "thin." In his autobiography, Ford criticized Reagan's "penchant for offering simplistic solutions to hideously complex problems." Ford would have loved to be President again, but he did not want to run in the primaries, and then, this March, when he reconsidered, his associates convinced him that it was too late. But Reagan needs Ford—Ford's approval would give Reagan legitimacy among moderates—and so Ford's word on the Vice-Presidency is considered of great importance. (Ford is conservative, as is Bush, and Baker is not exactly liberal, but all things are relative.) The press, with no other real story to chase, is playing along with the Reagan people's desire that the selection of the Vice-Presidential candidate provide suspense at this Convention. But unless this is all an elaborate charade—and it does not seem to be one—is this any way to pick a potential President? This struggle over the Vice-Presidency is, of course, one for very big stakes. Even if Reagan does serve out one or two terms, whomever he selects has a good chance at the Presidency after that. It's an odd way to pick a President, but everyone knows that that might be what, in effect, is happening.

MONDAY. Guy Vander Jagt, who is to be the keynote speaker, has breakfast this morning with a group of reporters. Vander Jagt is the chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee, which works to get Republicans elected to the House. All of Reagan's potential running mates will speak before the Convention, and their thoughts and their oratory will be directed at him. The Reagan people have been saying that among the criteria is how these people perform at the Convention and how the Convention reacts to them. Vander Jagt talks with a deep voice, and he has a broad head and a tan, leathery face. He is asked what he thinks his chances are of being selected as Reagan's running mate.

"I have a very strong feeling that I remain on the list," he says. "It's a little bit like a fella that has his eye on a girl, and he's concluded that she's kinda interested in him. She hasn't said anything; it's in her eyes, a glance."

Vander Jagt has never met with Reagan alone. He is asked, "In order to get that feeling, you have to at least see the girl once in a while, don't you?"

He replies, "There have been communications between me and the Reagan camp. I just get good vibes."

Vander Jagt was a strong supporter of Ford in 1976. "Has Reagan been growing on you?" he is asked.

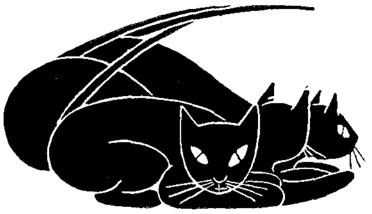
"Very much so," he replies.

He is asked if he would attach any conditions to becoming the Vice-Presidential candidate.

He replies, "I would agonize for about a tenth of a second and then I would accept enthusiastically."

ON the Convention floor this morning, floor whips and political representatives of the Reagan forces are decked out in the same sorts of red and yellow golf caps that the Ford forces wore four years ago. I ask Trent Lott, a congressman from Mississippi, who is wearing a red golf cap, what they are worrying about. "Nothing," he replies. "But if you assume nothing will happen, then something will. Besides, we're all here. We have to do something." In fact, the Reagan Convention operation is being run by the same man who ran Ford's four years ago—William Timmons. Timmons, who is forty-nine, worked for Goldwater's nomination and then for Nixon's, handled congressional relations for the Nixon White House during Watergate, managed the alarmingly precise 1972 Republican Convention, and now has his own Washington lobbying firm. Timmons was tapped only recently to handle the Convention for Reagan and also to be the political director for the Reagan campaign. He has had precious little time to work on strategy for the fall.

MONDAY afternoon. Reagan is to arrive shortly at the Detroit Plaza Hotel, which is the Convention headquarters and also the headquarters for the Reagan campaign. This hotel is a baffling structure of circles within circles: circular spaces within a cylindrical building; on the lower level, a revolving circular bar; and, on the lobby level, still another circular bar, with semicircular seating areas, or "pods." Candidates' arrivals are one of the set pieces of political conventions. Leaflets have been distributed advertising Reagan's arrival here, and a large crowd of people, most of them young, began to gather on the lower level (where Reagan will make an appearance) a good hour and a half before his arrival time. Many of them were brought to Detroit by the Reagan organization to paint signs, demonstrate, and cheer. A jazz band entertains them and raises their level of excitement, and a man in a white suit leads them in practicing cheers. At one point, the man cautions them, "When Reagan gets here, please do not raise your signs, because it might block the television cameras." The crowd yells when Mike Curb, the lieutenant governor of California and the program chairman of the Convention, announces that Reagan has arrived in the hotel and is on his way. Then Reagan, with his wife, Nancy, alongside, appears on the platform. He is wearing dark trousers, and a white jacket with brass buttons and with a white handkerchief in the lapel pocket. Reagan has an engaging stage smile in any event, but now he looks genuinely happy, as he should. Mrs. Reagan is dressed in a beige Adolfo suit. One of Reagan's closest aides has told me that she is smarter than Reagan, and tougher. Now Reagan tells the crowd, "Nancy and I were just flying by and thought we'd drop in and see what's going on." Then he says, "I had a dream the other night. I dreamed that Jimmy Carter came to me and asked why I wanted his job. I told him I didn't want his job. [Pause] I want to be President." Reagan's timing is, as usual, perfect. The crowd yells with delight. Reagan refers to "the need for a crusade in this country today." He speaks to Detroit and, by extension, the urban workers and the unemployed to whom his campaign will attempt to appeal. He says he's glad that the crusade will begin "right in this city," and he refers to "the economic hardships brought about by the economic programs of this Administration." He mentions unemployment and lower productivity, and says, "We are determined to change this and make America great again." It is a brief little speech, and then he is gone.



In one of the upper lobbies of the Detroit Plaza, I have an interview with Mike Curb, about the program he has planned for this Convention. Curb, who is thirty-five years old, has a baby face, large blue eyes, and dark-brown hair. He is conservatively dressed—in a way that reminds one of his political antagonist, Jerry Brown. Curb started his own record company some sixteen years ago, along with a moral-uplift singing group called The Mike Curb Congregation. Curb tells me that his big successes were with Donny and Marie Osmond and with Debby Boone's recording of "You Light Up My Life." Curb points out that Pat Boone led the Pledge of Allegiance this morning, and says that Debby Boone just had a baby or she would have been here. Curb talks earnestly and with enthusiasm.

"We've tried to consolidate the Convention program into four very solid programs," he tells me. "Tonight, you have not only President Ford but two members of his Cabinet. They'll talk about how good it was in their time, so he can talk about the future. Tuesday night, we will go all the way from Barry Goldwater to Dr. Kissinger—the whole spectrum of the Republican Party. If Governor Reagan is going to win in November, we have to have a united Party. I'm very optimistic." He speaks of the number of people who have tried to get on the program; this has been a problem. The Convention managers have tried to favor Republicans running for election or reëlection this year. At the end of the program tonight, there will be an hour of film and entertainment. As for the entertainers who will appear, Curb says, "We have tried to have entertainers of substance—not just familiar faces but people who represent something to the American people. For example, Jimmy Stewart." In tonight's film, there will be a brief clip from "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," and then Jimmy Stewart will be shown talking about the Republican Party. He is a Reagan supporter. Curb says, "I think Jimmy Stewart fills the role that John Wayne did in '76." (John Wayne put in some appearances for Reagan in 1976.) Curb continues, "Michael Landon is another example. He'll be

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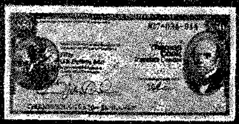

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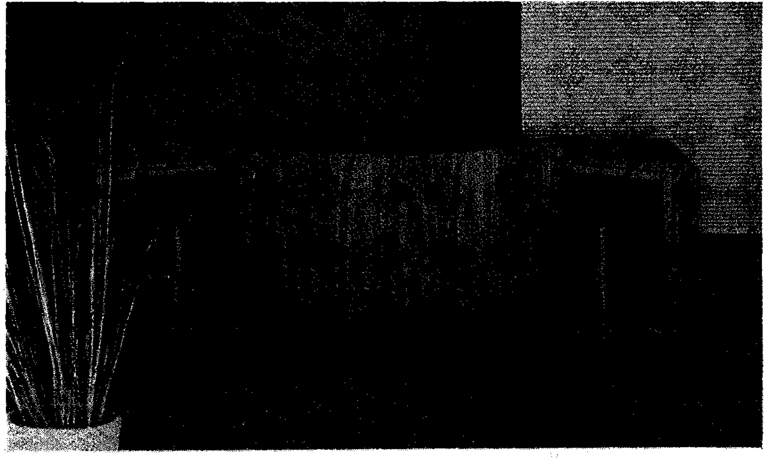
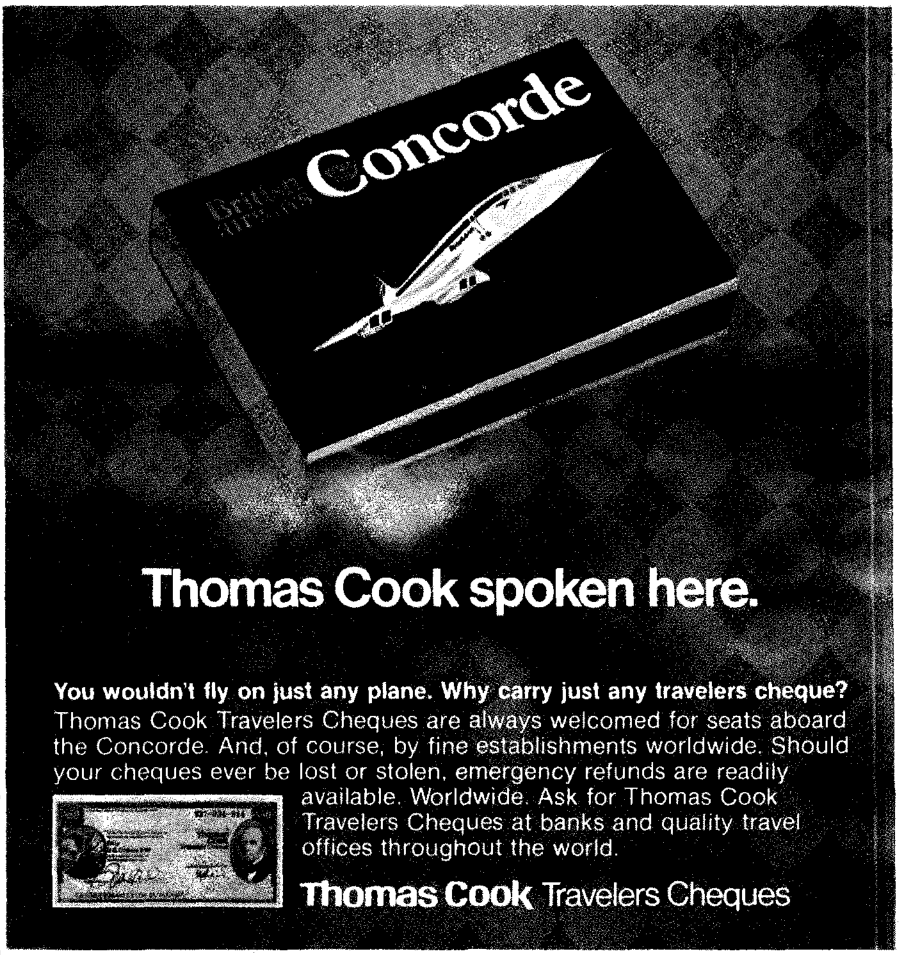


in the film tonight. He has been speaking out on issues about his feelings as an American—has been speaking out for Reagan." Then he mentions Richard Petty, a seven-time national auto-racing champion. Petty will be in the film and then speak to the Convention. Curb says, "He's a household word in the Southern region. He's interested in government, interested in politics. Richard Petty will tell why he believes it's important to elect a Republican." Dorothy Hamill will also be in the film and will speak. Curb says, "She let it be known she was willing to come here. She wants to speak directly about her views and express her enthusiasm for our chances this year. I brought in Donny and Marie Osmond. They had all their hits with my company. They're very popular in Middle America. They're from Utah. They have a youth image. They believe strongly in Governor Reagan. They said they wanted to present a song called, 'Go, Ronnie, Go.'" He explains that Susan Anton and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., will be co-hosts of the event tonight. "Susan Anton has a great youth following and great enthusiasm. Efrem Zimbalist has a more traditional Republican following, and he's also very enthusiastic. They'll be excellent co-hosts, because they'll do it with conviction." Curb says, "The emphasis we put on that rally for the Governor when he arrived was young people. I think it is impressive to people to see young people supporting Governor Reagan. Tonight, we'll end the program with several thousand young kids singing a song called 'Together . . . A New Beginning.'" The theme of this Convention is "Together . . . A New Beginning." Mike Curb wrote the song.

MONDAY night. The Joe Louis Arena, the Convention site. Usually, keynote speeches come at the beginning of Conventions. That is the point: to get the Convention going, stir up the delegates. But this year's keynote speech is not scheduled to occur until tomorrow night. Ken Rietz, who is program director for this Convention, compared tapes of the 1976 Convention proceedings with what the networks showed, to see what was likely to get on the air. It was decided that tomorrow night's program might be a bit weak, and so the keynote speech was put off until then. Anyway, tonight is to be Ford's night. Aware that the networks will cut away from the proceedings on the rostrum, the Convention planners are arranging "counter-programming" through Peter Dailey: the networks will be provided with people to interview—officials of the Convention, famous political figures, delegates. All these, of course, will be expected to say nice things about Reagan and the Convention and to stress certain themes. The major theme, William Timmons told me a couple of weeks ago, is to be that Jimmy Carter is "dumb, dangerous, and deceptive."

Tonight, William Simon gives a strong speech castigating Carter's economic policies, and he is applauded frequently. Carter has provided this Convention with plenty of material, but Simon seems to be suggesting that things were better under Ford than they actually were. Inflation was lower then, but there was also the worst recession since the Second World War, and unemployment reached nine per cent, a figure it has not reached since—as yet. The Republicans did then just what they accuse the Democrats of doing now: they fought inflation with unemployment. Inflation has been rising, with some brief respites, since the Vietnam War, and no Administration has found a steady solution to it. There were budget deficits under Gerald Ford. (In the last full fiscal year he was in office, the deficit reached sixty-six billion dollars.) Then Rumsfeld gives a speech attacking Carter's foreign and military policies. Rumsfeld even borrows some of Edward Kennedy's material, saying that the Carter Administration has been the "surprised" Administration: surprised in Afghanistan, surprised in Iran, and so on. But somehow Rumsfeld's speech falls flat—it seems to be a problem of the delivery, for certainly he is saying things that appeal to this Convention.

On the Convention floor, Guy Farley, a delegate from Virginia, is working to get a petition circulated that calls on Reagan to select Jack Kemp as his running mate. Farley is a lawyer from Warrenton, near Washington, a born-again Baptist, and a leader of the New Right in his state. He tells me that this is his first Convention. He served on the platform committee, where he helped write the Party's new position on the E.R.A. (including the language designed to appease E.R.A. supporters) and the plank calling for a constitutional amendment banning abortion. He also supported the provision specifying that judicial appointees "respect traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life." Farley is a soft-spoken man with blue eyes and curly gray hair. He used to



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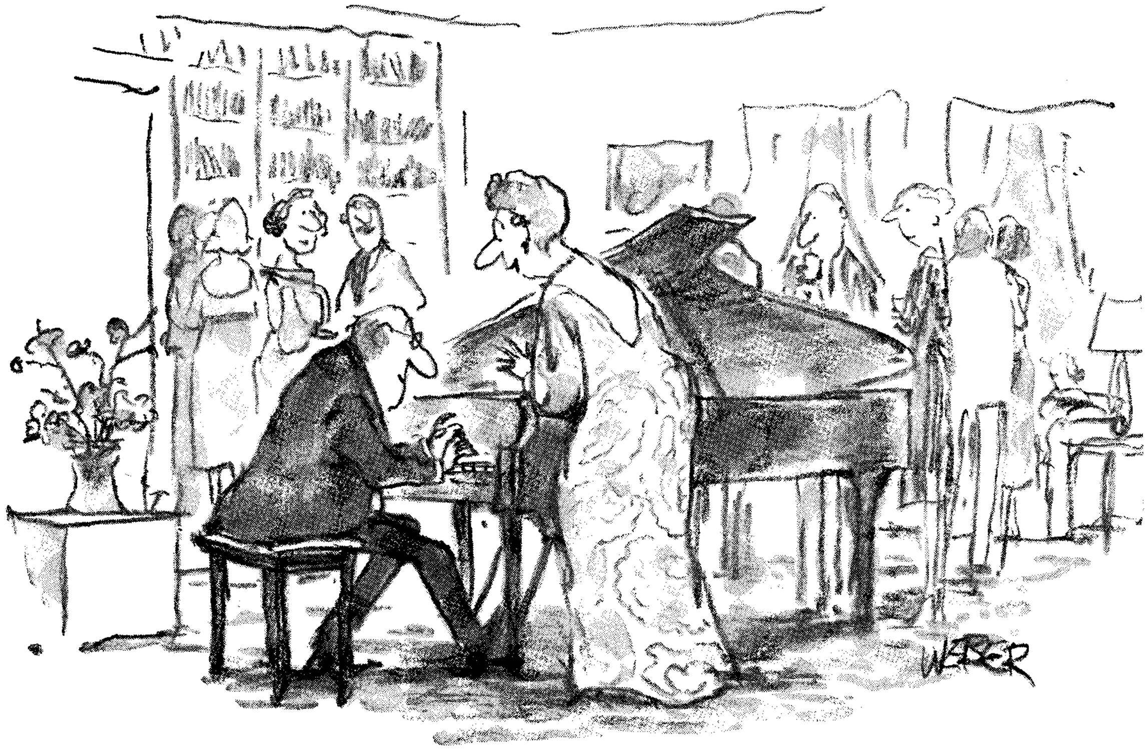
serve in the state legislature and is expected to run for lieutenant governor of Virginia. Farley says to me, "I felt very strongly about the pro-life issues. I don't like to use the term 'born again,' because it has been abused. I consider myself a Christian. I think what we did in the platform committee will help Reagan in the fall. People don't vote against someone because he is pro-life, they vote for him."

Ford is greeted enthusiastically, and he looks well. Ford has become a sentimental figure, as some other ex-Presidents have. His Administration looks better in retrospect than it was—a development to which Carter has made a substantial contribution. Ex-Presidents are granted a certain benignity. Gerald Ford's transformation in the public eye from the somewhat limited but tough partisan congressional leader into a likable President began when, amid great relief, he took over from Richard Nixon. His very uninterestingness made him seem safe. He begins his speech on a somewhat surprising note. "Some call me an elder statesman," he says. "I don't know. I don't mind telling you all that I am not ready to quit yet. I've got news for this Convention and Jimmy Carter—this Republican is going to do everything in his power to elect our nominee to the Presidency of the United States." He says, "So when you field the team for Governor Reagan, count me in." He reminds the Convention that in 1976 Carter used economic statistics to condemn his record, and now Ford throws the current statistics at Carter. "By his own statistics, Mr. Carter has failed. There is no alternative—he's got to go." Ford still speaks somewhat woodenly, but with more animation than usual. He has worked hard on this speech, practiced it with advisers. Moreover, it seems, according to his associates, that he really is angry at Carter—angry at him for defeating him and then doing, as Ford sees it, a worse job. Ford is described as genuinely upset by what is happening to the country—this is no routine partisan speech. And he is going over very well here. His lack of enthusiasm for Reagan is now overcome by his distaste for Carter. "You've all heard Carter's alibis: *inflation cannot be controlled; the world has changed; we can no longer protect our diplomats in foreign capitals, nor our workingmen on Detroit's assembly lines; we must lower our expectations.*" And then he says, "Baloney." He criticizes Carter for the grain embargo and the boycott of the Olympics. Kennedy has made the same criticisms. There are only so many arguments. Ford says that we should have had the foresight and the military strength to prevent the invasion of Afghanistan. He does not say how. There is not much content in this speech—it is a pep talk about America and a condemnation of Carter, and he gives it vigorously and he excites the Convention. But nostalgia is not a policy.

The Republicans are having a fine time with the image that Carter himself has implanted as someone who is trying hard but who may not be up to the job. Carter is not a commanding figure, so when he suggests that things are complicated he can be seen as wringing his hands helplessly. His speech, given a year ago tomorrow, suggesting that he might not have been up to the job and that he would try to do better—what has come to be known as his "malaise" speech—has been hurled back at him by speaker after speaker here, as it has been, in other contexts, by Edward Kennedy. But to insist that Carter is not up to the job is not a prescription for what to do. Carter is a tempting target, but beating him over the head is not a policy. Moreover, the questions facing this country *are* complicated. The rhetoric here, like most political rhetoric, ascribes things to "fault"—somebody else's fault. It does not concede that there are uncontrollable forces, events that affect things. There is no history. Nothing is beyond control. There is an answer for everything. A simple answer.



*"My goodness, Dr. Macaulay, I've half a mind to put you on tape."*

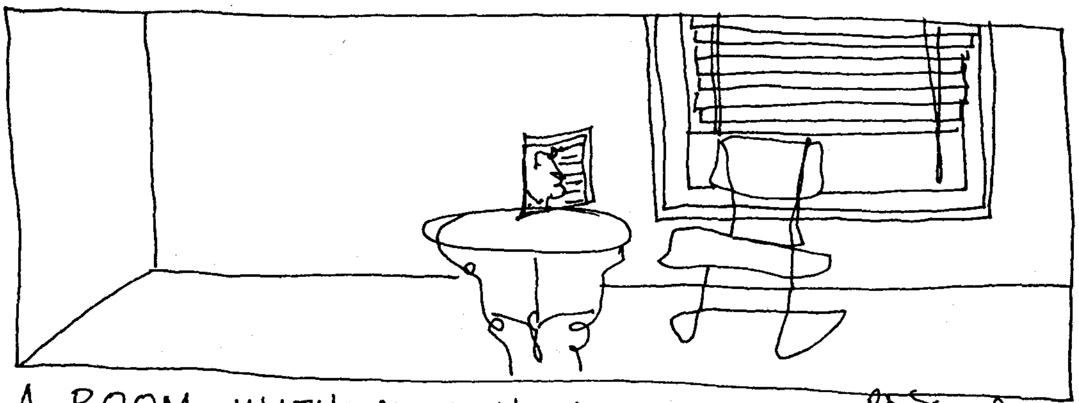
• •

TODAY, the news broke that Billy Carter, the President's brother, had registered as a foreign agent for the Libyan government and had received two hundred and twenty thousand dollars from it.

TUESDAY morning. George Bush is addressing the California delegation in the Mackinac Ballroom of the Detroit Plaza. He is a member of one of the "caucus teams" that the Convention managers are sending around Detroit today to talk up Ronald Reagan to the various delegations. The theory was that this would give the delegations something to do, let them see some of the stars of the Convention up close, and give the delegations' home-town papers something to write about.

Bush says, "Let me say just a few words about the Republican foreign policy and Governor Reagan's foreign policy—they're the same, incidentally, totally the same." Bush's voice is still nasal, but it seems to have a lower timbre than it did earlier this year. And he speaks with more assurance and less motion—he does not jump around, as he used to. Bush is carrying on a new campaign here. During the primaries, he had some problems with the Reagan foreign policy. Now it's all fine. He was critical of Reagan for advocating a blockade of Cuba in response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and for suggesting that the United States should issue a deadline and ultimatum for the hostages' return. He said that Reagan's foreign-policy statements contained "inaccuracies and inconsistencies." He opposed Reagan's endorsement of the Kemp-Roth proposal to cut taxes by thirty per cent over three years as inflationary, calling the proposal a false "blueprint for paradise." He criticized him for making "phony promises" and "flamboyant statements" and offering "simplistic answers." Yesterday, Bush told some of the delegates he met with that the positions Reagan had articulated were "excellent," "strong," and "exciting." He tells this group, "There is no may-laise in the United States . . . no unwillingness to be strong abroad. I believe that the perception of the United States has to be changed almost instantly." He says, "I want to go back to something President Ford was criticized for in some quarters—Mayaguez. But something happened; something changed. People felt the United States would do something."

Bush is developing as the most generally acceptable Vice-Presidential choice at this Convention: he has strong ties to the Party's moderate wing, to its all-rightniks, and he does not give offense to the Southerners the way Baker does. He is also favored by some members of the Reagan staff as the best choice politically. But it is apparently the case, according to a number of people around Reagan, that Reagan and his wife are not much impressed with Bush. It is apparently true that Reagan draws large conclusions from the debate in Nashua, New Hampshire—which is becoming one of the seminal events of the 1980 campaign—at which Bush froze when the other Republican candidates, with Reagan's encouragement, tried to participate in the scheduled Reagan-Bush debate. The Reagans concluded, according to someone who was with them at the time, that the incident showed that

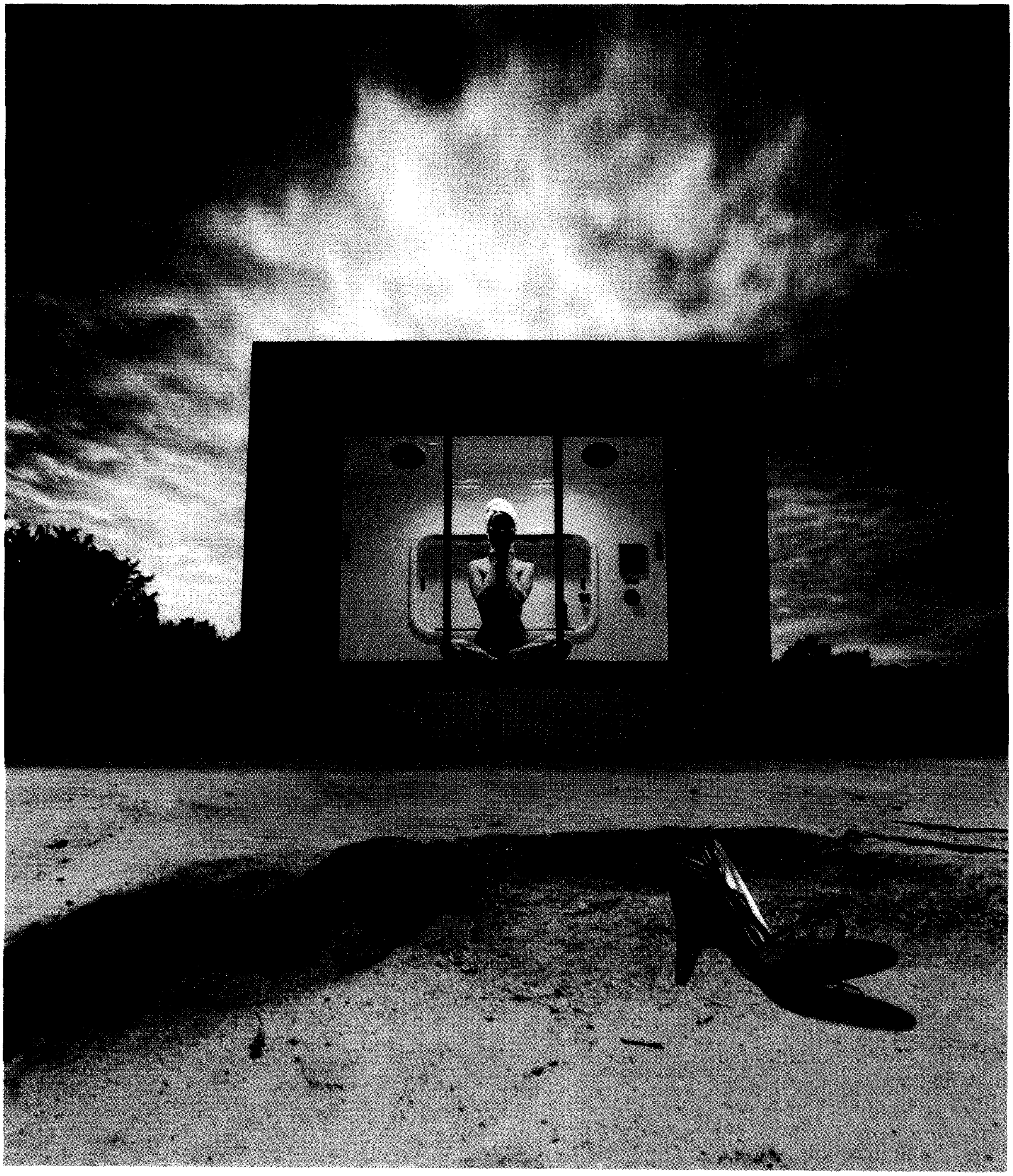


A ROOM WITHOUT A HOME

Bush is not "gutsy." The Reagan camp also feels, I'm told, that while Bush came close to defeating Reagan in Texas, with better judgment and more guts he could have won. (This is an odd thing to hold against him; clearly the Reagans are just as glad that he did not beat them.) They feel, it's said, that Bush's success in the later part of his campaign was due to his good organization, not to Bush. Candidates—and their wives—have a way of ending up resenting those who opposed them in the primaries, as if to have done so were not quite cricket. When people ask Bush's associates how they might be helpful in getting Bush the Vice-Presidential slot, it is suggested that they talk up Bush's candidacy to the Reagan people and to Reagan himself. I remarked to an associate of Bush's today that it was interesting that Bush seems to be able to bridge all the factions of the Party. He smiled and replied, referring to the fact that Bush had been criticized in the early part of his campaign for not taking clear positions on the issues: "Early on, it hurt a little."

At ten-forty-five, Henry Kissinger is holding a press conference at Cobo Hall, a large exhibition hall next to the Joe Louis Arena. He has just met with Reagan, and arrived here with his usual flying squad of security agents. Kissinger is in an odd position at this Convention. Four years ago, he was the object of an attack by Reagan and his followers: for pursuing détente and a SALT agreement, for Ford's refusal to meet with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. He was, in fact, made into the symbol of the differences over foreign policy between Ford and Reagan. Tonight, Kissinger will address the Convention. Ford has urged him on Reagan as an adviser; in order to please the right, the Reagan people did not include him in their list of foreign- and defense-policy advisers, but in order to please the moderates they are allowing him to speak tonight—in some quarters his approval of Reagan would be considered a big plus. The idea of having Kissinger on the program is attributed to, depending on whom one asks, (1) the Republican National Committee, (2) the Reagan people, (3) Timmons. But once the idea surfaced, it would have been difficult to head off. One of Reagan's aides said to me over the weekend, "I wish he would just go away." Kissinger has gone from Republican candidate to Republican candidate this year offering his services. One Reagan aide has told me that Kissinger has made a point of staying in touch with Reagan over the last four years. Kissinger may have served Nixon and Ford, but he carries the aura of his patrons, the Rockefellers, and of the Trilateral Commission—a private organization of businessmen, lawyers, academics, politicians, and others seeking coöperation between Europe, Japan, and North America—which the right wing is convinced is part of a conspiracy. (Bush was a member, too. Earlier this year, Reagan, in answer to a question about the commission, described it as "a group of multilateral corporations and international bankers . . . not directed towards the general problems of the people of this country.") Richard Allen, Reagan's principal foreign-policy adviser, worked for Kissinger for a while in the Nixon Administration, but the two men soon had a falling out and Allen left. Allen is still not very fond of his former boss. But Kissinger has also had ties to the conservatives. He has been a friend of William Buckley's for some time. Of late, Kissinger has been sounding more and more hard-line, cultivating the right, working himself back into its graces. Some conservatives who had nothing good to say about Henry Kissinger's policies a few years ago now quote him approvingly.

Reagan, like candidates before him, has gathered unto his campaign the "experts." Like Carter four years ago, he has had a particular need to do this; he must build in protection against charges that he is unschooled in the issues. The people who can do him the most damage are the "experts" in his own party. Every Administration produces a new crop of "experts"—people who may never have been heard of before but who gain credentials by virtue of having served in an Administration. From then on, they become talk-show guests and sources for journalists, and are drawn upon as advisers. If a candidate doesn't wish to be discredited by the experts—to have them suggest that he doesn't know what he's talking about—he tries to coöpt them. Like as not, the experts are willing to oblige, seeing another opportunity to serve in the government or to have access to power. The candidate, wishing to appear knowledgeable, drops the experts' names, and has them serve on advisory committees. Thus, when Jimmy Carter talked about arms control during his quest for the nomination he dropped the names of Paul Warnke and Paul Nitze, even though the two men were in bitter disagreement over the issue. Reagan's lists of experts include ninety-one in all for foreign and defense policy and a hundred and six for economic and domestic policy. The great majority of the foreign- and defense-policy advisers come from the right of the Republican spectrum. Some of Reagan's foreign-policy advisers were opposed to the SALT agreement that was being negotiated by Ford, and played a role in causing it to founder. The domestic advisers are, as has been noted, divided over Reagan's tax proposals. An attempt is now being made to work out a defensible explanation of how Reagan can support the proposal to cut taxes by thirty per cent over three years, increase military spending substantially, and balance the budget—all of which he has pledged to do. Reagan's own staff has been concerned that Reagan have a program that will hold up under scrutiny and has called in Ford's economic advisers, under Alan Greenspan, who was chairman of the Council of Eco-



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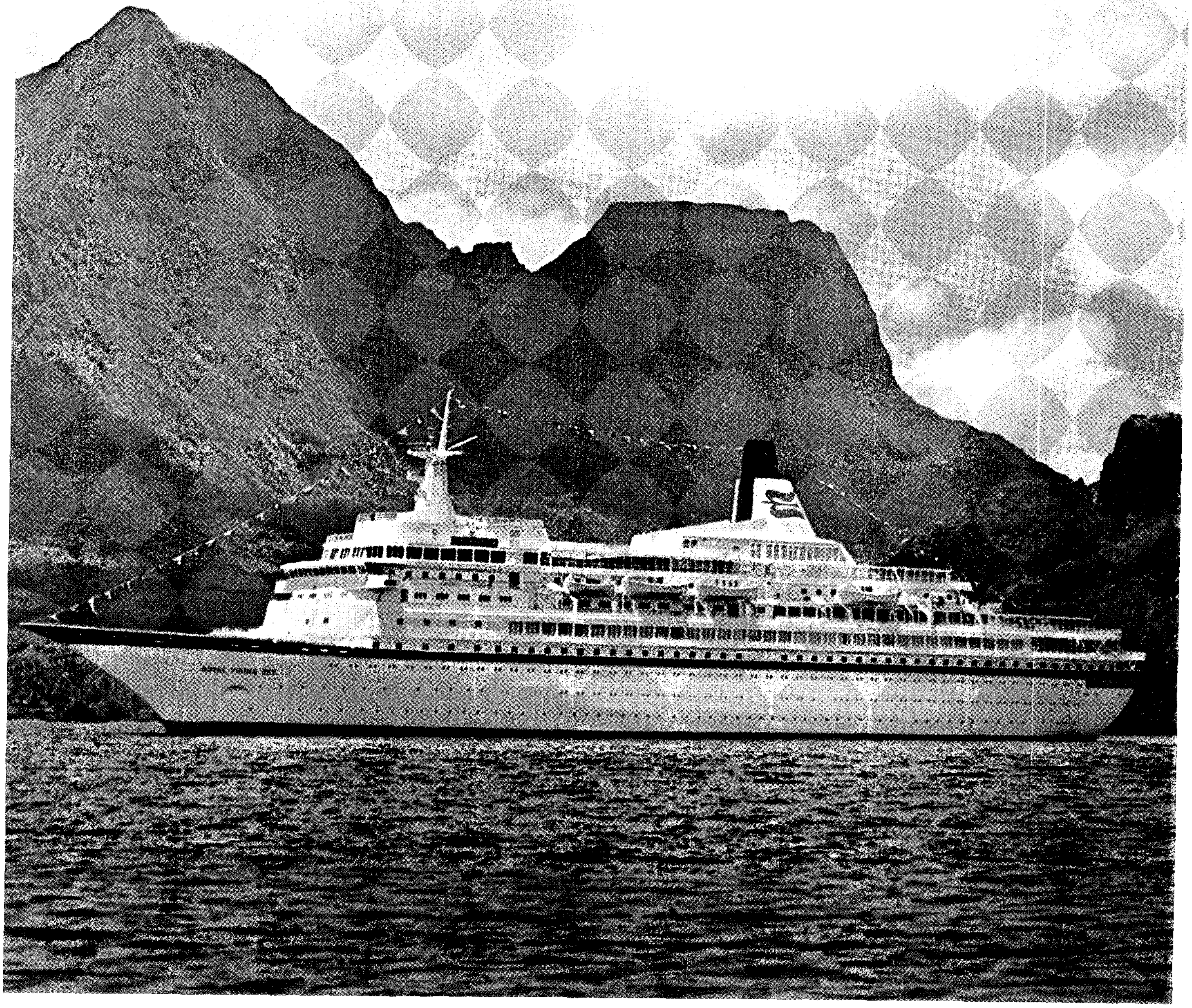

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**ROYAL VIKING LINE**
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nomic Advisers. The group is to meet with Reagan at lunch today. Some of Reagan's more traditional economic advisers find the theory that underlies the Kemp-Roth proposal—the economist Arthur Laffer's theory that lowered taxes will pay for themselves through the stimulus to the economy—a bit exotic and questionable. Reagan, coached by Kemp, a Laffer enthusiast, had said in the campaign that he was simply talking about the sort of thing John Kennedy proposed in 1963. The more traditional advisers are inclined to believe that although that approach may have worked then, the economic system was not inflation-ridden then and such an approach now would exacerbate inflation. So they are working on a set of numbers which they hope will be unassailable, suggesting that with some tactical adjustments Reagan can offer Kemp-Roth (the platform committee has gone ahead and endorsed it), a version of the accelerated depreciation allowance sought by business, and a somewhat smaller increase in the defense budget than envisioned in the platform. The idea is that he could pay for it all by not expanding existing programs or enacting new ones: federal outlays would grow more slowly than federal income, which would increase with growth in the economy and with the increased taxes people would continue to pay because inflation would continue to push them into higher income brackets.

Now Kissinger, at his press conference, is asked what he thinks about the platform. It not only calls for "military superiority" but rejects the recent SALT agreement and calls for the construction and deployment of all manner of new weapons; its language about the Soviet Union is reminiscent of the Cold War era; and it deplores "the current drifts toward neutralism in Western Europe." Kissinger was the architect of the SALT I agreement, but has taken an ambivalent position on SALT II.

Kissinger replies, "While I have read the Republican platform, I have not learned it by heart." He cracks, "Of course, I am working at it with great dedication." He says, "I believe it is the aim of the Soviet Union to establish a predominant political position in the world."

He is asked if he discussed with Reagan any position in a Reagan Administration when they met this morning.

Kissinger answers in a manner suggesting that such a discussion would be beneath him: "I made it clear before the appointment that I didn't think this was the appropriate time to discuss a position. I'm not here as a job seeker." He says that he supports Reagan.

He is asked, "Would you exclude any position if an interesting position was available?"

"That would depend on the circumstances that exist," Kissinger replies.

He is asked if he believes that Reagan has the proper experience and background in foreign policy to be President.

He replies, slowly, "In many ways, no one can have the experience before he is in office." He says that, "based on my relatively brief conversations," Reagan does have the qualifications.

He is asked if he found any issue on which there was less than substantial agreement between him and Reagan.

Kissinger replies, "We discussed primarily those issues that had given me some concern. I felt that the Governor's position, as it was explained to me, was one that I find compatible with my own. We discussed the 'superiority' in the platform. It was my understanding that we will not play a numbers game in every category of weapons but that we will maintain a military establishment that will deprive any possible opponent of the opportunity for military aggression."

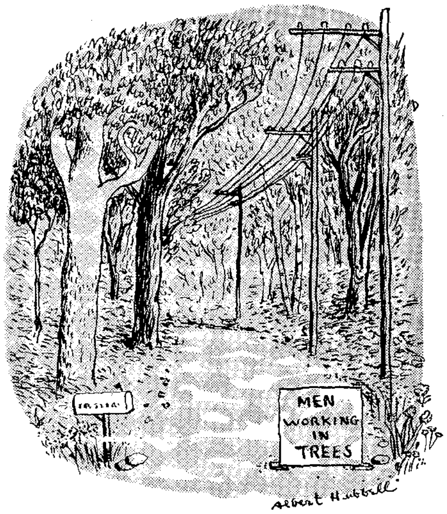
He is asked if he supports Reagan's call for a blockade of Cuba.

He replies, "It is difficult for anybody to deal with the complexities of a hypothetical situation."

Kissinger is subdued, treading carefully.

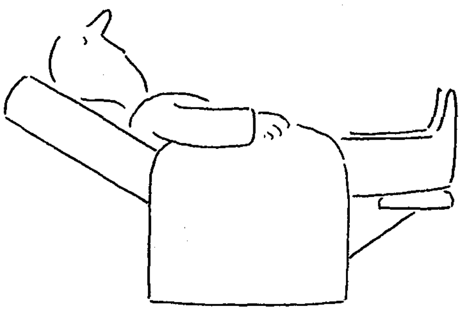
He is asked his views on East-West relations.

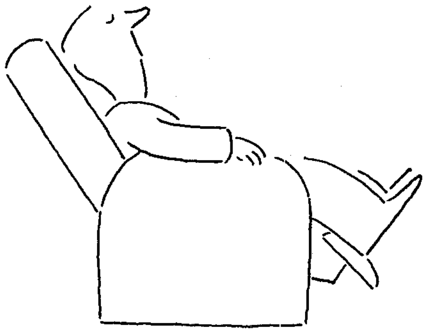
Kissinger replies, "I have stated my position on the subject, which is based on strong defense, determined resistance to expansionism, reciprocity to reduce the dangers of war. Those are my positions, and it's my understanding that they are compatible with Governor Reagan's."



THIS afternoon, Reagan attended a meeting with unemployed auto workers—as part of his effort to use the locale of this Convention to broaden his constituency—and had meetings with elected officials about the Vice-Presidential nominee. "I assure you, it's not decided," one of Reagan's closest aides said to me today at Reagan's headquarters, on the sixty-ninth floor of the Detroit Plaza. (At that point, Reagan was meeting with Ford, and, of course, it was later revealed that in the course of the meeting Reagan asked Ford to consider running with him.) The aide said to me that Ford had definitely not been ruled out, and also that there had been a "clear drift" to all the discussions that Reagan had with the elected officials, many of them conservatives. "They want to win," this man said to me this afternoon.

(The "clear drift" of the meetings, I was told later, was that Bush was the best bet, with this caveat: "Of course, if you could get Ford, *that* would be the ticket." Ford's speech of Monday night "was a hint to some that he might join the ticket," a Reagan aide recalled. "Some of us were just turning and looking at each other." William Casey had had a memorandum prepared on the implications of the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which prohibits electors in the Electoral College from voting for both a President and a Vice-President from their own states. This could have presented a problem for the electors from California, where both Reagan and Ford reside. There were ways to get around this: Ford could have claimed residence in some other state, for instance, but he had said that this would be a "cheap political gimmick." Once it seemed conceivable that Ford might join the ticket, Casey became a strong backer of the idea of naming Ford. According to Casey, some of Ford's friends had been indicating for months that Ford could be persuaded to join the ticket, so the idea had been on the table for a long time. Its most active proponent was apparently Bryce Harlow, who has alternated between serving in Republican White Houses and lobbying in Washington for Procter & Gamble. The idea went off the table for a brief spell after Reagan paid a call on Ford at Rancho Mirage, near Palm Springs, in June and Ford said, pub-





licly as well as privately, that he was not available. But then the idea got back on the table shortly before the Convention, some of Ford's friends having told the Reagan people that they still thought that Ford might be persuaded to join the ticket. So, coming into the Convention, the Reagan people wanted to make another try for Ford, and remained undecided about what to do if that didn't work. Besides those on the public lists, a couple of other names were under consideration—such as Albert Quie, the governor of Minnesota and a former member of Congress, and George Shultz, a former head of the Office of Management and Budget and a former Secretary of the Treasury, who was suggested by Casey. Over the weekend, Reagan's businessmen friends Dart and Tuttle, and also Reagan's lawyer, William French Smith, were promoting the Ford idea. Some Reagan aides were concerned that too much time and energy were being devoted to something that would not work out.)

In and around all the to-do about the Vice-Presidency, sporadic attention has been given to the fall campaign. Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, has prepared a strategy, which, not very surprisingly, is now described as a "national campaign." Campaigns rarely advertise that they will write off certain states; among other things, the opposition must be made to worry about and spend resources in as many states as possible. The Reagan campaign, according to what is being said here, will concentrate heavily on the Eastern and Midwestern industrial states. There will also be major forays into the South, and although the West is presumed to be Reagan's, it will not be ignored. The thought is that some Western trips might be got out of the way before Labor Day.

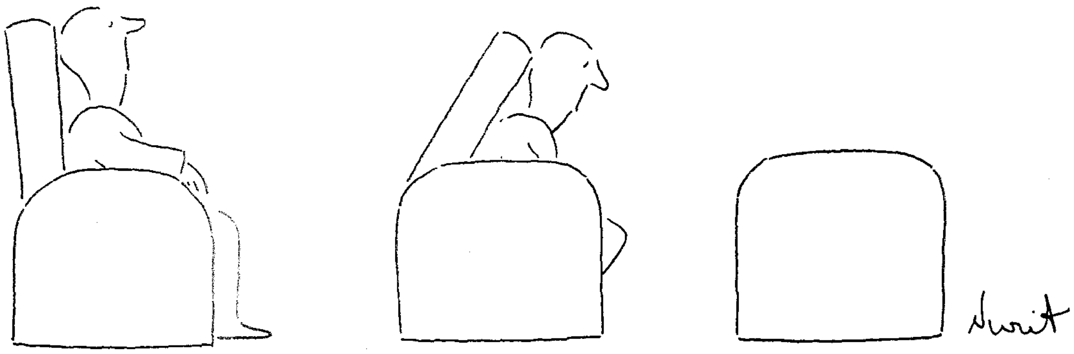
One of the Reagan aides I talked to today said that there would be an attempt to make Reagan's appearances in the fall campaign "more structured and controllable" than they were in the primaries, with concentration on radio and television appearances. "You're not going to remake Ronald Reagan," he said. "You have to get a combination of new material and things he's comfortable with." Inevitably, the Reagan camp talks of making Carter the issue, just as the Carter camp talks of making Reagan the issue. It is clear from conversations with the Reagan people that they know Reagan can talk himself into embarrassing situations that he must then talk himself out of. But Reagan does a good job of getting himself out of tight spots (at least, he has thus far)—in part because he is clever, and in part because of his personality. The genialness, the smoothness make the difficulties seem to slide right off him. Reagan's aides stress the importance of his not responding to the Carter campaign's attacks; they do not want him on the defensive. A lot of people have speculated that this election may be decided by Reagan's making some major boner—just as they thought the primary contest would be—or that the Carter campaign may succeed in painting him as reckless. The Carter campaign will certainly try, and it is gathering the material right now on Reagan's past pronouncements, but one problem it will have is that Reagan just doesn't *look* reckless. The big question, a number of people agree, is whether through a series of impressions the public will be getting—indeed, has already begun to get—Reagan will come off as a plausible President. Public opinion can be shaped by a major event or two, but it can also be formed by cumulative impressions. This is what happened to Lyndon Johnson, it is what happened to Richard Nixon, and it is what has been happening to Jimmy Carter. Reagan is very familiar, and very famous, but an impression of him as President does not yet seem to have formed.

One of Reagan's closest aides said to me this afternoon, "You have to be very careful with the facts that you give him, because he absorbs things so quickly that if you give him something wrong it's hard to get it out. He's like a computer on facts and figures." According to people who know him well, Reagan is apparently not so good at remembering names. A number of people who have worked with him describe him as bright and quick, but they do not describe him as thoughtful and contemplative. Some come right out and use the word "shallow." What comes across is that Reagan is shrewd but uncomplicated. I am told that he talks about issues in private conversation just as he does when he is onstage or in interviews (in which he talks as he does when he is onstage). Otherwise, when he relaxes, he often talks about the movies. In men's company, he engages in what would politely be termed locker-room humor.

The Reagan campaign has already made certain moves in anticipation of moves on the part of the Carter campaign—proposing a one-year tax cut now, predicting an "October surprise." There is some question whether it was intended that Reagan go as far as he did the other day, when he said in a "60 Minutes" interview, "I think very definitely the Soviet Union is going to throw a few bones to Mr. Carter during this coming campaign in order to help him continue as President." One of the people closest to Reagan said to me this afternoon, "That isn't something we all sat around and talked about." Reagan's genial demeanor may mask the fact that he is, once in combat, a very tough competitor. One man who has worked with him closely says, "He's as fierce a competitor as anyone around." The records of 1976 and 1980 would indicate that this is so.

At the conclusion of one of the conversations on the sixty-ninth floor this afternoon, I asked a man who has been with Reagan a long time how he felt now that Reagan was about to win a nomination he had begun seeking in 1968. He looked out the window at the Detroit River and said, "You know, when you're in it, it seems unreal. We always believed that because we're Westerners we weren't going to get it."

TONIGHT, Goldwater is on the rostrum. Goldwater started it all in several ways. Reagan's political career began when he made a televised speech for Goldwater in 1964. Now



Goldwater, aged and ill, is treated like a beloved grandfather, even though some of the far right thinks he sold out when he endorsed Ford four years ago. "We believe the citizen is sovereign," Goldwater says. "There must be a change from weakness," he says. But the fire has gone out.

On the last night of the 1976 Republican Convention, I had a talk with Weston Adams, a lawyer from Columbia, South Carolina, who was a Reagan delegate. "We're not going to lose next time," he said to me then, and he told me that the conservatives were going to form a network, get going, and take over the Party. When I find Adams on the Convention floor tonight, he says, "My prediction came true." He goes on, "Last time, we had the nomination taken away from us. Ronald Reagan was the sentimental favorite of that Convention; he had it taken away from him by the Presidency. My prediction was that we would get organized and would not be denied the nomination. Ronald Reagan's riding the popular sentiment for conservative values. Now we've come in line with the American mainstream."

I ask Adams if he has any worries about the Presidential campaign.

He replies, "I worry that he might be branded by his enemies as too far right, like Goldwater. Goldwater was not as careful as Reagan. He set his traps for himself, for his enemies to use to destroy him. They're two very different men. Goldwater was a kind of Patrick Henry of the conservative revolution. But revolutions consume the instigators. Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry never became President. Another thing that worries me—if we don't pick someone perceived as moderate to run with Reagan, John Anderson might draw votes away from Reagan. That's why we have to pick someone like Bush."

I ask him what his people did in order to fulfill the prophecy he made four years ago.

"We started right after the 1976 election; we were in contact with Reagan people throughout the country. He had his operatives out, and we were in contact with those people. In fact, you could say that we never stopped the Reagan campaign. We were making suggestions among the groups in the various states, we were recruiting people, organizing. What the opponents never realized was the network of Reagan people who had been together for a long time and kept in contact. What it amounts to is Reagan had his own party."

John Connally makes his speech to the Convention. His Presidential campaign was a spectacular bust, but, for Connally, talking confidently—jaw jutting, voice booming—is as natural as walking down the street. He, too, borrows liberally and happily from Kennedy's rhetoric.

The program begins to run very late. Too many speakers have been scheduled, and too many of them are talking too long. Many of them are saying the same things.

Jack Kemp's people stage a demonstration when he is introduced to speak. Whatever happens to Kemp at this Convention, it is clear that he and his forces are preparing for the future. All week, his backers have been pushing hard: receptions, Reagan/Kemp buttons and boaters, press releases. John Rhodes, the Minority Leader of the House and the chairman of the Convention, tries to gavel the demonstration to an end. "We are rapidly running out of prime time," he says. Kissinger, waiting to give his speech, must be going crazy. And Vander Jagt is scheduled to speak after Kissinger. Kemp is boyish and enthusiastic, which can give the impression that he lacks depth. A number of people say Kemp is smarter than he's often given credit for. Kemp does say some simple things in his speech, but he is at least also grappling with ideas.

Finally, Kissinger gets to speak. He gives a sombre, strong condemnation of Carter's foreign policy. It is as much a political speech as a foreign-policy analysis. Even Kissinger, the historian, a man who understands complexity, seems to be suggesting, as other speakers here have done, that just about everything that has gone wrong in the world is Carter's fault. If the people at this Convention really believe that everything that happens in the world is within a President's control, and if Reagan is elected, they are in for a shock.

On the rostrum, Kissinger concludes, "The time has come to close ranks. We all now turn to Ronald Reagan as the trustee of our hopes. . . . Under his leadership, we will overcome the storms ahead; we will hold our heads high and we will build that better world at peace that fulfills the dreams of mankind and the high ideals of our people."

The keynote speech has been put off until tomorrow. There has been near-pandemonium under the rostrum. While Kissinger and Vander Jagt waited their turns, some thought was given by the Convention managers to letting Vander Jagt precede Kemp and Kissinger, but then Kissinger threatened not to give his speech at all. So Vander Jagt placed a call to William Casey, in Reagan's suite, and, through him, got word from Reagan that the Vice-Presidential choice was still open, and that Reagan would watch Vander Jagt's speech even if it was given after midnight tonight, or put off until tomorrow night, and Vander Jagt decided that he would prefer to give the speech at a better hour tomorrow.

WEDNESDAY. At nine-thirty this morning, Lyn Nofziger, who is in charge of press relations for Reagan, is holding a briefing in the Detroit Plaza. Reagan is supposed to make his Vice-Presidential decision by tonight. I have already been told that the matter is in a state of great uncertainty. The whole thing seems quite disorganized. The list of possibilities has narrowed: Kemp is too conservative if the point is to broaden the base, and, besides, he is considered to be campaigning too hard; Lugar didn't help himself with his speech on Monday, which was dull; Rumsfeld, like some others on the list, apparently never was a serious possibility; Reagan likes Laxalt personally, but Laxalt is another conservative from the West; Bush is still in the picture, and so is Vander Jagt, of whom the Reagan people don't seem to have much of an impression one way or the other. But some in the Reagan camp are still not satisfied with the list of choices, and are wondering if there is anyone they haven't thought of. But the talk now is about Ford.

Nofziger is a wry, rumpled man with sprouts of dark hair coming out of a bald head, and a constant five-o'clock shadow. He is more of an ideological conservative than some of the other people around Reagan—though he has been telling people that he thinks Bush would be Reagan's best choice. The press likes Nofziger, because he understands its needs and tries to help. Now Nofziger announces that Reagan will have lunch with caucus-team members in Hamtramck. Hamtramck is, of course, a Polish community. Reagan is touching a lot of bases. Yesterday, he not only met with unemployed auto workers but also attended a reception sponsored by the Convention's black caucus.

Nofziger is asked why Reagan is going to lunch in Hamtramck.

"He thought it would be good to get out of the hotel," he replies.

Nofziger is asked if any meetings are planned today between Reagan and Ford.

"Not at this time."

"Has there been any progress in narrowing down the list?"

"Not at this time."

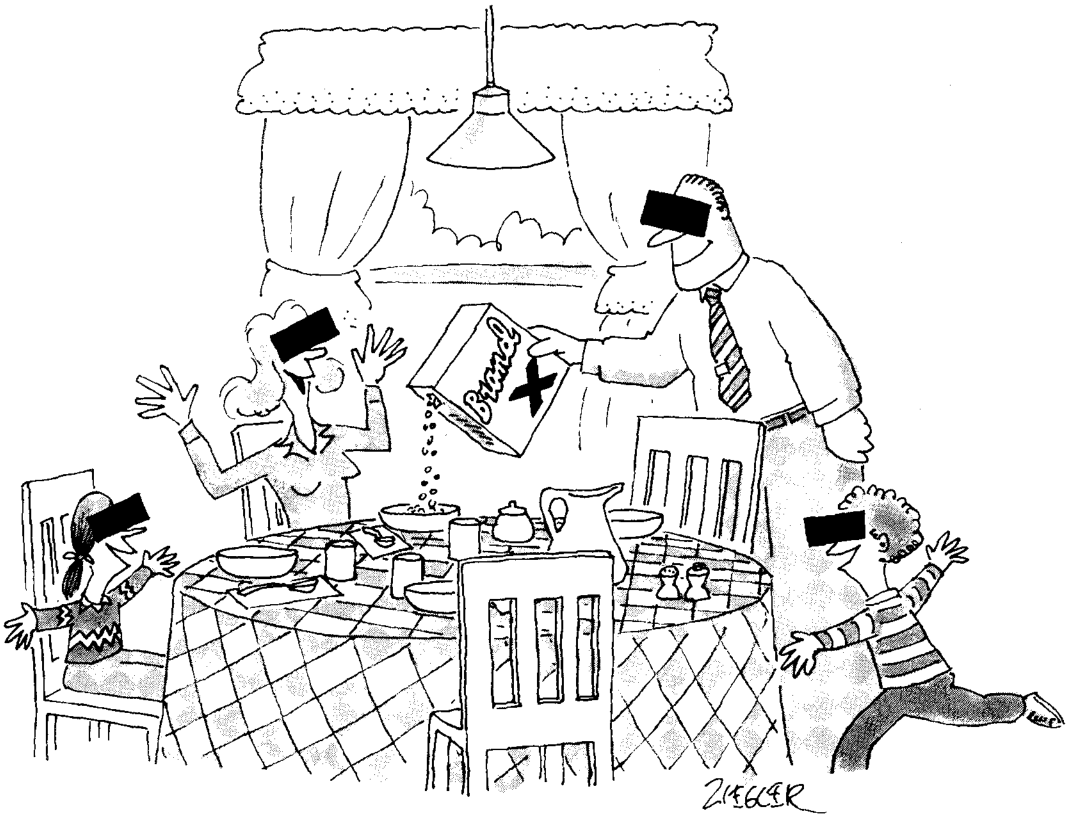
Throughout the day, Reagan aides are cancelling appointments and saying things like "The Vice-Presidential thing is at a critical point." One man who is in on the discussions says, in a hotel hallway, "The Vice-Presidential thing is still boiling."

How does Reagan make decisions? Much has been written about his tendency, as Governor of California, to delegate, and to have a collegial sort of government with his Cabinet. The problem is that in Washington the Cabinet officers soon tend to represent the constituencies of their departments, and strong direction is needed from the White House. Former governors who have seen government in a state capital and in Washington say it's not at all the same thing. Not only do states have no foreign or military policy but state Cabinet officers, they say, are more amenable; interest groups are not as strong at the state level; and often the state legislatures do not develop as much power as the Congress. In today's Washington *Post,* John Sears, who was Reagan's campaign manager in 1976 and directed the 1980 campaign until he was fired the day of the New Hampshire primary (Sears went too far trying to consolidate his power and alienated too many of the old Reagan hands), writes about Reagan's decision-making. Sears may not be without some bitterness, but still his piece is interesting and has the ring of truth. Sears describes the life of an actor: "Your place of business is a set designed to look real. You get into a costume, people bring your coffee, you're made up. A crew in charge of cameras, lighting, scripts, and other details moves about. You don't question what they're doing. Someone explains today's scene. You perform. Then you do the same thing over and over again until the director is satisfied." Then he writes that Reagan's decisions rarely originate with Reagan. "He is an endorser. It is fair to say that on some occasions he is presented with options and selects one, but it is also true that in other instances he simply looks to someone to tell him what to do. . . . There are indeed limits to the advice that Reagan will accept. . . . If his advisers are adequate, there is nothing to fear from President Reagan. But he can be guided, and Presidents who are too easily guided run the risk of losing the confidence of the people."

TONIGHT, the Ford talk is careening around the Convention hall. All day, there have been rumors of meetings. And now all the talk in the hall is about the interview Ford has just given Walter Cronkite, in which he said, "If I go to Washington—and I'm not saying that I am accepting—I have to go there with the belief that I will play a meaningful role across the board." When Cronkite observed that if Ford joined the ticket, "It's got to be something like a co-Presidency," Ford did not correct him, and went on to say, "That's something Governor Reagan really ought to consider. . . . We have a lot of friends in Washington. . . . And for him to not understand the realities of some of the things that might happen in Washington is being oblivious to reality."

JACK DELANEY
SUBWAY
R. MacMillan

So Ford is really considering joining the ticket. It must be remembered that Ford was itching to become President again, but he must understand the gossamer nature of "understandings" between Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates on any "new, enhanced role" for the Vice-President. Still, Ford has always been dutiful about coming to the aid of his party. When Party leaders go to him, as they apparently did today, and tell him that he can save the republic, their entreaties are difficult to resist. Ford, of course, became President only as a result of a bizarre set of circumstances. He served as President for a little under two and a half years and lost his bid for election. Ford obviously takes his role as former President very seriously. The apotheosis suits him fine. Ford might be better off left as a sentimental, nostalgic figure. As an actual candidate, he would be reduced in size, and might again, literally and figuratively, start bumping his head on helicopters. Ford might do Reagan more good by campaigning for him as a former President. But the politicians, and some people for whom Ford's acceptance might mean a return to power, may well have other priorities. For the Party leaders, what they see as the "dream ticket" of Reagan and Ford might help them gain not only the Presidency but also more seats in Congress. And for some of those Republicans looking toward succeeding Reagan as the Party's nominee—politicians make this sort of calculation—Ford would be preferable to a potential rival. Will this Convention consider it such a dream ticket when it learns that, in the bargain, it might get Kissinger, who, along with Greenspan, is negotiating with Reagan's people on Ford's behalf? How could Reagan and Ford campaign as a "team"? Ford has already criticized the platform for abandoning the E.R.A., and he has other differences with Reagan. Could Ford really play the role of the subservient candidate? There are reports emanating from the negotiations that the Ford people are suggesting that, among other things, Ford might be given responsibility for the management of national security and economic policy. What is going on here? Are they making a distinction between delegating power and sharing power? Are they rewriting the Constitution? There are real questions to be addressed about the management of the Presidency, but this is not the time, or the circumstance, for that. The whole episode has a disconcerting ad-hoc feel to it—the feel of other occasions when politicians, in a panic to deal with some immediate problem, start improvising. Worst of all from Reagan's standpoint, he is sending out a signal that suggests something that could be very damaging to him: that he doesn't comprehend the nature of the Presidency. It's understandable, from his point of view, and as a result of the urging of the Republican politicians, that he should make a last-minute attempt to get Ford on the ticket. But even if he succeeds, the ticket will have been damaged by the way it was put together.



Shortly before eight-thirty, Vander Jagt finally gets around to giving his keynote address. It may be too late for him to impress Reagan now. He says, "Whether it is Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday, I think I have to be the luckiest guy in America to be able to have this opportunity to try to give expression to your hopes and dreams for America." His old-fashioned oratorical style seems self-conscious. As he continues, he gets a good reaction from the audience, but he isn't saying very much. He is making noise.

When it comes time for Bush to give his speech, there is a large demonstration for him. The demonstration was, of course, designed to impress Reagan. The Bush people once thought that he had been given the ideal time to speak: Wednesday night, when interest would be building, just before the balloting for the Presidency. Now they must wonder. Bush must be sick. The man he had counted on to press his case with Reagan is now reported to be negotiating for his own spot on the ticket. Bush still manages to smile his engaging, crooked smile, and give his speech. He speaks more slowly and forcefully than usual. It is a gallant performance under the circumstances, but he doesn't seem to have anything to say. Like the other hopefuls, he plays to the distant emperor. He praises Reagan and condemns Carter, and says that under the leadership of Ronald Reagan "the strength of the American dollar will be restored . . . the crushing burden of federal bureaucracy and the excesses of regulation will be lifted from the back of America's free economy. . . . Americans overseas will once again be able to count on their government to protect their safety . . . a policy of peace-through-strength will assure that no power on earth, be it great or small, will miscalculate the resolve of the American people and its leaders." He says that we "must strengthen the intelligence services of this country" and that "we must stop apologizing for the United States of America around the world."

By shortly after ten, CBS has announced that Ford will be Reagan's selection as running mate, and that the two men will appear in the hall later tonight and Reagan will announce that Ford will run with him. All night, in the hall, delegates, elected officials, and reporters have been going up to each other and asking if "it's really happening," and the commonly accepted answer has been that, amazingly enough, it is. No one is sure where the information is coming from; it is just one of those pieces of information that get passed along as fact.

When Senator Laxalt concludes his speech placing Reagan's name in nomination, the demonstration—long planned—is tumultuous. Besides, these people have reason to celebrate. They have waited sixteen years for this. And Reagan is not just a candidate, he's a cause. He is not just another political figure to them; he's a beau ideal. He has their hearts. The roll is called, and Montana puts it over for Reagan, and the place goes crazy.

At the Mississippi delegation, Trent Lott says, when I ask him what he would think if it turned out to be true that Ford was on the ticket, "I'd be in a state of shock. Then I'd be very enthusiastic. Then I'd have to sit down and think about the political realities of it. Reagan is sixty-nine and Ford is sixty-seven; that might not go over so well. I still can't imagine Ford taking it, unless he thinks there isn't a viable alternative. Some in the Mississippi delegation are saying that if Reagan is going to do that type of thing, why doesn't he go with Bush—that he would offer the same attributes."

By eleven-thirty, there begins to creep into the hall some question as to whether "it's really happening."

A man in the Ohio delegation says to me, "It's a damn indecisive guy who the night before is still working it out. You get to that point and you're still negotiating—I just can't believe it. It's all the same: Kissinger, Vance—what's the difference?"

A rumor starts up that Ford will

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F. The "I love N.Y." apple, 14K gold, $27.
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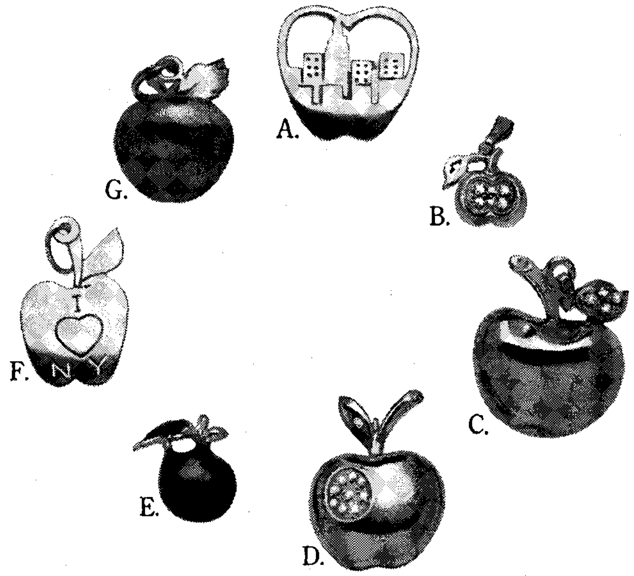

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take the Vice-Presidential nomination and after the election will resign in favor of Kemp.

At eleven-thirty-four, Rhodes announces the results of the balloting: Anderson, thirty-seven (boos); Anne Armstrong, one; Bush, thirteen; abstentions, four; Reagan, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine. The jubilation starts all over again: people jump on their chairs, blow horns, dance, shout. Trent Lott now tells me that Reagan's Convention managers have asked the floor whips to prolong the demonstration, so Lott, a subdued, tailored man, gets up on his chair, cheers, and waves his Reagan banner in the air. The floor is all banners, Confederate flags, cheers, rebel yells, and the sound of the band, with the drum playing an insistent, urgent, almost tribal beat.

I go to the Florida delegation to ask L. E. (Tommy) Thomas, who ran the Reagan campaign in his state this year—as he did in 1976—and is the chairman of the delegation, how he feels.

"Sick," Thomas replies. "I don't like the Ford thing. I think it's a bad team. Reagan doesn't need him. Ford doesn't like him. The first thing in a Vice-President should be loyalty. And we damn sure don't need co-Presidents."

I ask Margaret Heckler, a congresswoman from Massachusetts and a leader in the fight for E.R.A. and against the constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion, how she feels about the possible Reagan-Ford ticket.

"I love it," she replies excitedly.

Word starts sweeping the floor that there may be some hitch in the Reagan-Ford arrangements.

The band plays "It's a Grand Old Flag."

A delegate from North Carolina says to me, "Isn't this a shocker? Reagan said the man had to be philosophically compatible. What are they going to do about the E.R.A., SALT, the Panama Canal thing?"

The band plays "Anchors Aweigh."

Now, apparently, Reagan is coming to the Convention hall. There is some question whether Ford is.

The band plays the Marine Hymn.

The Convention managers are having no trouble prolonging the demonstration. But no one here knows what for. Some key Reagan people have been going on and off the Convention floor, looking worried. Some delegates are doing a snake dance. A network re-

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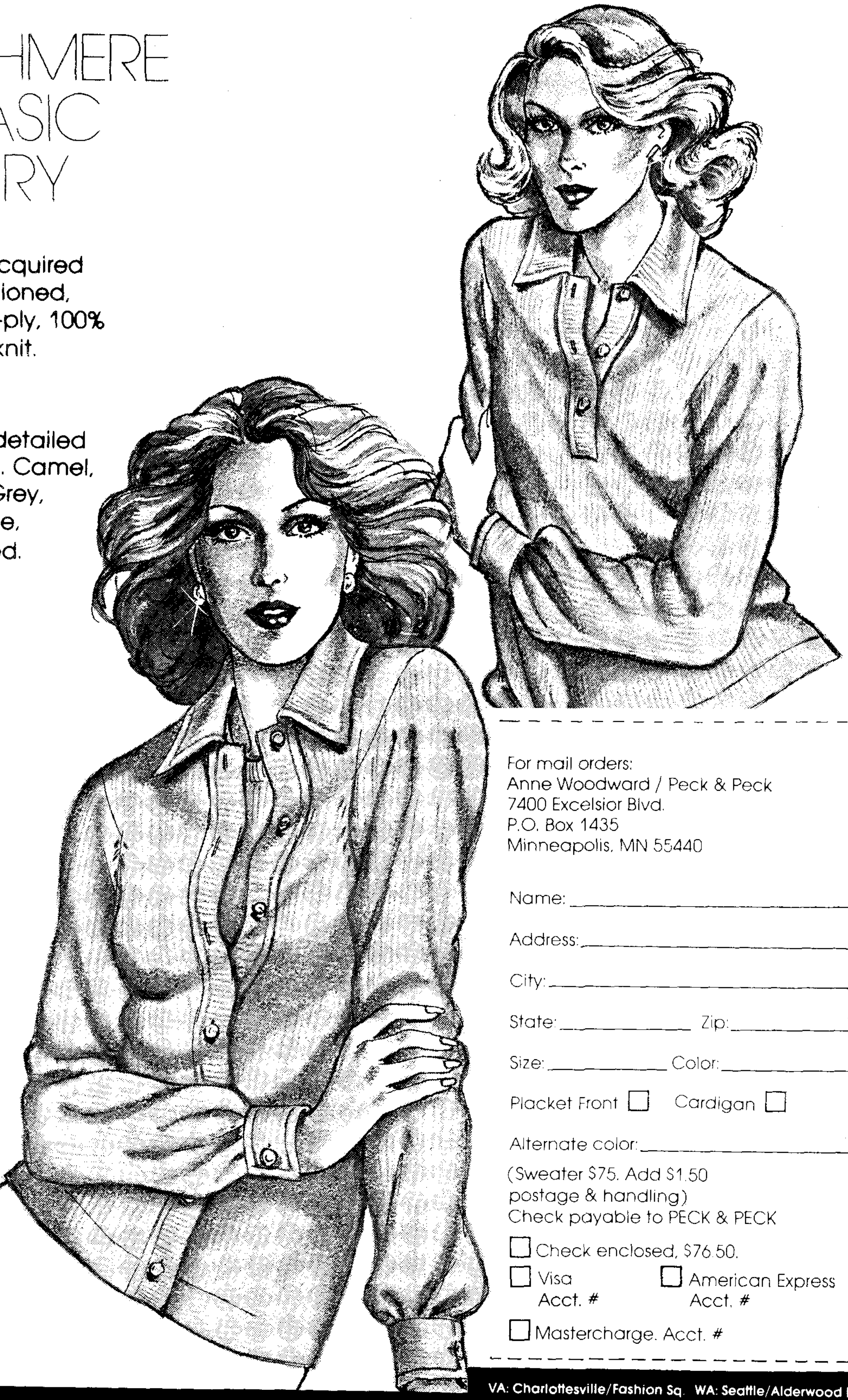

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porter tells me that Reagan and Ford are both coming to the hall.

Suddenly, someone rushes by and shouts, "*It's Bush!*" The Reagan lieutenants are fanning out over the floor saying, "It's Bush." No one seems to know what else to say, except to pass the word along. Some people don't believe it. At this point, they aren't inclined to believe anything. A Reagan lieutenant says to me, over the din, "About an hour ago, it became not Ford. It's been very complicated—the most incredible political story."

Finally, at twelve-ten, the band, conducted by Manny Harmon, who also played at the 1976 Convention, plays "God Bless America," the signal that the demonstration is to stop.

I ask Guy Farley what he thinks.

He replies, "Well, I'm speechless."

It is hard to remember a night like this in politics. Reagan has ended up where he probably should have, but by a remarkable route. He, Ford, and Bush have been tarnished in the process. The whole thing suggests a picture of Reagan passively, without much thought, dealing out his Presidency; of Ford being tempted by a combination of duty and pride, and being egged on by people who were not necessarily thinking of his interests; of Bush having been embarrassed. It is a picture of some chaos. If they wanted Ford, why didn't they think of these things ahead of time?

The Reagans appear on the rostrum, Nancy Reagan dressed in red. Reagan gives his assured, modest wave and smiles his open-mouthed smile. Then he speaks to the Convention. "I know that I am breaking with precedent," he says. "But in watching at the hotel the television and seeing the rumors that were going around and the gossip that was taking place here, I felt that it was necessary to break the tradition." He talks as if the "rumors" were self-generated—as if his actions had had nothing to do with them. "It is true that a number of Republican leaders, people in our party, officeholders, felt, as I am sure many others have felt, that a proper ticket would have included the former President of the United States, Gerald Ford," Reagan says. He sounds hoarse and tired. He says, "We have gone over this and over this and over this, and he and I have come to the conclusion, and he believes deeply, that he can be of more value as the former President campaigning his heart out, which he has pledged to do, and not as a member of the ticket." He then says that he will recommend that the Convention nominate as his running mate

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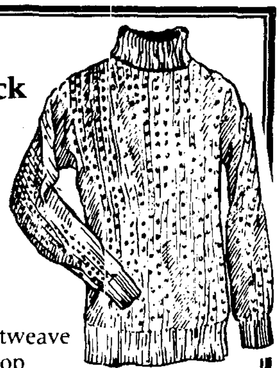

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"a man who told me that he can enthusiastically support the platform across the board," George Bush.

THURSDAY. Robert Strauss, chairman of the Carter-Mondale reelection committee, is on the CBS morning news, smiling. He says, "You know, I've messed up a lot of things. They messed one up last night."

At 8 A.M., a weary Nofziger briefs weary reporters. It is to be a day of briefings and backgrounders and television appearances of various participants in the events of the last two days—all putting out their versions of the story. There were many participants, and there will be many versions of the truth. In a way, it doesn't matter; what matters is that these people got themselves into such a situation at all.

(As the stories emerged later, some suggested that Ford had "overreached" in his demands—or that Ford's representatives had overreached—and that Reagan had to call the whole thing off. But there is no evidence that at any point—and this is also based on conversations I have had with Reagan aides since the Convention—Reagan called it off because he felt Ford's price was too high. It is true that the Reagans were a bit stunned to see Ford discussing the matter on television with Cronkite and not disputing the idea of a "co-Presidency." Some of the early stories—coming out of the Reagan camp—suggested that Reagan's putting a deadline on the matter, sending word to Ford that he needed a decision that night, was his way of bringing the matter to a close, because he thought the demands had got out of hand. But that does not appear to have been the case, either. In one of the briefings, Ed Meese, Reagan's chief of staff, told reporters, "We were still discussing it, to tell you the truth, when the President made his decision." Meese also said, "The Governor was waiting for his response, and if it had been affirmative they would have discussed it again and gone to the arena." Another Reagan aide has said to me, "Had the same set of circumstances existed a night earlier, we'd have kept talking. But we couldn't talk any longer." Reagan did want to bring it to an end Wednesday night, but the overriding reason for doing so seems to have been that, especially with the possibility of a Reagan-Ford ticket such a public matter, he did not want to take the chance of beginning the next day with a Ford rejection. The embarrassment—humiliation, even—would have

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been too great; moreover, there would have been little time to get on with arranging for his next choice. A press conference to announce his running mate had long been set for 11 A.M. Thursday. It is also true, I am told, that Reagan did plan to go to the arena with Ford. According to one man who was in the Reagan room Wednesday night, at about eleven Reagan, still planning to go to the hall with Ford, looked at his watch and said, "Come on, Jerry, call up. We've got to get over to the hall."

In the various versions that emerged, it became clear that in the discussions between Ford's representatives, among them Kissinger and Greenspan, and Reagan's representatives, Casey, Meese, and Wirthlin, various ideas were explored: that Ford would, as one of Reagan's associates later put it, serve as "a kind of superdirector of the Executive Office of the President"—which includes the National Security Council, the Office of Management and Budget, and the Council of Economic Advisers; that Ford might serve as Secretary of Defense as well as Vice-President; that Ford might have a veto power over certain appointments; that the White House staff would report to the President through Ford. The Reagan people drew up a list of possible arrangements—typing and retyping it themselves, because they did not feel they could entrust such a thing to secretaries—and they later described this as just a list of "talking points." Eager to play the whole thing down, they began to describe these negotiations in terms suggesting that it was just a bunch of guys "batting back and forth" some ideas, a "brainstorming session" to figure out a way to make the Presidency work better—which in itself would be a rather odd thing to have been doing at that particular moment. Of course, while the Reagan people wanted to get their side of the story out, they also wanted to say nothing that might annoy Ford; and the Ford people wanted everyone to understand that Ford and his representatives weren't reaching for power—just a "meaningful role" for the Vice-President. Ford himself ruminated aloud at a lunch on Wednesday with editors of *Newsweek* that the arrangement might follow "a format where you have a head of state and a head of government." He gave as examples Britain and France. The trouble is, this isn't Britain or France. It is not necessarily the case that the Constitution was being redrafted: if the President maintained ultimate authority and responsibility, various types of arrangements could be made. A number of people, including Kissinger, said later that the whole thing could have been worked out if time hadn't run out, which raises the question of whether they ever understood what it really was that they were doing, or that that was no time to be doing it. Moreover, the discussions were not about simply the placement of boxes on the organization chart; they were about an exquisitely delicate set of arrangements between two men who not only had never worked together but actually didn't much like each other. And both would come with entourages that were not brimming over with mutual esteem. Some of the Reagan people, including Allen, were nearly apoplectic when they got wind of the role Kissinger was playing, and made efforts to insure that he would not, as a result of these dealings, end up with power in a Reagan Administration. It developed that in the one conversation Reagan and Ford had with each other about this whole business Ford suggested that Kissinger be brought back as Secretary of State and Greenspan be made Secretary of the Treasury. In one of the briefings Thursday, a Reagan aide described this as a discussion of "the kind of people" Ford might like to see in a Reagan-Ford Administration, and later both Kissinger and Greenspan were at pains to deny that they had sought these posts. Kissinger went to great lengths to tell the press in subsequent days that he had been recruited as a go-between by the Reagan people. The Reagan people say that this is not quite the case: that they simply called Kissinger in after Reagan first broached the idea of the Vice-Presidency to Ford in Detroit, as one of the people who would talk to Ford about the idea. It is also clear that both Kissinger and Greenspan were urging Ford to join the ticket. And so, after Ford, at about eleven-thirty, told Reagan that he didn't think it would work, Reagan told his staff that he wanted to call Bush. In his conversation with Bush, he suggested that Bush be willing to say that he supports the platform across the board. While Reagan is given much credit for his instincts in deciding to go to the hall to quell the rumors, in reality he had always planned to go. One of his closest aides says, "He had always felt that going

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to the hall Wednesday night, once he made the decision, would be an interesting thing to do.")

At this morning's briefing, Nofziger says, "We have a fine ticket. George Bush is the only person he asked."

He is asked by Tom Ottenad, of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, what he would say about the "obvious criticism" that the whole affair did not make Reagan look good.

Nofziger replies, "I would say somebody's misreading the whole thing, Tom."

Later, he is asked, "Lyn, what does this whole thing say about the Reagan campaign?"

Nofziger replies dryly, "It says it's a very well-run operation and we know what we're doing and we're moving ahead to victory in November."

AT eleven-ten this morning, the Reagans and the Bushes arrive at Cobo Hall for a press conference. These press conferences to present the candidate's choice have become another Convention set piece. Today, of course, the interest isn't in who it is but in how on earth it all happened. Mrs. Bush is a handsome woman, and is admired for her directness. Nancy Reagan seems stony today. Reagan and Bush simply look like different types. It's a cultural difference. Reagan looks ineradicably Western, and Bush, though now a Texan, Eastern. This was a sort of shotgun arrangement, and it is known that Reagan resisted selecting Bush, but people who know both men say they will get along well enough: that Reagan is easygoing, and that Bush will do what he is asked. At the press conference, Bush seems tense. He recounts that Reagan called him last night. He can't remember exactly when, and says, "It's irrelevant." He says, "I accepted enthusiastically and I look forward to assisting in every way possible." Last night, he was shown on television saying that he would "work, work, work" for the ticket, and that he "loves" the platform.

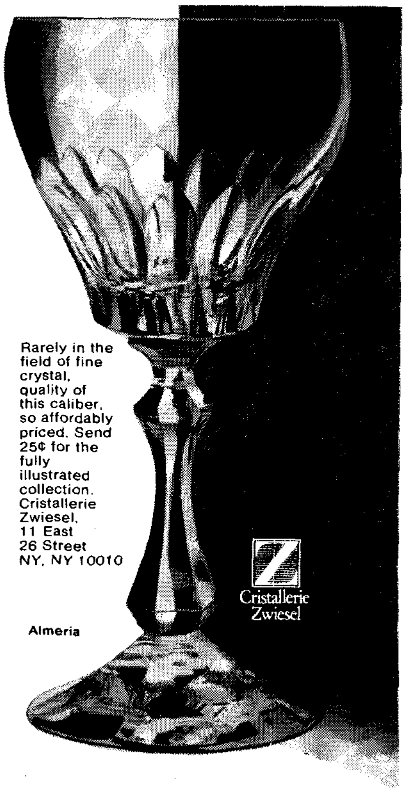
Most of the questions are to Reagan, about the Ford affair.

He is asked, "Isn't it clear then, Governor, that Mr. Bush was your second choice?" (Bush is smiling, uneasily.)

Reagan replies, "I think the situation is unique."

Bush is asked if it doesn't seem clear that he was the No. 2 choice for the No. 2 spot.

He replies, "Absolutely not. It's



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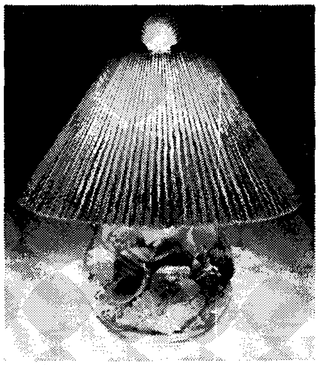

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unique. What difference does it make? It's irrelevant. I'm [illegible].”

Bush is asked his positions on E.R.A. and abortion. (Bush has supported the E.R.A. and opposed a constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion.)

He replies, “My view is that the big issues, the major issues in the fall . . . are going to be economic and foreign affairs. I oppose abortion and I'm in favor of equal rights for women.” And then he says edgily, “I'm not going to get nickeled and dimed to death by detail. I'm not permitting myself to get bogged down in accentuating, and permitting you to accentuate, the differences with the Governor during the campaign, which have been minimal.”

Bush is asked how he felt last night speaking to the Convention—whether it was a night of anguish.

He replies, “It wasn't a night of anguish. But at the time I was not oblivious about the speculation that someone else would be anointed. . . . That does not exactly get you up for the speech.”

Bush is asked about his repeated insistence in the course of his campaign that he did not want to be Vice-President.

He replies, reasonably enough, “Could you ever imagine a person running for President and saying he wants to be Vice-President?”

ON the Convention floor tonight, Philip Crane, congressman from Illinois, who made an almost-forgotten run for the Republican nomination this year, is telling a reporter of his annoyance that he was not asked to address the Convention; in retaliation, Crane says, he turned down an offer to second Bush's nomination.

He is asked who his first choice for the Vice-Presidential nomination was.

He replies, “*I* was my first choice.”

At nine-fifty, Bush has been nominated by the Convention as Reagan's running mate. The band, signifying Bush's assortment of bases, plays “The Eyes of Texas” and “Boola-Boola.” One would not have expected to hear the Yale song at this Convention. Bush, standing on the rostrum with his family, looks overjoyed. With reason. He started out, as he was fond of saying early this year, as an asterisk in the polls. Bush is expected to help with the traditional white Protestant Republican base, the suburban vote that might have been lost to Anderson. The choice of Bush is also intended to reassure the Party regulars, and to indicate to the country at large that Reagan is no right-wing ideologue. The text of Bush's acceptance speech is only

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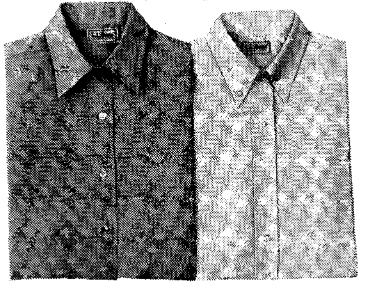

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two and a half pages long, and shows signs of a good bit of cut-and-pasting. He was told to keep it short. This is Reagan's night. (Four years ago, Walter Mondale gave a lengthier and more substantive speech to the Democratic Convention—his role was to reassure the liberal constituency.) One of the obviously inserted lines is "I enthusiastically support your platform." Bush compares Reagan to Eisenhower—a comparison the Reagan staff has been trying to establish for some time now. He says, "It's up to each and every one of us to help carry Ronald Reagan's message of a strong, free America the length and breadth of this land." He calls on "disillusioned Democrats and Independents" to join in the mission.

The demonstration for Bush lasts longer than Bush's speech. The Convention managers are dragging it out again: they're waiting for Ford to get to the hall, so that he can appear with Reagan.

The movie that precedes Reagan's acceptance speech is designed—as Peter Dailey, Reagan's director of advertising, told me last weekend it would be—to show "his strong basic Midwestern ethic; that he comes out of the heartland, was a hardworking young man at an early age, that he was a union leader, and that he had a strong record as governor." And now the orotund-voiced narrator of the film says that "the Reagans were a thrifty, hardworking, close-knit family" and that "young Dutch always had to work for spending money and to help out his family." The film says that as head of the Screen Actors' Guild, Reagan was "tireless in his efforts to improve the lot of every working man and woman," and it also says that he "prevented a takeover of the film industry by organized crime." (This is a switch. When he was head of the Guild, Reagan was known for his anti-Communist activities. His aides were unable to explain to me later just what Reagan did to fight organized crime.) It quotes the head of the California state A.F.L.-C.I.O., John Henning, saying that Reagan signed into law large increases in unemployment benefits. "He believes in the boundless opportunities of the American idea," says the announcer.

The Reagans come to the rostrum, and the Convention erupts again. The crowd is not just cheering, it's screaming. Eventually, Reagan gives his speech. Before he begins his prepared remarks, he says, "My first thrill tonight was to find myself, for the first time in a long time, in a movie in

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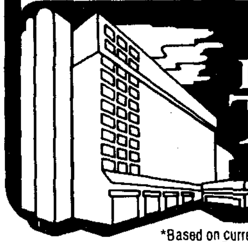

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prime time." He states his basic theme—that he wants "to build a new consensus with all those across the land who share a community of values embodied in these words: family, work, neighborhood, peace, and freedom." In a primitive way, he is using the symbols of national piety, using words that get a conditioned response. "Family" seems a safe enough term—one that is perhaps literally on the verge of replacing "motherhood"—but it also has special meaning to his fundamentalist and New Right following. He is using these people and they are using him. ("Neighborhood" is a code word, too.) Reagan is a vessel into which a lot of people are pouring their ambitions. He is the telegenic, easygoing ex-actor in whom people are finding, or hoping to find, what they want. There seems to be something unformed about him. Why, for all his familiarity, does he remain a remote figure? Why is his staff so protective of him, and why is it explaining him so much? One wants to avoid overdoing the actor element, but it is there—is one of the central things about him. He has spent most of his life playing roles, learning how to please people, stir certain emotions. There can be little doubt that Reagan has developed some beliefs, but that is different from having given hard thought to hard questions, from having a grasp. There is a passivity to his nature that is reassuring in some respects but could also become the instrument of purposeful people.

Now, with this acceptance speech, which his staff has long considered crucial—it is the occasion for the first nationwide look at him as a potential President—Reagan brings his skills to bear. He delivers it in a style suited to television—well-modulated, soothing—as opposed to one, which he has used on the road, designed to whip up the audience at hand. This is not the occasion for "red meat." It is time to try to assure the national audience that this is a pragmatic, steady man who has ideas about government and who is reaching beyond the constituency that got him where he is tonight. Predictably, he condemns Carter's record, and he excoriates what he calls Carter's "'trust me' government." He does draw on material he has used before: about the Pilgrims who arrived at Plymouth and formed a "compact;" about the people who "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to found this nation;" about Abraham Lincoln calling on Americans "to renew their dedication and

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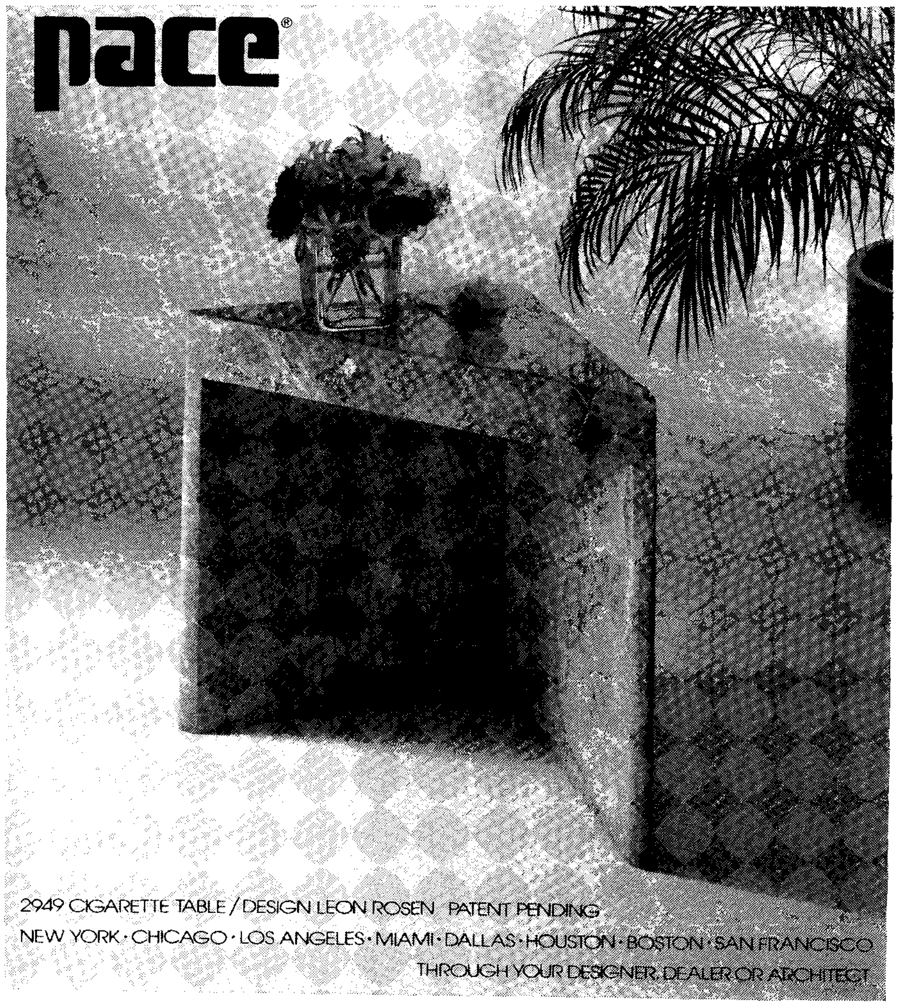

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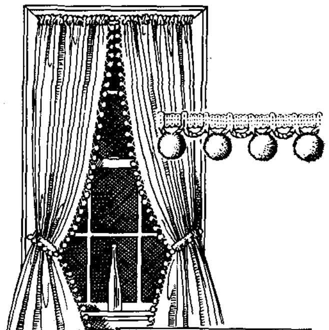

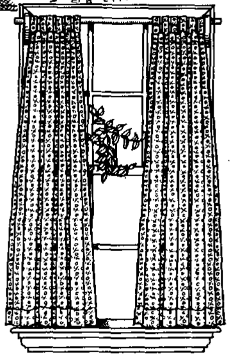

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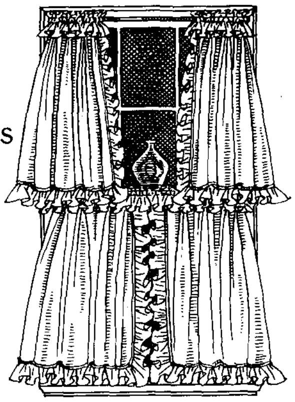

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their commitment to a government of, for, and by the people." More stirring symbols. "Together, let us make this a new beginning," he says. He calls on the people to restore the old values and virtues. He is cheered when he says, "I pledge to restore to the federal government the capacity to do the people's work without dominating their lives."

This speech was designed to demonstrate that Reagan is not simplistic, yet he suggests that the cause of inflation is "a government which has utterly refused to live within its means"—and nothing else. After a nod in the direction of energy conservation, he criticizes the Administration for telling us "to use less." He says, "America must get to work producing more energy," and he talks, as he did throughout the campaign, about the large amounts of oil as yet untapped. He has backed off, though, from his controversial statement that there is more oil underground than has yet been used, and he talks, as his aides have said he would, about other energy resources. He comes down hard on regulations, but he also says, "We will not permit the safety of our people or our environmental heritage to be jeopardized." There is no guide here to what choices he would make. He talks against big government in a rather orthodox fashion, and says that his first act as President will be to impose a federal hiring freeze. (Such a thing is largely symbolic when it comes to grappling with the size of government, and, in any event, a partial hiring freeze is already in effect.) "Everything that can be run more effectively by state and local government we shall turn over to state and local government, along with the funding sources to pay for it." He does not say whether there will be any national standards for the transferred programs, or federal protections for their recipients. He does not deal with the fact that this would enlarge state and local governments, which have already been growing at a faster rate than the federal government. There is no question that the federal government should be made less cumbersome, but he does not seem to know what a difficult chore that will be. "We will simply apply to government the common sense we all use in our daily lives," he says. Can he really think that? He reaffirms his backing of a thirty-per-cent tax cut over three years, and gives the rationale that several of his economic advisers reject, and he espouses accelerated depreciation allowances. He tells minorities, "We have to move ahead, but we're

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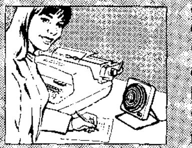

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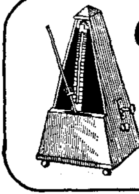

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not going to leave anyone behind." He pledges to put the unemployed back to work and to provide training for those who do not have skills. He promises to stimulate new job opportunities in the inner cities.

He attributes the presence of a Soviet combat brigade in Cuba and the invasion of Afghanistan to America's strength being at its "lowest ebb in a generation," and says that Americans are still held hostage in Iran because "the Carter Administration lives in the world of make-believe." He says, "We are not a warlike people," thus trying to head off Carter's grabbing the "peace issue" and any attempts to paint him as reckless. "We resort to force infrequently and with great reluctance—and only after we have determined that it is absolutely necessary." He says, "We are awed—and rightly so—by the forces of destruction at loose in the world in this nuclear era." He says, "The United States has an obligation to its citizens and to the people of the world never to let those who would destroy freedom dictate the future of human life on this planet." Does anyone disagree?

He quotes Tom Paine, as he often does—"we have it in our power to begin the world over again"—and also, as he is fond of doing, Franklin Roosevelt's 1936 "rendezvous with destiny" speech. (Reagan was, of course, once a New Deal Democrat.) And, as he has done before, he quotes the part of Roosevelt's 1932 acceptance speech which called for the elimination of unnecessary functions of government and said that government must be solvent; but he does not quote parts of that speech which called for the expansion of government activity.

And then, voice quavering, he adds something that is not in the prepared text. "I'll confess that I've been a little afraid to suggest what I'm going to suggest," he says. "I'm more afraid not to." Then he pauses, and says, "Can we begin our crusade joined together in a moment of silent prayer?" It is a perfect Reagan touch, drawing on the symbols of prayer and patriotism. It is hard to think of another politician who could pull this off—or would try to. He bows his head, lifts it, and says, emotionally, "God bless America."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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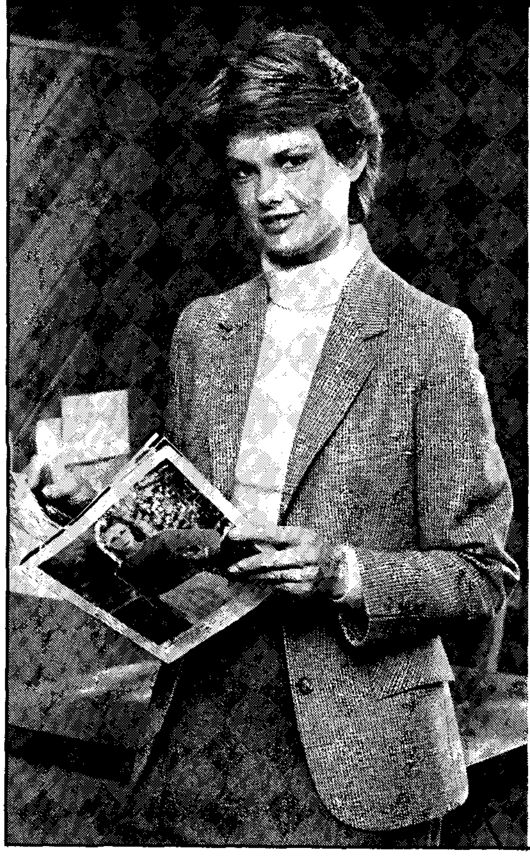

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# POPULAR RECORDS

## *Dietz and Schwartz*

OF all the Smithsonian Collection's industrious, even dogged, "archival reconstructions" over the past few years of outstanding Broadway musicals that came along prior to the advent of the "original cast" album, none has approached the validity of "The Band Wagon," produced in association with RCA Special Products. (Another new release, "Funny Face," is almost a replica of a Monmouth-Evergreen release of not very long ago.) Whereas the earlier Smithsonian efforts were assembled from various sources, and occasionally padded out with questionable "special material," "The Band Wagon" ("Band Wagon" is mistakenly written "Bandwagon" on the cover and on the record label itself, though not in the voluminous notes, which are a happy piece of the scholarship characteristic of all the Smithsonian items, along with well-chosen and attractively displayed illustrations) is, in the main, a copy of one of a couple of long-playing records that Victor toyed with in 1931, the year "The Band Wagon" opened. It offers Fred and Adele Astaire, the revue's principal stars, and Leo Reisman's orchestra in a run-through of the show's most popular numbers, along with two germane performances made under different conditions. (Incidentally, although Victor's experimental records were large, and played at 33⅓ r.p.m., as opposed to the 78-r.p.m. standard of the time, they made little impression on the public.)

THE
RECORD
RACK

Among the innumerable revues that flourished in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, "The Band Wagon" is perhaps rivalled only by "As Thousands Cheer" (1933). It was the first of the Dietz and Schwartz musicals. The young composer Arthur Schwartz had met the slightly older lyricist Howard Dietz a few years before. (Despite Schwartz's occasional forays with other writers, principally Dorothy Fields, Dietz was to become his lifelong collaborator.) The two had contributed songs, including the standards "Something to Remember You By" and "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," to some earlier revues. "The Band Wagon" was the first of many shows for which they supplied all the songs. With what must have been exultation, they followed "The Band Wagon" the very next season with the revue "Flying Colors," four of whose songs, "Alone Together," "A Shine on Your Shoes," "Louisiana Hayride," and "A Rainy Day," were almost parallel expressions to the four standouts, "Dancing in the Dark," "New Sun in the Sky," "I Love Louisa," and "High and Low," in "The Band Wagon." With two exceptions—1934's "Revenge with Music" and 1937's "Between the Devil" (both book shows)—the team of Dietz and Schwartz continued to specialize in revues right up to "Inside U.S.A.," in 1948, when the form was, except for a few exotic examples, no longer practical in the Broadway theatre, whose mounting production costs demanded longer runs than revues, dependent as they were on topical subjects for much of their humor, were able to provide. Schwartz, in between shows with Dietz, composed scores for two unsuccessful book shows to lyrics by other writers ("Stars in Your Eyes," with Miss Fields, and "Park Avenue," with Ira Gershwin) and had a brief fling in Hollywood both as a composer ("Thank Your Lucky Stars," with lyrics by Frank Loesser) and as a producer ("Cover Girl," with music by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Ira Gershwin), while Dietz was occupied during most of those years as chief public-relations man for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and had less time to devote to songwriting.

I have long had a sneaking feeling that the energetic and versatile Schwartz would hold a higher place in the pantheon of great Broadway composers if he had found success with book shows, which, unlike revues, lend themselves to revival. (When I last saw him, in London, where he has made his home for many years, though his membership on the board of A.S.C.A.P. brings him to New York with considerable frequency, he had adapted Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," for the first time supplying his own lyrics.) Along with this feeling goes another—that if Dietz had pursued songwriting as a vocation rather than as an avocation, the team might have risen to greater heights. Late in their joint career, when the Broadway revue had become a thing of the past, they did turn to book shows—with "The Gay Life," which had a charming score but was ruinously cast in leading role, and "Jennie," which wa received so unenthusiastically that it star, Mary Martin, wasn't moved t return to Broadway for three year afterward. The closest thing to a successful book show in Schwartz's career has been "A Tree Grows i Brooklyn," for which Miss Field wrote the lyrics, and that enjoyed onl a modest run.

Yet nobody, to my mind—and thi despite the fact that Schwartz, in common with most of his contemporaries idolized Kern and considers "The Didn't Believe Me" and "All th Things You Are" unsurpassed i American songwriting—has ever se down a lovelier, more haunting, o more masterly song than "Dancing i the Dark," which was sung in "Th Band Wagon" by John Barker at on side of the stage while Tilly Losch sinuous dance on a mirrored floor attracted most of the attention. No should it be ignored that Dietz's superb lyric, with its ideal title, is indispensable a part of the piece's tot effect as Herbert Reynolds' lyric fo "They Didn't Believe Me" and Osca Hammerstein's for "All the Thin You Are."

For some reason, Victor didn't se fit to include a vocal of "Dancing i the Dark" or of "Confession," a amusingly risqué piece delivered by mixed chorus. And I wish we ha "original cast" recordings of the revue's opening sally, "It Better B Good," in which the cast took "aud torium" seats on the stage and, singing, stared straight ahead as if waitin skeptically for a new show to begi and of "Miserable with You," a jaundiced duet by Frank Morgan an Adele Astaire. But we do have th Astaires' jaunty duets of "Sweet Music" and "Hoops" (Robert Russe Bennett's 1944 orchestral version the latter is one of the added items) Fred's inimitable renditions of "Ne Sun in the Sky" and "I Love Louisa (the latter with both the original English lyric, which has been consistent bowdlerized on the air ever since, an Dietz's German one for this merry-go-round scene); the earlier, British recording of "High and Low," whic was in the 1930 London revue "He Comes the Bride" and became so popular over there that Schwartz was certain it would emerge as the biggest h of "The Band Wagon" (the piece i presented here both in a Reisman orchestral version and as sung by th English show's couple, Clifford Mollinson and Jean Collin); "Whit

Ieat," which was somewhat less sear-
ng than its title even then, and is
erformed here first by the composer
t the piano and afterward by Fred
vith the Reisman orchestra. Finally,
ve have—possibly the most engaging
f all—the ballet music, with, as its
enterpiece, the attractive "Beggar
Valtz," in which Astaire, a beggar
sleep on the steps of the Vienna Op-
ra, dreams of taking part in an elabo-
ate dance going on inside.

Although there are several collec-
ons of Dietz and Schwartz's songs,
nd original-cast albums of their later
ows, never, it seems to me, have their
yle, youthful enthusiasm, and bright
vention been revealed as vividly as
ey are in this imperfect but stimulat-
g example of the pair's true begin-
ing.

AND, in case you entertained any
doubts about Cole Porter's tal-
ts as both a lyricist and a composer
f wit and flair, the Smithsonian also
sued, not long before the albums just
ferred to, a recording offering selec-
ons from "Let's Face It!," a wartime
usical in which Danny Kaye and
Iary Jane Walsh did most of the solo
nging; from "Leave It to Me!," in
hich Mary Martin rose to fame in
e naughty "My Heart Belongs to
addy;" and from "Red, Hot and
lue!," in which the clarion voice of
thel Merman was held somewhat in
eck by the "society" orchestra of
airchild and Carroll in such gems as
It's De-Lovely," "Down in the
epths (On the Ninetieth Floor),"
Ridin' High," and the title song. In
delightful addendum, the enchant-
g Yvonne Printemps is heard,
rench accent and all, trippingly sing-
g "Goodbye, Little Dream, Good-
e"—a number that was dropped
om the Broadway production.

—DOUGLAS WATT

•

Andrews is awaiting a court decision
the case, but also plans to petition city
icials to change a local ordinance that
ys trains may move slowly as long as
ey are going in one direction.—*Port-
nd (Maine) Press Herald.*

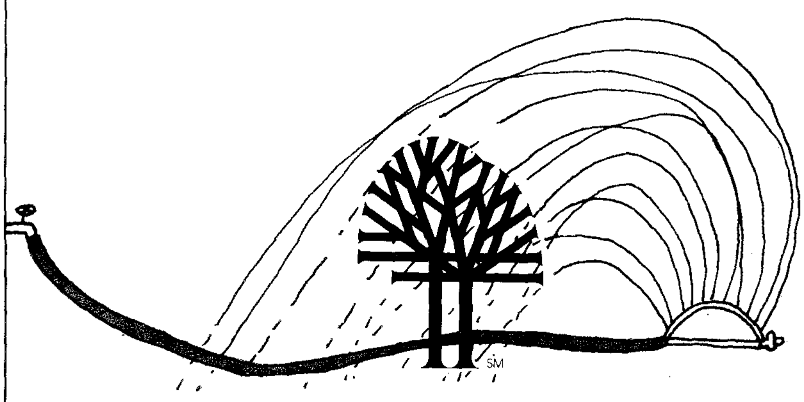
It's the other ones we're worrying
out.

•

The social affair is being planned as a
tribution to the hospitality offered re-
ntly to the British ladies, at the home
Mrs. Wendy Luers, wife of the Amer-
an Ambassador.—*Caracas Daily Jour-
al.*

They could have just let the matter
rop.

a small hotel



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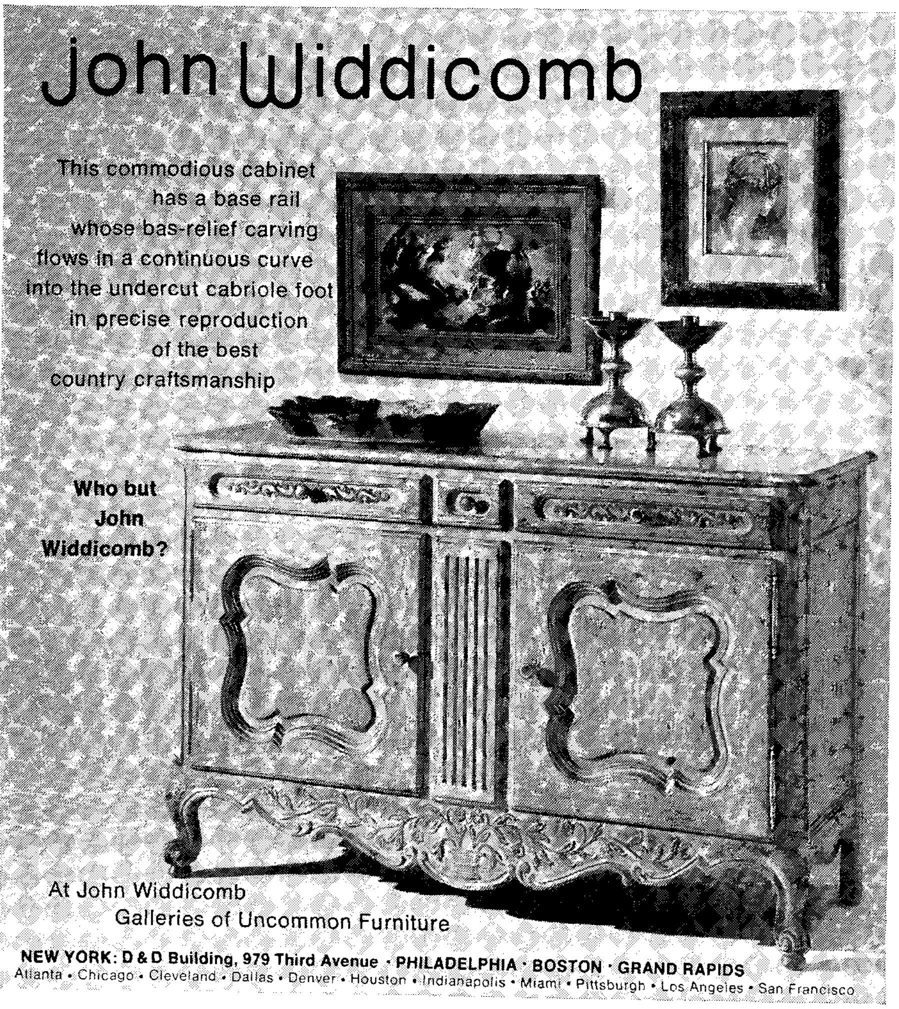

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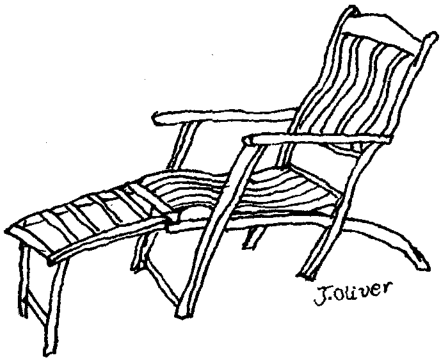
# THE SPORTING SCENE

## WATSON, WEATHER, AND MUIRFIELD

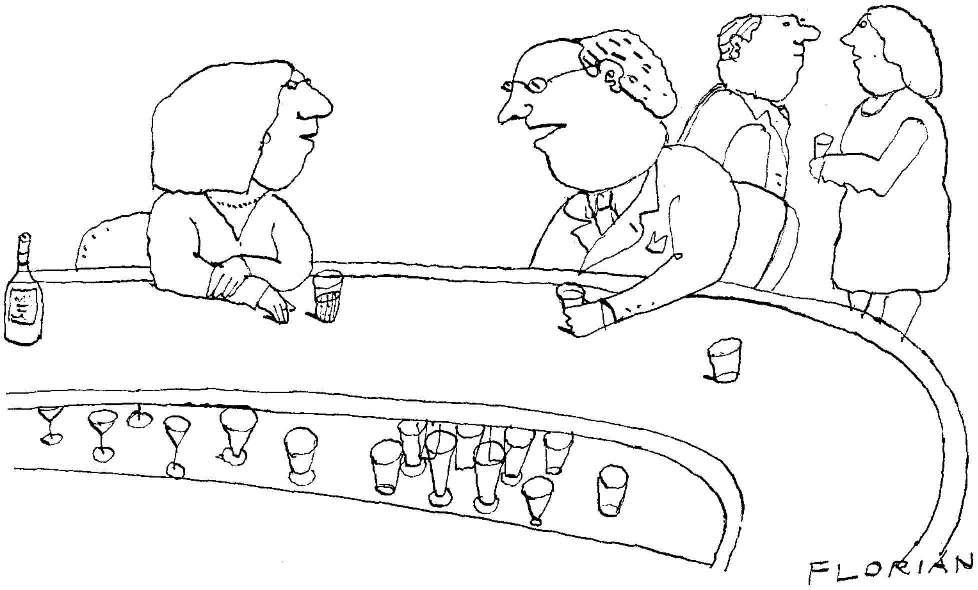
IT is the dream of nearly all devout golfers in this country—and throughout the world, for that matter—to set aside two or three weeks some summer and play a number of the famous Scottish courses they have been hearing about all their lives. These would include the historic Old Course at St. Andrews, the cradle of the game; Prestwick, where the British Open was inaugurated, in 1860, and which is today a living museum of what a championship golf course looked like and played like near the end of the nineteenth century, when the era of the gutta-percha ball was at its height; Gleneagles, which is a fine, rolling inland course, designed by James Braid, a five-time winner of the British Open, and which occupies a majestic site in the foothills of the lower Highlands; Turnberry, strung out along the Clyde estuary, and perhaps the most enjoyable test of golf today on the west coast of Scotland; Muirfield, by general agreement the most classic course in Scotland, and the fairest as well; Dornoch, currently the "in" course among American pilgrims, which is set on an ancient and spectacular natural stretch of linksland well to the north of Inverness; and such other well-known courses as Carnoustie, Troon, Rosemount, and remote old Machrihanish, on the long Kintyre peninsula, which reaches down almost to Northern Ireland. With one noteworthy exception, it is not difficult to arrange to play these courses, but it facilitates matters for a touring American golfer if he carries a letter of introduction from the United States Golf Association or his state golf association, and it never hurts to have the courtesy to telephone the secretary of a club where you wish to play a couple of days before your intended visit and to inquire about the best time to arrive, the caddie situation, the availability of lunch and tea, and so on. The exception is Muirfield. There you must be introduced by a member or it's no go. This is not as rigorous, to be sure, as the sine qua non at the Augusta National and several of our other poshest clubs, where a guest cannot play the course unless he is accompanied by a member in the flesh.

If Muirfield possesses a singular personality, the fact is readily understandable. Technically, Muirfield is only the geographical site of a club whose official name is the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. The Honourable Company is the oldest club in golf, having been formed in 1744, when its members played on a wet and spongy five-hole course at Leith, on the northern edge of Edinburgh, alongside the Firth of Forth. This makes it ten years older than the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. The Honourable Company is also one up on the R. & A. in being the club that first promulgated a code of rules to govern its competitions. This was also done in 1744. The code contained only thirteen rules. Compared with the overly complicated and frequently defeating language of modern rule books, most of the original rules have a clarity and conciseness of expression that is dazzling. For example, Rule III states, "You are not to change the ball you strike off the tee," and Rule XII states, "He whose ball lies farthest from the hole is obliged to play first." I am also partial to Rule X, because of the graphic picture of the traffic on the links which it presents: "If a ball be stopp'd by any person, horse, dog, or anything else, the ball so stopp'd must be play'd where it lyes."

From the start, the Honourable Company drew its members from the upper crust of Edinburgh—the outstanding lawyers and judges, medical men, bankers, civil servants, and manufacturers, as well as the scions of many of the capital's oldest and most highly esteemed families. As a result, a fairly large proportion of the membership has always considered the club to be a good notch above any other in the land. (I would guess that the average Muirfield member, though respectful of how well the R. & A. has exercised its leadership and authority, would hate being stuck at the tip of the Fife peninsula, miles from Princes Street, living out his life with the local lairds in the huge leather chairs of the Big Room of the R. & A. clubhouse.) The Honourable Company's conspicuous sense of superiority is no doubt the reason it goes about things a bit differently from any other Scottish club. For example, it has never had a resident professional. (The sale of golf balls has traditionally been handled by the clubhouse steward.) It has had a succession of club secretaries who have been fiercely devoted to their duties. The most renowned of these was Colonel Brian Evans-Lombe, a retired cavalry officer, who ran the club from 1945 until 1964. Evans-Lombe loved to patrol the course on his bicycle, and if he came across any player, member or guest, who had neglected to replace his divot correctly—that is, with the grain of the divot meticulously aligned with the grain of the fairway—he dismounted and gave him a stiff dressing-down. The present secretary, Captain P. W. T. Hanmer, late of the Royal Navy, also runs a very tight ship. Guests who have arrived in the middle of the week equipped with the proper letter of introduction have reported that the course was virtually empty but that they had a hard time getting on it, because Captain Hanmer, after studying the situation, insisted that it was jammed to capacity. (In the gloaming of the Sunday when the 1980 British Open was concluded, Tom Watson and Ben Crenshaw went out to play two holes with antique wooden-shafted clubs, accompanied by some twenty friends. Captain Hanmer was perfectly in character when he dashed to the eighteenth hole and hotly reprimanded the players and their gallery for "dancing a Highland reel on my eighteenth green.") Muirfield, it should be added, has long been the fervent champion of foursome play—a form of competition in which two partners, playing the same ball, hit alternate shots and drive from alternate tees. Lord Robertson, the captain of Muirfield from 1970 through 1972, wrote not long ago that the club regards the foursome as the true game, the epitome of all that is best in golf, and he went on to remark, "A prominent notice hangs beside the entrance to the clubhouse, saying, 'Fourball games are forbidden at weekends and on public holidays.' Any member (or visitor) who attempted to break this rule would get short shrift. And, if it be retorted that a player plays twice as many shots in a fourball game as in a foursome, the Muirfield man would reply, 'Play thirty-six holes in four and a half hours (as we do) and you will get the same number of shots, twice the exercise, far more fun, and you won't have



wait between shots. Furthermore,
ı will learn to play golf better.' "



*"I'm insecure, too, but not* terribly *insecure."*

• •

DESPITE its attachment to four-
some play, the Honourable Com-
ıy has held the British Open, a
oke-play event for individual golf-
, eighteen times—six times, between
74 and 1889, at its second home,
usselburgh, and twelve times at
uirfield, beginning in 1892 and in-
ding this year's championship, which
m Watson won so brilliantly last
nth. The Honourable Company had
gun to outgrow its original home,
links at Leith, soon after the begin-
ıg of the nineteenth century. At
ith, it had to share the five-hole
ırse with an increasing number of
ıer golfers, and more and more of its
mbers began to play instead at the
usselburgh course, some seven miles
t of the center of Edinburgh. At
gth, in 1836, the Honourable Com-
ıy formally moved to Musselburgh,
ıring what eventually became a nine-
le course with the Royal Mussel-
rgh Golf Club and, later on, with the
yal Burgess Club and the Brunts-
ld Links Club as well. The course
Musselburgh was a demanding one
that day. The first three holes,
ıich extended from west to east,
t only were rather long—350, 430,
d 450 yards—but were tight, being
unded on the right by a road and on
left by gorse bushes and bunkers.
ıen came a short hole of 180 yards,
ıich ran north, toward the Firth
Forth. The fifth and sixth moved
st, close along the firth. The fifth,
0 yards long, contained the course's
st renowned hazard, a cross-bunker
led Pandemonium—or Pandy, for
rt—which was faced with railroad
s. On the sixth, 346 yards long, the
lfers played past an old stagecoach,
itioned near the water's edge, in
ıich bathers could change their
thes. The last three holes were com-
ratively short, measuring 220, 270,
d 150 yards, but they were cleverly
signed, and 3s were hard to come
. The total length of the Mussel-
rgh layout in those days was 2,800
rds. John Ernest Laidlay, then the
player among the members of the
onourable Company, held the club
ring record at Musselburgh with
nsecutive rounds of 79 and 80 in
387. Laidlay, who went on to win
e British Amateur Championship in
389 and 1891, was the first golfer
note to use the overlapping grip,
hich shortly afterward became, and
ill is, the standard golf grip. How-
ver, it was Harry Vardon, a six-time
ritish Open champion, who popularized that grip, and it continues to be referred to as the Vardon grip.

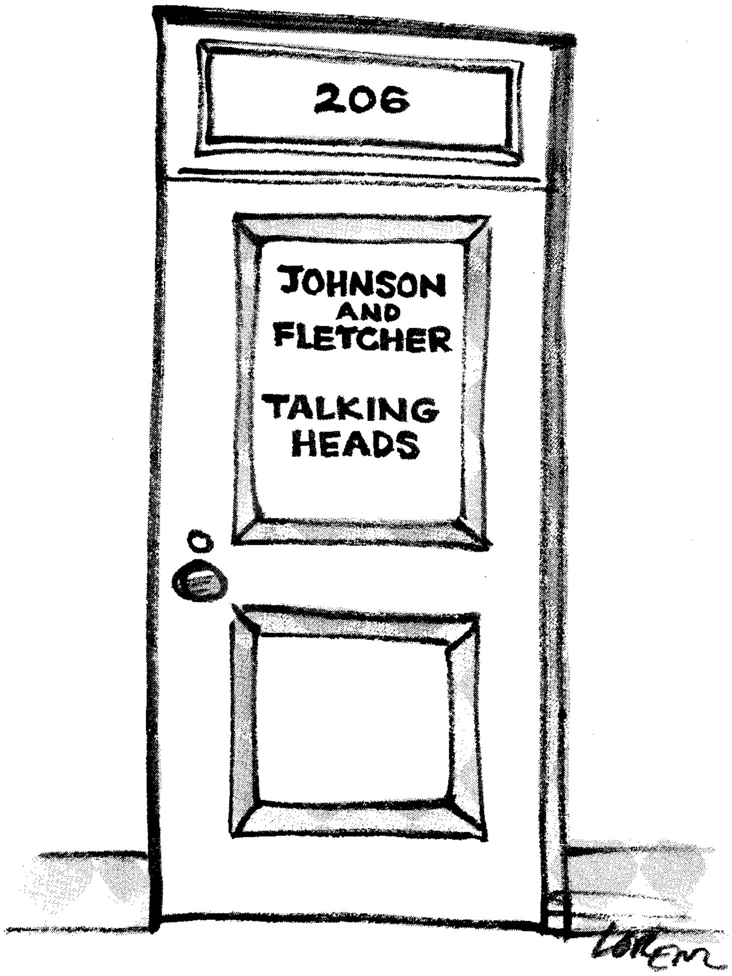
In 1891, the Honourable Company decided to move farther to the east, and acquired a parcel of land known as the Hundred Acre Field, some twenty miles from Edinburgh, just beyond Aberlady and its lovely bay; Luffness; and Gullane. (It was on the No. 2 course at Gullane in 1947 that Babe Didrikson Zaharias became the first American to win the British Ladies' Championship.) To an objective observer in 1891, Muirfield's strongest point apparently was its view. Though the course was not situated right on the Firth of Forth, one could look north across the waters of the firth to the rugged peninsula of Fife. The land itself was not particularly impressive. For years, many famous race horses had been trained on the Hundred Acre Field, and it had been the site of the annual East Lothian races, but it didn't have the entrancing terrain that distinguishes most of the championship-class seaside courses in Great Britain and Ireland. There was a paucity of natural green sites and there were only a few imposing sand hills to create spectacular hazards. (Between the Hundred Acre Field and the firth stretched an exciting strip of duneland, but, mystifyingly, this land was not acquired either in 1891 or subsequently.) Muirfield also lacked the fascinating undulations of the best linksland, and, furthermore, the grass didn't have the crisp texture of turf, being as lush and bunchy as the grass on inland courses.

Muirfield's original eighteen holes, laid out by Old Tom Morris, the celebrated custodian of the links at St. Andrews, had hardly been completed when the 1892 British Open was played on them. That championship was won by Harold Hilton, an Englishman and an amateur, and this has long been cited as the probable reason that Andrew Kirkaldy, a Scottish professional noted for his gruff wit, kissed Muirfield off as "just an auld watter meedie." Following the 1892 Open, nearly everyone agreed that, among its other deficiencies, Muirfield was much too short to be a first-rate Open course. Over the next sixty-odd years, the club purchased more and more land adjoining the original tract to the east, the northeast, and particularly to the northwest, where a stone boundary wall shut in the course and prevented it from having both the expansiveness and the feel of a true championship course, until, by stages, the wall was taken down and excellent new acreage nearer the firth, but still short of the duneland, was made available. Over the years, the length of the course was periodically extended—to 6,194 yards in 1896, to 6,328 yards in 1912, to 6,501 yards in 1919, to 6,887 yards in 1966, and to 6,926 yards in 1980. The reason the added length was needed was that the ball could be hit progressively farther, both because of improvement in the players' techniques and because of advances in the construction of the clubs and of the ball itself. The individual holes also underwent changes, which in time gave them the character that comes only from sound strategic design. The major credit for this goes to Harry Colt, an accomplished English golf architect, who remodelled the course in the early nineteen-twenties with the invaluable assistance of Robert Maxwell, a member of the club, who won the British Amateur in 1903 and 1909, and who is generally recognized as the ablest golfer ever developed at Muirfield. Two significant changes were made subsequently, the first on the eighth hole shortly after the 1929 Open was staged at Muirfield. In that championship, Walter Hagen, the eventual winner, shrewdly observed that the spectators had trampled down the rough along the right side of that hole, a long par 4 on which the fairway swings to the right. Thereupon, Hagen made it a point to play his tee shot into the rough on the right, the straight line to the green, since this permitted him to use a much shorter club on his approach shot. To prevent anyone from playing the eighth à la Hagen in future tournaments, a line of buckthorn trees was planted along the right edge of the fairway, blocking out the route to the green from the rough. The other change, on the ninth hole, was made just before the 1935 Open by Tom Simpson, another first-rate English architect, who was called in to study the course and suggest any innovations he thought would strengthen it. The ninth was already a good hole. A 495-yard par 5, it could be reached quite easily in two shots when the wind was with the player. However, on most days parring the ninth was no easy matter, for the hole was adroitly bunkered and its narrow fairway was bordered on the right by thick rough and on the left by a stone wall marking out of bounds. Simpson felt that inserting a smallish bunker in the fairway twenty yards from the wall and forty yards from the front of the green would make the hole even better—it would no longer be possible for a golfer, without giving it too much thought, to play his second shot into the sanctuary of that hazardless stretch of fairway before the green. When the new bunker was put in, it worked almost too well, gathering in so many balls that it was known for a brief time as Simpson's Folly, but over the decades it has functioned exactly as its designer hoped it would. By making the second shot much more exacting, it turned the ninth into one of the most admired short par-5 holes in golf.

The history of Muirfield, then, is essentially the story of how an ordinary course was slowly transformed into a superlative course—one that many informed golfers consider the best in Britain. As such, it is not unlike a woman who was not born a beauty but who, by learning to dress well, by making the most of her physical gifts, and by developing charm and intelligence, emerges as a beauty. One suspects, though there is no record of it, that a number of the club's knowledgeable members, such as Robert Maxwell, dropped little suggestions here and there to the head of the green committee or directly to the greenkeeper. Anyhow, nothing has been neglected at Muirfield. The quality of the grass on its fairways and greens—a mixture of seaside fescue and bent—has been continuously upgraded by diligent attention. Imaginative things have also been done. In the years after the Second World War, the bunkers became works of art, their high, steep sides constructed of slim rectangles of turf fitted together as neatly and as tightly as bricks in a wall. Careful maintenance can do wonders for a course, but in the end it is only tinsel unless the course is as fundamentally honest as Muirfield is. There is only one blind shot on the eighteen holes: the drive on the eleventh is played over a hill, and the landing area of the fairway is blocked from view. There are few hidden bunkers: Simpson's, on the ninth, is one. The greens require painstaking reading, but they can be read and they are extremely true. The worth of the individual holes is enhanced by one of the most successful routing patterns in golf. The first nine holes proceed clockwise in a sort of circle around the perimeter of the tract, and the second nine holes, set inside the first nine, move in a counterclockwise progression. Consequently, regardless of what quarter the wind is blowing from, the golfer will find that some of the time it is with him and at other times against him, and that he must deal with winds sweeping over the holes both from right to left and from left to right. These conditions examine a man's ability to play the full vocabulary of shots. In a word, if the members of the Honourable Company take a manifest pride in their course, they have reason to. Muirfield is as forthright as a course can be, it offers a wide variety of challenging holes, and, since it is filled with shots a golfer likes to play, its appeal is abiding.

THERE is an old saying in golf that a good course almost invariably produces a good champion. I can think of no course that can match Muirfield in the calibre of the golfer who have won the British Opens playe on it. As I have mentioned, when th championship was first held at th new course, in 1892, the victor wa Harold Hilton, an unusually talente amateur, who took the Open again fiv years later, at Hoylake. Harry Vardo won the first of his six Opens at Muirfield in 1896. James Braid won th first of his five Opens at Muirfield i 1901 and his third there in 1906. Te Ray, Vardon's fellow-Jerseyman, wo at Muirfield in 1912. (Eight years later, he carried off the United State Open, at Inverness, in Toledo.) In th modern period, with only one exception, the winners of the Opens held a Muirfield make up such an illustriou company that simply to list the yea and the champion provides drama 1929, Walter Hagen; 1935, Alf Perry; 1948, Henry Cotton; 1959, Gar Player; 1966, Jack Nicklaus; 1972 Lee Trevino; 1980, Tom Watson Perry, of course, is the exception. journeyman English professional wh won no other important tournamen during his career, he played like a lio at Muirfield, finishing with a flouris by busting two woods onto the gree on the last two holes. Save for Perry all the winners since the First Worl War won at least one other Britis Open. Hagen's victory at Muirfiel was his fourth and last. Cotton's wa his third and last. Player's was the fir of three he has taken, and so was Nicklaus's. Trevino's was his second an to date, his last. Watson's was his thir

I am surprised, in a way, that th Honourable Company has not line one of the rooms of its clubhouse wit portraits of the champions who hav captured the Open at Muirfield, fo what an imposing sight that would be In another way, I am not surprised a all. That simply isn't the Honourabl Company's style. The clubhouse, fo example, is a modest, understated hal timbered and gabled building that, according to its architect, is of Eliz bethan design. It is constructed main of light-brown stone from a local qua ry, but a dull-red freestone was in ported from Cumberland for the co ners of the building and the facings the windows. Two of the rooms a most effective. One is the Great Hal which serves as the dining room o weekends and on such occasions a club dinners. A long room, runnin the width of the clubhouse, it is high ceilinged and has large windows at th north and south ends. Its walls ar covered with photographs of past captains of the Honourable Company (The captain of a British golf club performs certain administrative duties, but the captaincy is basically a position of honor, and goes either to a member of exceptional personal merit or to a member who has long been a devoted wheelhorse in club affairs.) The jewel of the clubhouse, however, is the Smoking Room—perhaps the most elegant room in all of golf. Approximately thirty feet wide and forty feet long, it has a fireplace at its south end and, at the north end, a bay of ten tall, slim windows that look out on the eighteenth hole. Both cozy and handsome, the room is panelled with yellow pine to a height of about five feet, and then white walls reach up to a lofty ceiling painted burgundy red. It is the members' favorite gathering spot, since there are comfortable chairs to lounge in and plenty of small circular tables to rest drinks on. When you are in the Smoking Room, you know you are at the heart of the club, for the walls are lined with large and powerful portraits of eminent past captains. However, as you enter the room and move about it in a clockwise turn, the first thing on the wall that catches your eye is a framed photostat of the original Articles and Laws of Playing at Golf. Next to it hangs a huge painting by Sir Henry Raeburn—himself a member of the Honourable Society—of Alexander Keith, club captain in 1768 and 1780. Crossing past the bay of windows to the east wall, you look up at a Raeburn of William Inglis, captain from 1782 through 1784. Inglis has a tricorne on his head and he wears a red jacket—standard golfing attire at that time. In his right hand he holds a shallow-faced wooden club, with the tip of the shaft resting on the ground. A young caddie behind him carries three clubs. Next to Inglis is a portrait of John Taylor, by Sir John Watson Gordon. A sturdily built man who captained the club in 1807 and 1808, in 1814 and 1815, from 1823 through 1825, and in 1828, Taylor stands with a golf club cradled in his left elbow while behind him his caddie is teeing up a golf ball on a sand tee. Then comes a portrait of a much more modern man—Alexander Stuart, captain in 1892 and 1893, painted by F. E. Haig. Stuart, an urbane chap with a white mustache and the aplomb of a Harley Street specialist, is seated sidewise across a chair, and he holds in his right hand not a golf club but a monocle. Two well-known portraits hang on the south wall. The first is a painting by Stanley Cursiter of Robert Maxwell, who was the club captain in 1912 and 1913. It is an informal and original study. Hatless, dressed in brown knickers and a loose gray-green jacket, Maxwell, a golf club in his right hand, is seated on a low bank out on the course beneath a typical East Lothian sky, dark with ominous rain clouds. He looks both contemplative and alert, as if he had been interrupted in the midst of a low-scoring round and would be ready to resume play the moment the artist released him. Then, above the fireplace, there is a copy of the famous painting by Sir George Chalmers of William St. Clair of Roslin, club captain in 1761, 1766, 1770, and 1771. St. Clair, tall and formidable-looking, is depicted peering down the fairway as he addresses the ball, his hands separated on the grip, his feet set in a closed stance. In the background, gloomy and choppy, are the links of Leith. When you sit in the Smoking Room and sip a whiskey at one of the small circular tables and take in this unrivalled gallery of old golf paintings, you find yourself softly overcome with a sense of the game's age and its wondrous continuity, and that is precisely how you would have chosen to feel while visiting the home of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers.



ON the eve of the 1980 British Open—the one-hundred-and-ninth playing of golf's oldest tournament—Jack Nicklaus made the observation that the weather plays a more critical role in the British Open than in any other major golf event. As he went on to elaborate, the weather changes much more suddenly and drastically in Britain than almost anywhere else, and the golfer who is lucky enough to play his round in the morning, say, when the sun is beaming down and the air is still, has a tremendous advantage over the golfer with a much later starting time who must suffer through a prolonged afternoon downpour or contend with heavy, moisture-laden winds off the sea. The weather is of prime importance in the British Open in an entirely different respect as well. The championship is always played on a seaside links without a single tree-lined fairway, so in order for the course to provide a proper examination of a golfer's ability to control the ball there must be some wind abroad. Otherwise, it is no great feat for a top-class professional to stay out of the rough and to avoid the deep bunkers that set up the strategy of the individual holes, dictating where the drive must be placed and how the approach must be played, and severely punishing an error in judgment or execution. The presence of some wind also helps to dry out the greens and the fairways and keep them fast. Ideally, a British linksland course should play quite a bit racier than an American inland course.

During the four days of this year's Open, the wind never really blustered, and on the second and third days there was hardly so much as a breeze. On top of this, heavy rains during the weeks preceding the championship had made the course slow, and the

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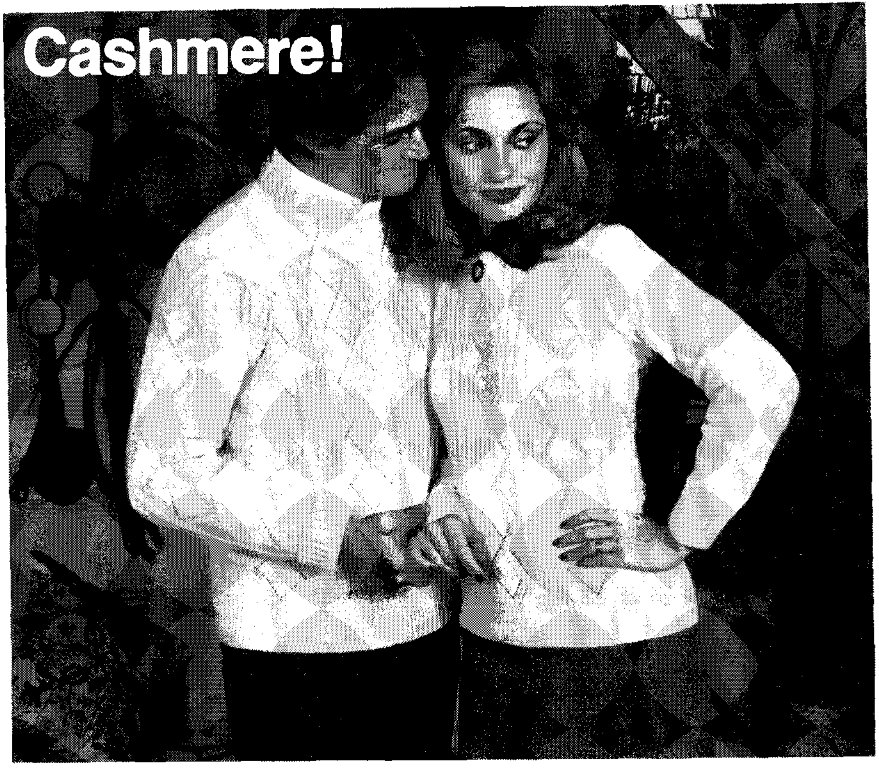
sustained rain that fell on the day of the first round and each night during the championship made it both slower and softer. As a result, Muirfield did not play at all as it normally does. Most of the time, the fairways and greens are so hard and fast that a golfer cannot aim for the pin on his approach, since, regardless of the amount of backspin on his shot, the ball will bound far over the green and into trouble. What a golfer must do, then, at Muirfield, and other linksland courses, is to figure out where he wants to land his approach shot—be it on the fairway before the green or on the front edge of the green—so that the ball, after bouncing up, will roll to a halt close to the pin. Muirfield this summer didn't demand this delicate, often precarious type of shotmaking, in which the bunkers at the entrance to the greens and on their flanks are very much in play. With the greens as receptive and as holding as American greens, which are regularly watered—and frequently over-watered—the golfers could play "target golf," firing directly for the pin, just as they do at Riviera, Doral, Preston Trail, Whitemarsh Valley, and the other annual stops on the American tour. On the second round, after a mild shifting wind had subsided, a new course record of 64, seven under par, was established—and not by a golfer of international reputation but by the all but unknown Horacio Carbonetti, a delightful, graying Argentine, who looks like Rossano Brazzi and plays with thirty-year-old Tommy Armour woods. Carbonetti, a lawyer's son who was a lawyer himself before deciding to change professions, had no difficulty in explaining why he had scored a 64 after starting with a 78 on the first round: there had been no wind to worry about; he had played well from tee to green; and he had holed several long putts on the second nine, including a twenty-seven-footer, a thirty-three-footer, a thirty-six-footer, and, on the last green, a forty-five-footer. On the third round, under similarly congenial conditions, Watson and Hubert Green, the 1977 United States Open champion, equalled the new course record, and Isao Aoki, the well-travelled Japanese professional, who in June finished second to Nicklaus in our Open, broke it with a 63. Aoki could conceivably have been around in 61. On the third and fourth greens, he missed six-foot putts, which is not like him at all. Finally, largely because of the lack of the kind of wind and weather one associates with the British Open, Watson's winning total of 271 (68–70–64–69) was a full seven strokes lower than the previous record total for an Open held at Muirfield. Watson finished four shots in front of the runner-up, Trevino, and was in such thumping good form that there is little doubt in my mind that he would have won, and won decisively, under any conditions.

This was Watson's third victory in the British Open in his last six appearances in that championship. He won in 1975, at Carnoustie, on the east coast of Scotland, and in 1977, at Turnberry, on the west coast of Scotland, where he played the last two rounds head to head with Nicklaus and won their genuinely epic duel by a shot, putting together two 65s while Nicklaus was scoring a 65 and a 66. What is puzzling is how much more confidently and assertively Watson performs in the British Open than in our Open, which he has yet to win. A member of a prominent Kansas City family, Watson turned professional in 1971, shortly after graduating from Stanford, and has been the dominant figure in American golf over the last three and a half seasons, and, indeed, perhaps the best golfer in the world. (There have been times when it appeared that Severiano Ballesteros, the complex young Spaniard who carried off the British Open a year ago and the Masters this past spring, had a legitimate claim to the throne, but since his disqualification in our Open, in June, at Baltusrol, when he was inexplicably late for his starting time on the second round, Ballesteros has been sulking in his tent, and it may be a while before he gets everything together and can again produce the fireworks he is capable of.) As Watson appreciates more keenly than anyone else, it is all well and good to lead our professional tour in tournaments won and total prize money, as he has done each season beginning in 1977, but in order to be regarded as a golfer of the first order a man must demonstrate his proficiency in the four major tournaments: the British Open, our Open, the Masters, and our Professional Golfers' Association Championship. In this country, Watson has won only one major tournament, the 1977 Masters. He made a strong bid in the 1978 P.G.A. Championship, finishing in a tie for first with Jerry Pate and John Mahaffey but losing to Mahaffey on the second extra hole. In our Open, our most important championship, Watson has not mounted a real challenge in the final round since 1974.

According to some of the people close to him, his failures stem from trying too hard. Intense by nature, he can be too much the perfectionist. For example, in 1979, in his zeal to arrive at our Open with a swing so geometrically correct that he could not fail to split the fairways off the tee and cover the flagstick with his irons, he made certain debatable changes in his swing pattern, and instead of helping him they disturbed the natural fluency and timing of his hitting action. He sprayed the ball all over the place, and ultimately, with his self-assurance in shreds, failed to make the thirty-six-hole cut. Watson, thank goodness, is a resilient young man and a purposeful one. He will have to learn to approach our Open much as he does the British Open, in which he comports himself as if he is vacationing in a land that delights him, and is just playing a little friendly golf on courses he adores.

FROM beginning to end, the 1980 British Open was a battle between two men, Watson and Trevino, although a number of other players, such as Ben Crenshaw, who finished in third place, hovered on the rim of contention. On the first day—Thursday this year, and not Wednesday, as has long been the custom—the skies were overcast and a cold southwest wind blew over the links. Watson, off at ten-fifty, hooked his opening drive into the semi-rough but made his par. He did the same on the second hole, where he hit his worst drive of the day. The third was a key hole in his round. On this 379-yard par 4, the narrow entrance to the green is guarded on each side by large hillocks in which a fearsome bunker has been dug. Watson, with the wind at his back, took too much club off the tee, and his drive bobbled into the bunker on the left, some seventy yards from the pin. He played an absolutely magnificent explosion shot. The ball cleared the abrupt wall of the bunker and, after carrying well onto the green in a high, soft arc, rolled to within two feet of the pin. Encouraged by that birdie, he played a 6-iron on the next hole—a 181-yard par 3 to a slightly elevated green—that was dead on line all the way and looked for a moment as if it would surely end up in the cup. It stopped eighteen inches short. This put Watson two under par. On the fifth, a par 5 that measures 558 yards and can be reached in two in a west wind, he had an eight-foot putt for a third consecutive birdie but slid it by the hole. At that point, it began to rain, and when I saw the British golf



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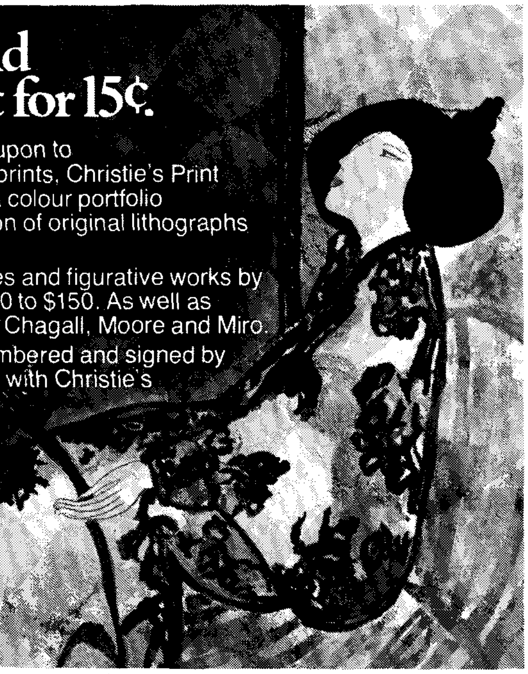

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writers, who are pretty hardy specimens, heading back to the press tent, I followed them. The press tent at the British Open is still literally a tent—a vast, old-fashioned tent with three separate extensions: a small room where one can watch the telecast of the championship; another small room offering coffee, tea, platters of cold cuts, cucumber-and-tomato sandwiches, cheese-and-tomato sandwiches, and other such staples of the British buffet luncheon and afternoon tea; and a commodious interview room, with a semicircle of chairs, which the writers fill when a golfer who has just completed a low round is brought in to furnish the details. I spent a good deal of time in the tent that day, for the rain, which had started shortly after noon, continued to come down steadily throughout the long afternoon. On an American course, that much rain would have undoubtedly puddled some of the greens and forced a cancellation of play, but Muirfield, with its porous sand base, was able to drain off the deluge and remain amazingly playable.

The wide sky was filled with low-hanging clouds on the day of the second round, but there was no rain. On this round, Trevino took over the lead with a splendid 67, for a midway total of 135, which placed him three strokes in front of Watson, Pate, and Ken Brown, a young British pro. Out shortly after ten o'clock, when a light wind was beginning to die down, Trevino gave a memorable exhibition of thoughtful, tidy golf. These days, afraid of re-injuring his back, Trevino never unloads on his tee shots, but his driving was all that anyone could ask for. To increase their control, many of the players were using 1-irons and 3-woods off some of the tees, hoping to stay out of the fairway bunkers and the deep rough beyond the semi-rough—thin stalks of fescue two feet high which had gone to seed. Trevino played a 1-iron off the second tee, but thereafter, realizing how accurately he was spanking his low, skimming tee shots with his driver, he stayed with that club the rest of the way. His approach shots were not as sharp as they usually are, however, and this left him a lot to do around the greens and on them. What made his round was how hard he worked on those unnerving three-foot and four-foot putts. He didn't miss a one. Watson was around in 70, which satisfied him. For some strange reason, he had been accorded a very late starting time on this round—three-thirty. To get through the long wait, he read three newspapers and then lolled around as best he could in Greywalls, the superb inn just behind the tenth tee, where many of the top players were staying. He was slightly skittish on the first few holes but settled down thereafter. A number of people I chatted with that day remarked that they thought it odd that Watson and Ballesteros were the only favorites who had been given such a late starting time on either of the first two days. A few of them also made it clear that they felt that a golfer of Watson's stature should have been grouped with golfers who had better records in the big championships than Bob Shearer, of Australia, and Brian Waites, an English pro from Nottingham, who filled out Watson's threesome on the first two rounds. They may have had a point.

ON the third round, Trevino lost the 1980 British Open and Watson won it. I spent that afternoon walking the course with an old friend—Frank Hannigan, of the U.S.G.A. On the last two rounds, the golfers play in twosomes, with the leaders out last, and we found it impossible to pass up Saturday's glamour pairing of Nicklaus and Ballesteros in the fourth-from-the-last twosome. (They were followed by Gil Morgan and Andy Bean, Jack Newton and Ben Crenshaw, Watson and Pate, and Brown and Trevino, in that order.) This proved to be an unwise choice. To get back into the fight, Nicklaus and Ballesteros had to pick up a slew of birdies, and though conditions were perfect for scoring on this windless day, both of them had their problems along the way. On the third green, for example, Nicklaus had only an eighteen-inch putt for his par, but there was a bad spike mark sticking up directly in his line, and the ball twisted out of the corner of the cup. On the next green, bothered by this, he blew a two-footer. It must be close to three decades since Nicklaus last missed two such short putts in a row. Hannigan and I stayed with Ballesteros and Nicklaus over the first nine holes, but, with both of them so far off the pace by then, we decided to remain at the ninth, the short par 5 bordered by the stone wall, and watch the last four twosomes come through. None of the players had any trouble, either with the wall or with Simpson's bunker, but few of them managed to birdie the hole. One who did was Trevino. After a string of eight pars, he got down a six-footer

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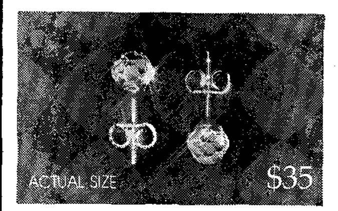

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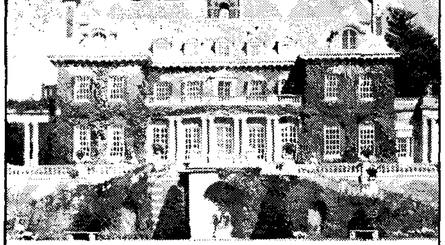
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for his 4 and went eight under par for the tournament. At this juncture, he held a two-stroke lead over his closest pursuer, Watson, who, hitting the ball very well, had turned the first nine in 34, two under par.

Hannigan and I then rushed out to the eleventh to pick up Watson, and suddenly we were in the right place at the right time. Things began to pop all around us. On the eleventh, one of Muirfield's five drive-and-pitch par 4s, Watson's approach with his pitching wedge carried by inches the bunker protecting the pin, which was set that day far to the right-hand side of the green and close behind the bunker. He was left with only a three-foot putt for his 3, which he made. After pausing to check Trevino's drive on the eleventh and Watson's on the twelfth, another of those short par 4s, we hurried through the surging galleries and up the side of the thirteenth, a 153-yard par 3, to the wonderful vantage point at the back of the green. On this hole, the putting surface, edged by five pot bunkers, is perched at the top of a considerable hill and occupies perhaps the highest spot on the course. From there, we not only had a closeup view of the action on the thirteenth but were also able to watch, through binoculars, what was happening on the twelfth green, to our right, and on the fourteenth, to our left, and to hear the salvos of the spectators behind us on the eleventh. We saw Crenshaw roll in a slippery putt for his birdie on the twelfth and an even touchier one to birdie the thirteenth and go six under for the tournament. A shout went up from the vicinity of the eleventh green. Trevino, we soon learned from the grapevine, had made his birdie there. Almost simultaneously, Watson holed from about ten feet to birdie the twelfth. For no good reason, Hannigan chose this moment to make some aesthetic comments on how beckoning the hills of Fife looked in the distance across the sun-flecked gray-blue waters of the Firth of Forth. When that was out of the way, we began to concentrate again on the incredible cornucopia of stirring golf which lay before us. On the thirteenth, Watson made his third straight birdie, planting a towering 6-iron ten feet behind the pin and gently nursing his downhill putt into the cup. Now he was nine under par for the tournament and tied for the lead with Trevino. Hannigan suggested that we follow Watson. It was the right move. Watson went on to birdie the fifteenth by holing from thirty feet and to birdie the sev-

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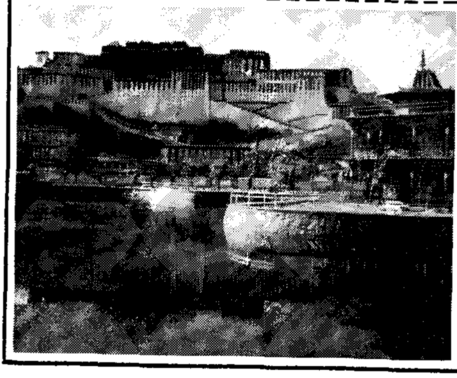

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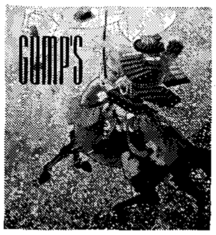

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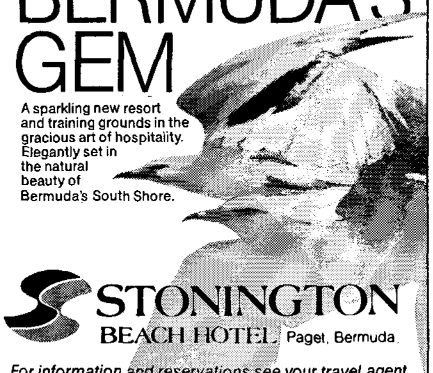
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enteenth, a 542-yard par 5, on which he reached the green in two by using his driver off the tee and again off the fairway. On the eighteenth, he played his one poor shot of the round, pushing his approach into a bunker, but he saved his par by exploding from the sand four feet from the cup and holing the putt. This gave him a 30 in for a 64—a beautifully played round made up of eleven pars and seven birdies. That was only half the story, however. After birdieing the fifteenth, Trevino, as sturdy a competitor as there is in golf, somehow lost his grip on his game and bogeyed the last three holes, three-putting the seventeenth and eighteenth greens and ending up with a 71. This changed the whole complexion of the championship. Trevino now stood four strokes behind Watson with a round to go. He did no moaning after his sour finish. "I guess it was inevitable," he said in the press tent. "Remember all those good breaks I had here in 1972? Well, Muirfield just caught up with me."

There isn't much that needs to be said about the final round. The day was not a pleasant one for playing golf or watching it. A raw northeast wind was out, and even the Scottish spectators piled on extra sweaters. One of them told me in a voice both authoritative and doleful that this had been the coldest summer since 1907. With the course playing much more like Muirfield than it had on the two previous days, the lowest score brought in was 69. Seven players had 69s. Trevino was one of them, and so was Watson.

It is no easy matter to go into the final round of a championship holding, as Watson did, a four-stroke lead. However large his cushion, the leader on the last day is under terrific pressure. Determined not to take any foolish chances, he often tends to play much too cautiously, and stops hitting his shots with the necessary conviction. Or else, only too mindful that passive tactics can be fatal, he goes to the other extreme, and attempts to play supershots rather than just good, firm shots. Either way, a comfortable lead can vanish in a twinkling. Watson, I thought, played as stalwart a last round as you could ask of the leader of a major championship. On the early holes, it is true, he was a trifle tentative with some shots. What got him rolling was a birdie putt of about eighteen feet that he made on the seventh. One of the most astonishing streak scorers in the game, he then went on to birdie four of the next five holes. This burst, in effect, wrapped up the tournament. Down the stretch, playing easily yet conservatively, he finished with five careful pars.

In a sense, Watson may never be able to surpass his performance at Turnberry when he defeated Nicklaus in the 1977 British Open. (Many people are convinced that we may not see the like of that confrontation again.) But, in another sense, Watson's victory at Muirfield may well be the most complete triumph of his career. Everything went right. He had never before seen Muirfield, but on his first practice round he fell in love with it. Throughout the championship, he was in a cheerful and relaxed frame of mind, for he felt that the course was made to order for his game, and it proved to be. He drove well on all four rounds, rarely missing the fairway. His iron play—his middle irons especially—was absolutely first-class. Watson has an extremely upright swing, and his shots travel in a high trajectory, but he hits the ball so solidly that it rips through the wind and stays right on target. No other player in the field put his approach shots as consistently close to the pin as Watson did. He holed his share of putts, as he usually does, but his approach putting was at least of equal value. On his practice rounds, he took the time to study each green and get to know the speed and break of long putts from the various edges of the green. He learned this so well that during the championship I can remember only one approach putt of his that finished more than four feet from the cup. I have the feeling that Watson—he is now thirty—has not yet reached the peak of his powers, and I look forward to seeing him reveal himself in one of our American championships as a man who can play the game on the same level as the great golfers of the past.

AT the conclusion of the presentation ceremony, I went back to the Smoking Room for a whiskey and a last look at Mr. Taylor and Mr. Inglis and the rest of the gentlemen on the wall. I then went out on the empty course and walked four holes, admiring once more the way that the banks at the back of the fairway bunkers are slightly mounded so that, for the golfer on the tee, they stand out like buoys marking the entrance to a harbor. How clearly they inform the golfer the way each hole should be played! No other golf links does it better. Many people who attended the Open have such affection for Muirfield that they minded it when on the second and third rounds with no wind to worry about and the greens untypically soft, the players brought in much lower scores than had been made at Muirfield in the eighty-eight years since the Open was first played over the Hundred Acre Field. A longtime colleague of mine, who has a penchant for the Tennysonian phrase, took me aside after the third round and said dejectedly, "Without a wind, the course was as defenseless as a damsel surrounded by a band of brigands." True enough. But sooner or later that happens to every course. Take St. Andrews. On the first day of the 1970 British Open, when there was hardly a breath of wind, just about half of the field broke or equalled par. After that, mercifully, a gusty west wind came to the Old Course's rescue. Or take Oakmont, outside Pittsburgh. With its furrowed bunkers and its glassy greens and its battalion of hazards, it was looked upon for years as a terror, but then in our 1973 Open, after heavy rains had taken all the menace out of the course, it yielded a 63 to Johnny Miller. It is an old story. Weather makes the course. The 1929 British Open at Muirfield offers a trenchant example. In the second round, Hagen burned up the course with a 67—the lowest score for a single round that had ever been made in the championship. The next day, when the final thirty-six holes were played in a storm, the best that Hagen could do was a pair of 75s. People who knew their golf instantly realized that as demonstrations of Hagen's shotmaking skill these two rounds were far superior to his 67. I have an idea that the Honourable Company will be the host of the Open at Muirfield for many years to come, and that, with a little coöperation from the weather, it will continue to be one of the finest championship tests in the world.

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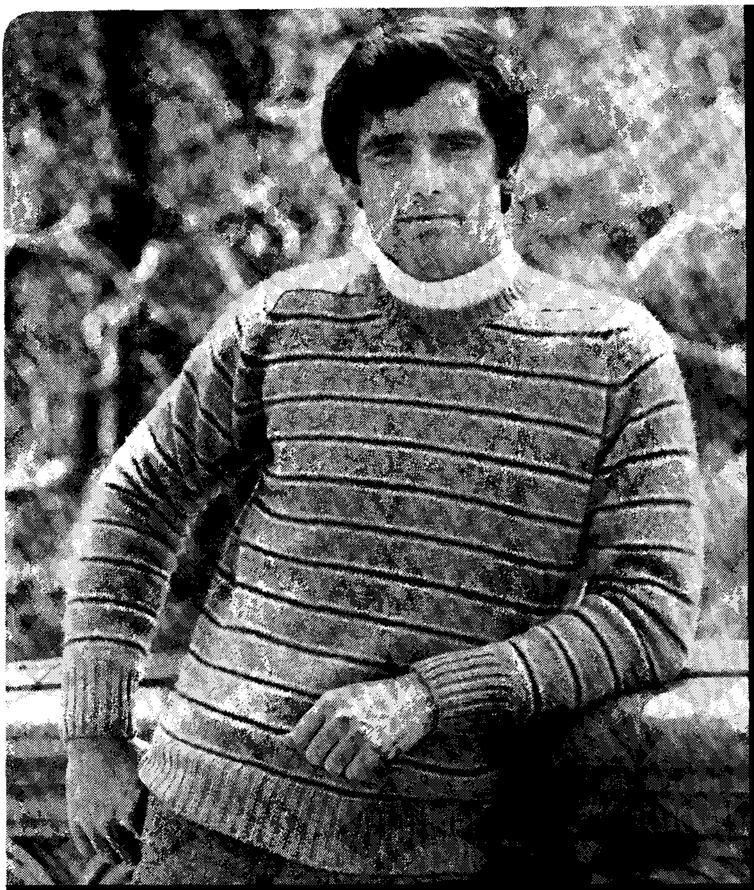

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# BOOKS

## *Dark Smile, Devilish Saints*

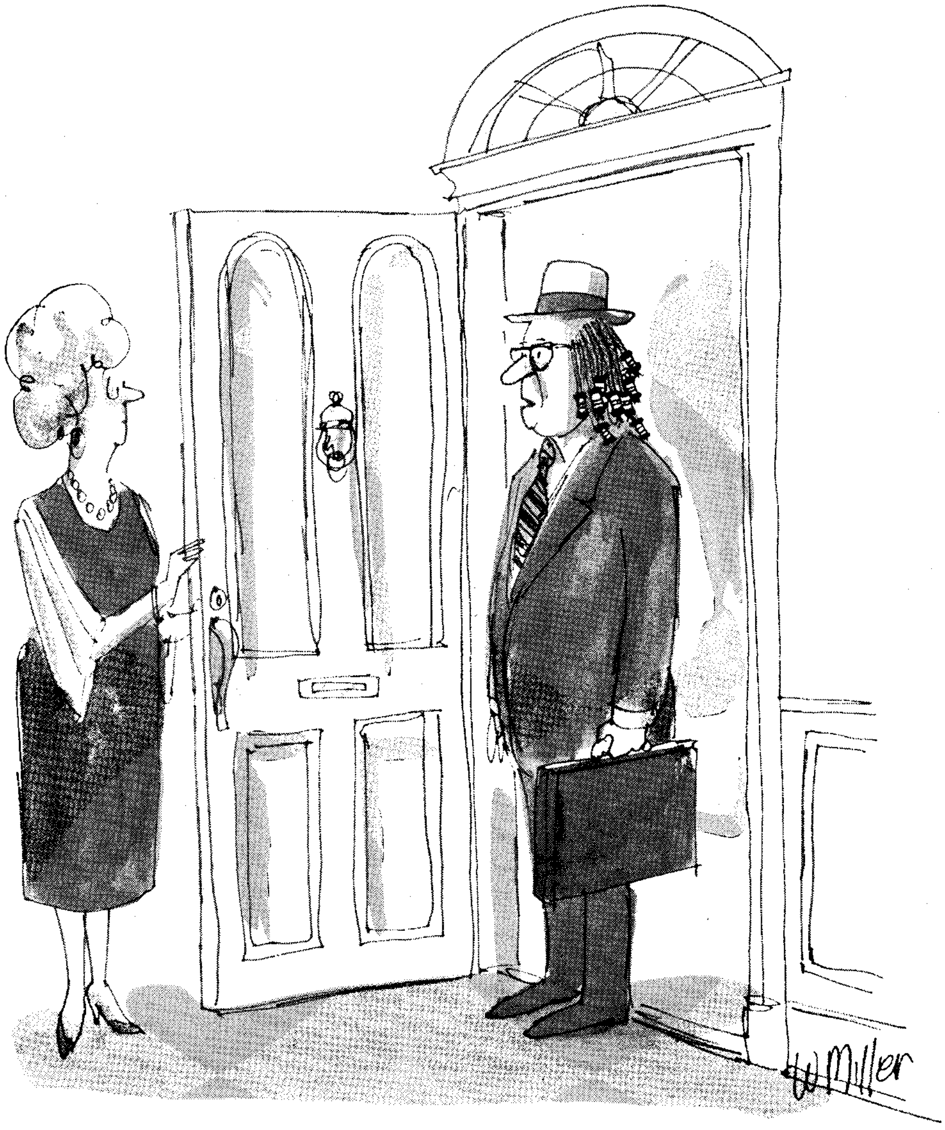
"Smile Please," by Jean Rhys (Harper & Row; $10.95), and "Port of Saints," by William S. Burroughs (Blue Wind; $15.95 cloth, $5.95 paper), are about the same size and shape, have spooky brownish dust jackets, and might both be catalogued as fragmentary autobiographies. The publication attached to Miss Rhys's name, indeed, is forthrightly subtitled "An Unfinished Autobiography." It consists of a completed memoir of her childhood bound in with scattered recollections of her later life, including portions of a diary; the book has been assembled, edited, and introduced with especial affection and tact by the novelist's English editor, Diana Athill. Miss Athill briskly begins, "Jean Rhys began to think of writing an autobiographical book several years before her death, on May 14th, 1979. The idea did not attract her, but because she was sometimes angered and hurt by what other people wrote about her, she wanted to get the facts down." Though many facts seem not so much got down as left discreetly floating, this truncated effort at self-revelation is attractive, to us if not to its author, in part because of its slim, provocative fragmentariness. In truth, the fragment, the sketch, the unfinished canvas, and the shattered statue are all congenial to an age of relativity, indeterminacy, and agnosticism. Most of the oppressively complete books that labor for our attention would benefit, we suspect, from a few reductive blows of the hammer. In the case of "Smile Please," the hammer was applied by Miss Rhys's habitual reticence and perfectionism, and by the furies that made all her attempts at composition in later life difficult.

Even so, admirers of Jean Rhys's amazing fiction—amazing in its resolute economy of style and in its illusionless portrait of a drifting heroine, a portrait that the recent gush of female confessionalism has not rendered any less stunningly honest and severe—will find much to surprise and delight them. The laconic sketch of her growing up as a member of the white minority on the small West Indian island of Dominica has the emotional fibre without the exotic coloring of the doomed heroine's girlhood in her novel "Wide Sargasso Sea." In both versions, the unreachable mother is a cruel keystone, a hard absence: "Even after the new baby was born there must have been an interval before she seemed to find me a nuisance and I grew to dread her. . . . Yes, she drifted away from me and when I tried to interest her, she was indifferent." Over seventy years after the event—for Jean Rhys wrote these paragraphs in the three years before her death at eighty-six—she looks with the eyes of a little girl toward a mother who is hardly there:

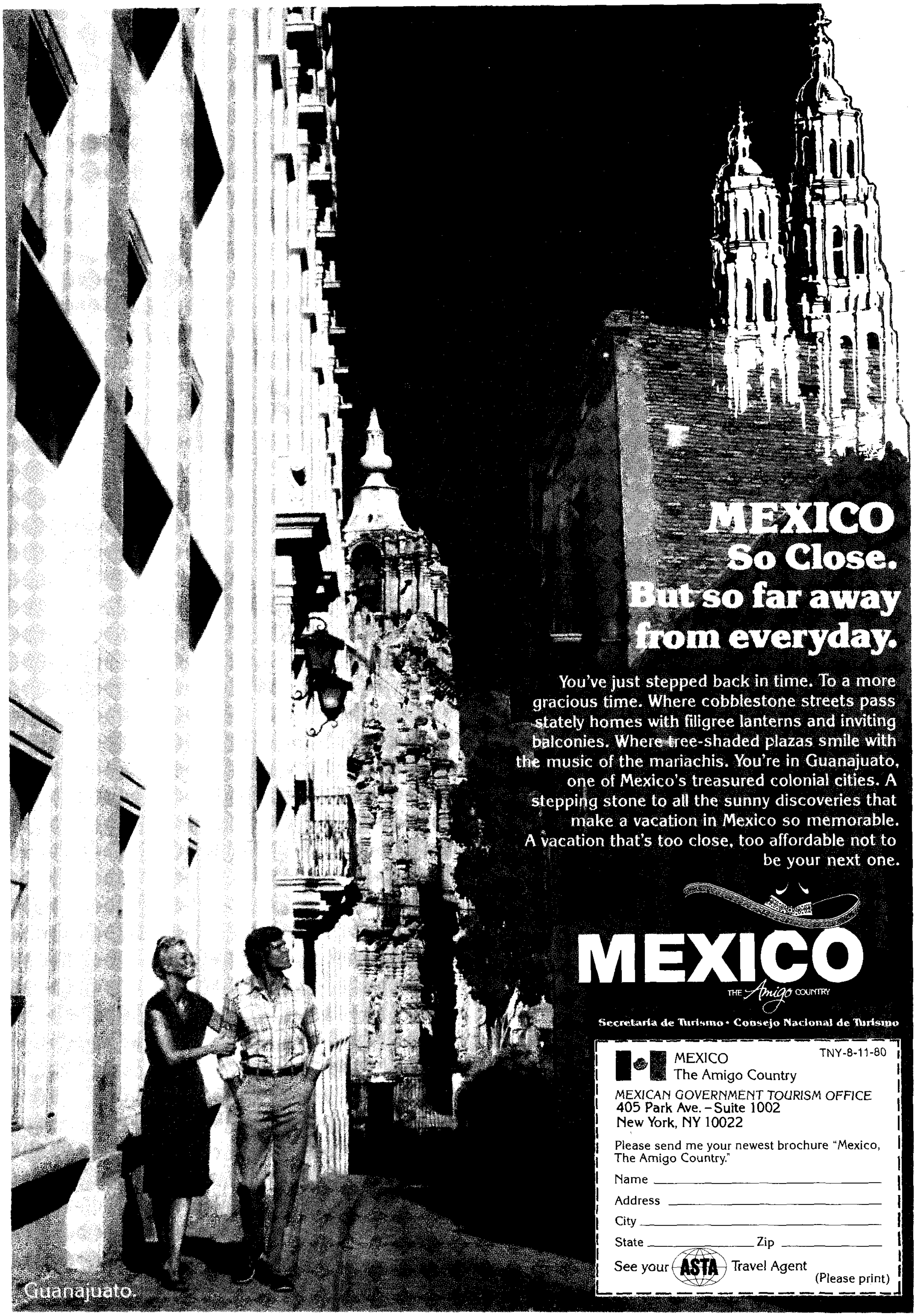
> Just before I left Dominica she was ill and unable to come downstairs for some time. I went up to see her but walked softly and she didn't hear me. . . . Behind her silence she looked lonely, a stranger in a strange house . . . lonely, patient and resigned. Also obstinate. "You haven't seen what I've seen, haven't heard what I've heard." . . . I wanted to run across the room and kiss her but I was too shy so it was the usual peck.

The blackness all around them seems to drain this essential relationship of blood. "Once I heard her say that black babies were prettier than white ones. Was this the reason why I prayed so ardently to be black, and would run to the looking glass in the morning to see if the miracle had happened? And though it never had, I tried again. Dear God, let me be black." In "Wide Sargasso Sea," the mother's curse is beauty and madness, passed on to the daughter. In the autobiography, lassitude and indifference seem to be the inheritance—a zombielike, parasitic resignation to being not fully alive. "Every night someone gave a dance; you could hear the drums. We had few dances. [The blacks] were more alive, more a part of the place than we were."

Not merely indifference but hate was early woven into the soul of Ella Gwendolen Rees Williams, as she was christened. Children in their brutal frankness dramatize the socioeconomic secrets of a place. A nightmare recognition about the Caribbean, vividly



*"A strange thing happened on the way home this evening."*



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dramatized in "Wide Sargasso Sea," was that the blacks hated the whites among them. In "Smile Please," Jean Rhys remembers admiring a lightly colored black classmate seated next to her at convent school:

> I tried, shyly at first, then more boldly, to talk to my beautiful neighbour.
>
> Finally, without speaking, she turned and looked at me. I knew irritation, bad temper, the "Oh, go away" look; this was different. This was hatred—impersonal, implacable hatred. I recognised it at once and if you think that a child cannot recognise hatred and remember it for life you are most damnably mistaken.
>
> I never tried to be friendly with any of the coloured girls again. I was polite and that was all.
>
> They hate us. We are hated.
> Not possible.
> Yes it is possible and it is so.

An authenticity early conceded to negative emotion gives a macabre tinge to "Smile Please." The narrator explicitly "hates" many things: her own appearance in the mirror at the age of nine; sewing; a photograph of her mother when young and pretty; her father when he gets a short haircut; the unknown persons who years later knock down the cross over his grave. "I hated whoever had done this and thought, 'I can hate too.'" From a black nurse, Meta, who "didn't like me much anyway," she imbibes fear and voodoo superstition: "Meta had shown me a world of fear and distrust, and I am still in that world." In an incident that gets a chapter to itself, the little girl smashes the face of a doll with a rock: "I remember vividly the satisfaction of being wicked. The guilt that was half triumph." Reading "Paradise Lost," she is fascinated by Satan; at a later age, "an unconscious Manichee," she arrives "at the certainty that the Devil was quite as powerful as God, perhaps more so. . . . I was passionately on the side of God, but it was very difficult to see what I could do about it." After the dreadful death of their fox terrier Rex from distemper, she decides that "the Devil was undoubtedly stronger than God, so what was the use?" The strikingly combined intensity and apathy of Miss Rhys's world view have their seeds in the black/white, fear-riddled atmosphere of Dominica. She was infected by the something macabre in the Caribbean, these threadbare economies perched on a sea of plangently lovely days. She became a European but saw it all with slitted eyes. As a writer, she startles us with what it does not occur to her to overlook.

In the second half of this unfinished autobiography, artfully titled by Miss Athill "It Began to Grow Cold," the narrator as a young woman in England continues to hate things, including the London zoo and landladies, and turns with her newly bloomed good looks to life in a chorus line. This genial demimonde and the proximate worlds of money and sex ("It seems to me now that the whole business of money and sex is mixed up with something very primitive and deep") are glancingly, even flirtatiously described, and constitute, of course, the well-tracked terrain of her first four novels, all written before 1939. Her beginnings as a writer are presented, characteristically, as a triumph of drift and whim. Displeased by the ugly bareness of a table in a newly rearranged room in Fulham, she passes a stationer's shop "where quill pens were displayed in the window, a lot of them, red, blue, green, yellow. Some of them would be all right in a glass, to cheer up my table, I thought. I went into the shop and bought about a dozen. Then I noticed some black exercise books on the counter. . . . I bought several of those, I don't know why, just because I liked the look of them. I got a box of J nibs, the sort I liked, an ordinary penholder, a bottle of ink and a cheap inkstand. Now that old table won't look so bare, I thought." Then, as in a trance, she employs these so accidentally purchased implements to write late into the night. The notebooks she filled in a few days—before penning the concluding sentence, "Oh God, I'm only twenty and I'll have to go on living and living and living"—were carried unread in her luggage for seven more years, before they became the basis for her novel "Voyage in the Dark." After the Second World War, she herself was to be mislaid, and her small reputation had dwindled to almost nothing, before a radio adaptation of "Good Morning, Midnight" in 1957 uncovered her existence in a Devonshire cottage and prompted her revival as a functioning writer and a recognition that, as Miss Athill puts it, came "too late to give her much lively pleasure." She finished out her surprisingly long life in a country that she hated, England, and in a cottage that she and her third husband accepted sight unseen and that, upon first sight, she "took a dislike to." No modern writer of note presents a career less purposeful in its appearance. Yet she wrote in her diary, "If I stop writing my life will have been an abject failure," and of herself as a child remembered, "Before I could read, almost a baby, I imagined that God, this strange thing or person I heard about, was a book. Sometimes it was a large book standing upright and half open and I could see the print inside but it made no sense to me. Other times the book was smaller and inside were sharp flashing things." Later, when she could read, she lost herself "in the immense world of books, and tried to blot out the real world which was so puzzling to me. Even then I had a vague, persistent feeling that I'd always be lost in it, defeated." So writing, which Jean Rhys carried out with such fanatic control and noble candor, was for her a kind of ascent out of a Devil-dominated world into the Godly half, abounding with "sharp flashing things," of the Manichaean equation.

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, if not unambiguously of the Devil's party, is the author of the most sinister American novel, "Naked Lunch," to attain the status of a classic. Nor have his books, since he published in 1959 those "detailed notes on sickness and delirium" (his description), become less sinister, or more coherent. "Port of Saints" is gamely described by its jacket copy as "the mind-boggling story of a man whose alternate selves take him on a fantastic journey through space, time, and sexuality." We are further told that the volume was written, or assembled, or whatever it is that Burroughs does with scissors and eggbeater to concoct his books, before the author's return to the United States in 1973. So we have here something of a period piece, revolving, like Marge Piercy's "Dance the Eagle to Sleep," around a stylized struggle between a sick American society and a healthy, tribalized counterculture. In Burroughs' fantasy, the heroic outsiders are the Wild Boys, or Parries, for Paranormals—the enemy being the loathsome Norms, led by Mike Finn, if you can call it led. "Under the rule of Mike Finn it didn't pay to be good at anything. In consequence the whole structure of Western society had collapsed." Finn "organized a vast Thought Police. Anybody with an absent-minded expression was immediately arrested and executed." Cannon fodder indeed, for the gallant wild-boy hordes: "Wave after wave of invaders swept down from the Bering Straits and up from the Mexican border destroying every vestige of the American nightmare, leveling the hideous cities and slaughtering the surviving Norms like cattle with the aftosa. Anyone who used the words RIGHT and WRONG was IMMEDIATELY KILLED. The Norms were then ploughed under for fertilizer." Earlier, mind you, the wild boys had taken a few perfunctory licks: "Flashback shows the wild boys mowed down by cold eyed narcs and Southern lawmen backed by religious women and big money." All overtones of political allegory are soon swallowed, however, by Burroughs' absolutely Olympian joy in destruction of any sort, whether engineered by explosives technology or surreal diseases. The Bubu Boys, for example (not to be confused with the snake boys or the roller-skate boys), "all dressed in pink and purple and yellow shirts to match their sores," fester flamboyantly and finally moult: "Of course we save the skins and grind them up into a fine powder, like tear gas . . . a bomb or two of dried Bubu skin dropped on New York would make the atom bomb look ridiculous. Think of ten million people going putrid in a matter of seconds—the stink would be a turnon of its own." Burroughs also enjoys describing homosexual contacts, preferably multiple and intermixed with murder. Not since the Marquis de Sade has so much mechanical copulation been so gravely arranged. Ejaculation is an explosion of sorts, and the young male body an ultimate weapon. Boys throw knives with their toes in time with their spasms, have "metallic grey eyes," and come with "machine gun noises." Intercourse is felt as a deadly electricity: "The two bodies quiver together as if in contact with a high tension wire vibrating from head to foot as a heavy purple smell of ozone reeks out of them."

"Port of Saints" is claptrap, but since it is murderous claptrap we feel we owe it some respect. We would like to dismiss this book but cannot, quite. A weird wit and an integrity beyond corruption shine through its savage workings, and a genuine personal melancholy. A fitful hero called Audrey seems to hold some of Burroughs' own memories and to embody the youthful vulnerability that finds consolation in dreams of sex and violence. "Audrey read *Adventure Stories* and *Short Stories* and saw himself as the Major, a

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gentleman adventurer . . . He read *Amazing Stories* and saw himself as the first man to land on the moon and drew diagrams of rocket ships. He decided to be a writer and make his own Majors and Zuni Jims and Snowy Joes and Carl Cranberrys." If much of this jagged, trashy novel feels like the reverie of a vicious Walter Mitty, there is also a poeticized James Bond: "Wings camouflaged to disappear in a sunset drift down on the west wind and rain poison arrows from the sky. Wild geese wreck a troop transport plane. The wild boys are always just out of sight in the colors they cannot see in the places they didn't go . . . The old financier nodding on his balcony looked up and saw a landscape in the sky. It reminded him of an old picture book and he could see a boy standing there in a stream. As the old man watched, the boy took a silver arrow from his quiver and raised his crossbow. A gust of air hit the old man's face and bore his breath away." Burroughs would be unbearable if he believed in death; but since he no more believes in finality than the id or the animator of Tom and Jerry cartoons, a St. Elmo's fire of perverse tenderness can be seen to play about his lurid tableaux, and a pubescent pathos can be heard in the call of the wild boys: "Calling all boys of the earth we will teach you the secrets of magic control of wind and rain. . . . We will show you the sex magic that turns flesh to light. We will free you forever from the womb."

Although there is a distinct autobiographical savor to "Port of Saints," little factual is revealed. A reader might gather that the writer was born in St. Louis, inclined toward homosexuality, and had some experience of drugs and Mexico; a moment of homosexual initiation in a summer cottage recurs ever more extravagantly until this naturalistic moment of lived life is transposed into the heaven of coruscating violence where the authorial imagination finds repose. "It's all shredding away as I walk . . . cool remote toilets foghorns outside cigarette ash on a naked thigh in furnished rooms blue mist in pubic hairs crackling to dust as I walk." The "I" becomes the "we" of a triumphant army: "We are moving farther and farther out. No troops can get through the Deserts of Silence and beyond that is the Blue Light Blockade. We don't need the enemy any more. Buildings and stars laid flat for storage. The last carnival is being pulled down." Beyond the last carnival, a world's-end fair: "Xolotl Time looks like a world fair spread out in a vast square where

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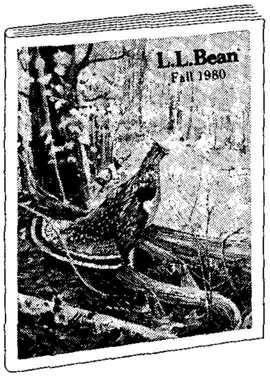

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weapons, sex and fighting techniques are displayed and exchanged." No continuous program even of nihilism develops; Burroughs' philosophy remains as mysterious as his person. Is he really in favor of all these broken necks, weapons of putrefaction, and cold-eyed boys who bare their teeth like dogs? The purposeful fragmentation of his technique even tends to conceal how much of a writer Burroughs really is. Most of the prose is simple pell-mell, and the dialogue straight from *Action Comics*. Sometimes he sounds like Kerouac or Mailer, hurriedly tossing into a sentence all that comes to mind: "Defeated and pursued, with only a handful of followers left, Audrey invokes a curse on the White Goddess and all her works, from the Conquistadores, from the Bog People to the Queen, from Dixie to South Africa . . ." He can be funny, as when describing the drug Bor Bor: "The effect of this drug, which is held in horror by the wild boys and only used as a weapon against our enemies, is to lull the user into a state of fuzzy well-being and benevolence, a warm good feeling that everything will come out all right for Americans." But satire is not really his game; nor is propaganda, though a number of drastic programs for mass mutation and pervasive depopulation come and go. We witness in his work acts not of exhortation but of exorcism. A kind of landscape returns, as nostalgic as the windblown dunes and meadows of Winslow Homer, bathed in the unearthly green light of Maxfield Parrish illustrations, before it transmutes to extragalactic blue: "The boy did not speak. He came closer and then got on the bed kneeling. He was naked, in his eyes the cold reaches of interstellar space. Behind him Audrey could see a gleaming empty sky, a far dusting of stars." The net effect Burroughs achieves is to convince us that he has seen things beyond description.

BOTH Burroughs and Jean Rhys, it seems safe to say, at points in their lives made good acquaintance with those demons of self-destruction whose entertainment is one of our modern luxuries. Jean Rhys's drinking, though ignored in "Smile Please," figures prominently in her fiction, notably in "Good Morning, Midnight," and in the reminiscences of most people who knew her. Burroughs' drug addiction—overcome at the age of forty-five—is, of course, his central subject, and he has provided no more harrowing account of himself than the tersely factual letter to a doctor, printed in *The British Journal of Addiction* (1956), in which he helpfully lists the horrifying variety of drugs and unsuccessful cures which a reckless and presumably well-financed user can experience. Yet he survived, and in his publicity photos his features have settled into a banker's pensive calm indistinguishable from that of many another member of the Harvard class of 1936. And Jean Rhys, born into a long-ago world still seething with the aftereffects of the abolition of slavery, lived through three husbands and two widely separated literary careers.

Thoughts of survival and its absence have been put in this reviewer's mind by a strange recent compendium, "Short Lives," by Katinka Matson (Morrow; $16.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). In it Miss Matson, inspired by the short sad life of a friend of hers, the poet and self-styled "New York City Fool" Thomas (Tyler) Bootman, presents in alphabetical order sketches of the lives of thirty more famous artistic strivers who lived hectically and died early. The selection is shrewd, the research considerable, the bleak facts fascinating. True, Nijinsky lived to the age of sixty, and should not be blamed for his own insanity; nor perhaps should Antonin Artaud, who died at fifty-one of cancer of the rectum. And of the several singers in Miss Matson's anthology of early demise (Judy Garland, Billie Holiday, Janis Joplin, Elvis Presley) it might be said that the entertainer's life, with its chronic call for nocturnal vivacity, is naturally debilitating. Yet from the literary backbone of her list, whether the subject committed suicide outright (Hart Crane, Jack London, Sergei Esenin, Mayakovsky, Mishima, Malcolm Lowry, Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton) or merely indulged ruinous habits (Scott Fitzgerald, Jack Kerouac, Dylan Thomas), the inarguable conclusion arises that at least since Rimbaud's announced determination to become a visionary through the "disordering of all the senses" self-destructive excess has been a licensed force in the lives of many writers. Lowry wrote, "You cannot trust the ones who are too careful. As writers or drinkers. Old Goethe cannot have been so good a man as Keats or Chatterton. Or Rimbaud. The ones that burn." In the poetics of burning, alcohol and hashish and heroin and ether act as distillers of the pure. The spectacularly alcoholic painter Modigliani proposed, "Alcohol is for the middle class evil. It is a vice. It is the Devil's beckon. But for us artists it is necessary." The poet Max Jacob saw in Modigliani everything subordinated to "a need for crystalline purity . . . He was cutting, but as fragile as glass; also as inhuman as glass, so to say." In a sense, such bohemians carried forward under a new banner the old Christian war of the soul against the body. Self-destruction is close to self-sacrifice, and a religious conviction of transcendent reality is common to both. The very ease with which, say, Dylan Thomas brushed his life away as insignificant implies a helpless belief in significance elsewhere. A certain Christian afterglow lights up the literature of modernism. Proust and Joyce, immuring themselves in their vast and arcane works, underwent martyrdoms of a sort, and from Yeats to Faulkner the writer's vocation has been proclaimed a heroic priesthood. Idealism survived theology and lent its unearthly energy to Art. Now, Jean Rhys and William Burroughs, though they are open-eyed tourists in Hell and fascinated by magic, have little of the idealist's obligatory optimism, or his passion for inner organization. Reality breaks bare and inconsequent upon their personae. A certain pragmatic dryness, which we feel in their styles, a certain deadness even, permeates their burnt-out worlds. This deadness, perhaps, proved their mundane salvations, and makes them, as artists, post-modern.

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

KINDERGARTEN, by Peter Rushforth (Knopf; $8.95). This first novel, the work of a young English Quaker (and the winner of the 1979 Hawthornden Prize), is written with unusual poise and precision, but it is strangely, enigmatically, structured. It involves, at center, a household in a small town in England—three brothers (aged sixteen, eleven, and three) and their grandmother, a German-Jewish illustrator of fairy tales who fled to England in the Hitler years. The time is Christmas Eve and the week following. The boys' mother has been dead nine months, killed in a terrorist attack at an airport in Rome, and their father is in the United States seeking help for other victims of the attack; he is the headmaster of the school his sons attend. As the family celebrate Christmas (an elaborate German Christmas), they see on television another terrorist exploit, in which a group called Red Phoenix holds

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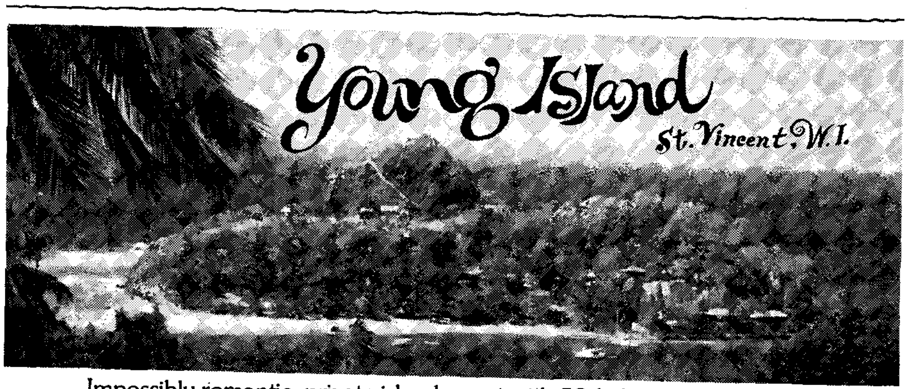

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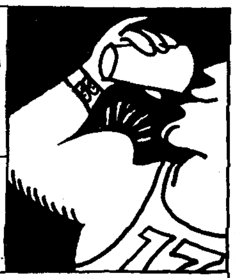

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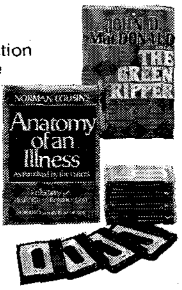

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a number of children hostage in a school in Germany. By chance, a few days before, the eldest son found in a school storeroom a file of nineteen-thirties correspondence between several German-Jewish families and the then headmaster of the school, in which the Jews beg for asylum for their children; as he reads these letters, he visualizes Hitlerian Berlin. As a further counterpoint, Mr. Rushforth has introduced in serial form certain fairy stories—"Fitcher's Bird," and "Hansel and Gretel" with first an unhappy, then a happy ending. It is hard to know the purpose of this curious book, but there is no mistaking its power.

ROSIEBELLE LEE WILDCAT TENNESSEE, by Raymond Andrews (Dial; $9.95). In the summer of 1906, a lean, brown, barefoot beauty appears in a backwoods Georgia town. Within hours, she is hired as a servant in the house of the richest (white) man in the county; within weeks, she has become manager of the domestic staff; within months, she has become mistress of the man's son, and she soon bears him a child. She spends the next thirty-odd years bearing more children and overseeing her family and her neighbors alike, before announcing that she is ready to "cross over." Having settled Momma Rosiebellelee (as she is generally known) on her deathbed, Mr. Andrews works his way through the lives of all her offspring—freckled and black, mousy and raffish, proud masters of everything from a mule to a motorcar to a pig that trees possums—as they troop and ramble along diverse routes to her bedside. Mr. Andrews is well versed in the rights and duties of the traditional storyteller, and he knows just how far to stretch his audience's memory and credulity as he spins and weaves his colorful yarns. Illustrated with line drawings by Benny Andrews, the author's brother.

### GENERAL

SACAGAWEA OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, by Ella E. Clark and Margot Edmonds (University of California Press; $10.95). The first half of this slight volume draws on the journals of Lewis and Clark to show that Sacagawea, the young Shoshone wife of the famous expedition's translator, was a helpful member of the company but not its invaluable guide; she frequently scavenged for edible tubers, occasionally helped to interpret and to assure wary Indians of her companions' peaceful intentions, and twice recognized terrain that she remembered from her childhood. The second half describes how, years after Sacagawea's death in 1884, the figure of the Indian maiden, appearing in various published accounts of the expedition, caught the eye of Eva Emery Dye, a suffragette on the lookout for a national heroine. In "The Conquest: The True Story of Lewis and Clark," published in 1902, Mrs. Dye conjured up from "a few dry bones," as she put it, her vision of Sacagawea. "Madonna of her race . . . to [her] hands . . . had been entrusted the key that unlocked the road to Asia," she proclaimed, and her portrait of the "modest princess of the Shoshones . . . her skin pure copper like a statue in some Florentine gallery" became the basis of further romantic embellishment. The authors of this meticulous study have done Sacagawea a service by restoring her accomplishments to human proportions and by replacing much nonsense with many fine, and factual, details: in her declining years, she recalled with disgust that the company had resorted to eating horse and dog, and she spoke bitterly about the white men who brought war and poverty to Indian civilization. Appendices, a bibliography, and a map.

THE EVOLUTION OF CULTURE IN ANIMALS, by John Tyler Bonner, with illustrations by Margaret La Farge (Princeton; $14.50). "Culture" may seem an odd word to apply to animals, but what Professor Bonner, a distinguished Princeton biologist, has in mind is the passing of information, by teaching and learning, from one animal to another—songbirds learning new song dialects from one another, and chimpanzees teaching one another to use stick tools to search for edible termites. Professor Bonner is a fine writer, and his book is crammed with fascinating facts and speculations about biology. It is a delight to read. Many drawings of animals, almost all of them irresistible.

DIARY OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTION, by Carlos Franqui, translated from the Spanish by Georgette Felix, Elaine Kerrigan, Phyllis Freeman, and Hardie St. Martin (Viking; $25 cloth, $16.95 paper). A vast collection of letters, statements, manifestos, interviews, military orders, telegrams, and transcribed discussions recalling the years between the attack on the Moncada Barracks, on July 26, 1953, from which Fidel Castro's movement took its name, and Castro's triumphant entry into Havana at the beginning of 1959. Franqui, the compiler, who was a sort of informal minister of information for the revolution, stresses the extent to which Castro's guerrillas depended upon an organized but unarmed radical underground, and he also shows the wide range of groups whose sympathies Castro manipulated.

WHERE MOUNTAINS ROAR, by Lesley Hazelton (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). This book, the work of a young Englishwoman living in Jerusalem, carries the subtitle "A Personal Report from the Sinai and Negev Desert," but while its focus is on those particular deserts, much of what Miss Hazelton has to tell us applies equally to all the deserts of the world. She discusses the peculiarities of desert rainfall, the structure of mountains in an arid environment, the nature of the almost animate sand, the survival and procreative devices of the desert creatures, the phenomenon (biological and anatomical) of the camel. There is an absorbing chapter on the Greek Orthodox hermits who sought personal redemption by withdrawing to the desert ("By the sixth century, there were no less than three hundred hermits living on the rocky square mile of Mount Sinai"), and one in which the author examines the power of the desert to attract and to repel: "Fear in the desert is uncomplicated by other people. It is stripped bare of the anxieties and hopes that accompany fear in social and political situations. . . . There is nothing demeaning about the fear of the desert." There is also an interesting chapter on the dehumanizing disaster of the Israeli "development towns" in the implacable Negev. Miss Hazelton writes with enthusiasm, with authority, and with heart. The result is a first-rate book. Illustrated with a useful map of the area.

•

"Flight of Butterflies," the Siberian miniature Iris WFF introduced in 1975, shows masses of blooms and buds in its second year in the border. Note the thin leaves, each lined with a fine white stripe on the edge and which cannot be seen in this picture.—*Photo caption in "The Garden Book," catalogue of White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Conn.*

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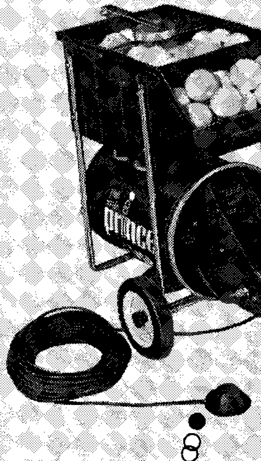

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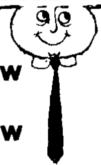

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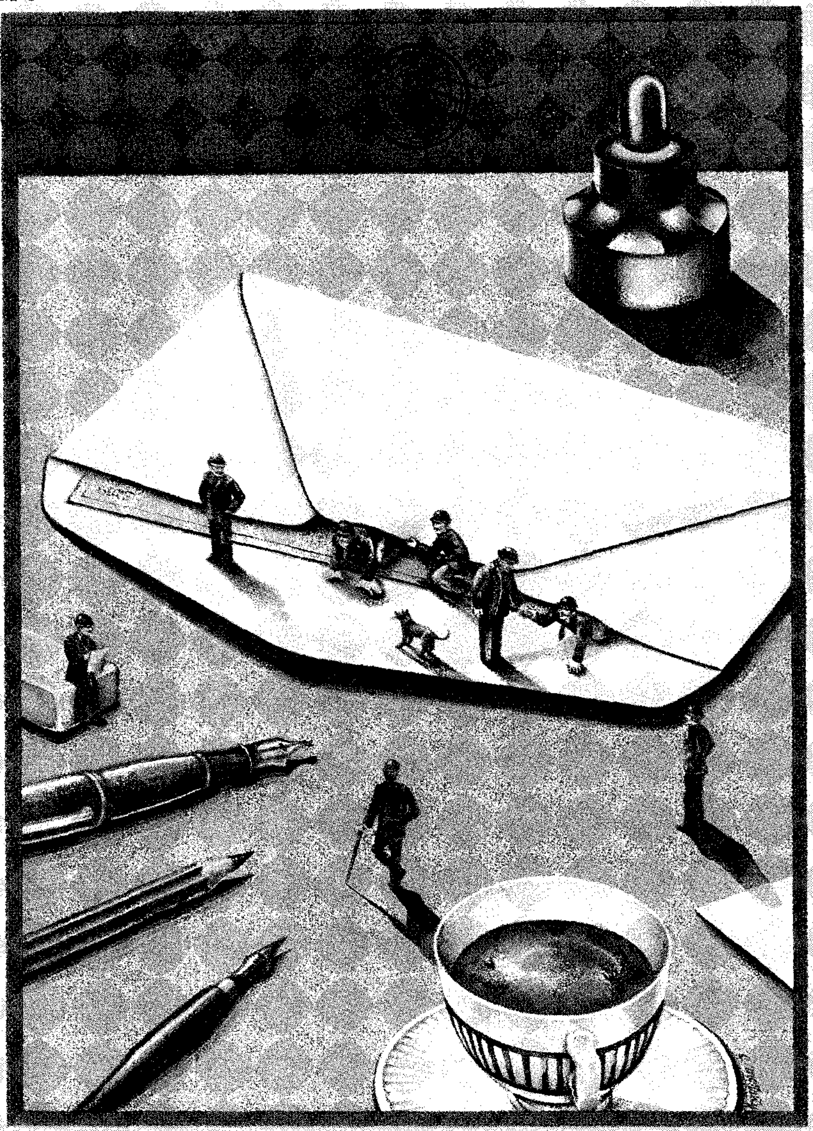
## KENNETH TYNAN

On July 26th, Kenneth Tynan died in Los Angeles, at the age of fifty-three. He was working on a Profile of Laurence Olivier for *The New Yorker* at the time. After that, he was to take up the subject of Madrid, and, after that, the subject of cricket. About all these subjects—the complex, subtle, languorous game no less than that city of darkness or the labyrinthine, fabled actor—there were mysteries. If anyone could pierce them, Tynan could, and he was preparing to tell us what he had discovered. Strangely, having heard him speak about these projects with characteristic rapture and eloquence, we find that the three hypothetical pieces gleam in our mind almost as persuasively as the pieces that Tynan actually finished and saw published. Tynan was an imposing conversationalist. He was also a generous spirit, an exhilarating companion, a warm friend, a romantic through and through. He fell in love with the theatre as a boy, and was steadfast in his devotion. His first reviews were written while he was still a student at his Birmingham grammar school, and he continued reviewing while an undergraduate at Oxford. He loved the theatre in its every aspect, without reservation and without apology. The theatre was his element. It was his world, and it was world enough. Six years after coming down from Oxford ("swanning down," as he put it), he assumed the post of drama critic for the *Observer*, in London. It was soon plain that this dazzling young man, this prodigy, had joined the small band of great British drama critics which included Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm. Under Kenneth Tynan's scrutiny, the theatre seemed to take on an added dimension. Tynan knew everything that there was to know about the theatre, and he abounded in ideas and perceptions about it, but he never allowed his learning or his intellect to come between him and what was happening on the stage. He responded to the theatre intuitively, directly, purely, and accurately. He had a singular ability to catch the essence of a play's meaning and go to the heart of a performer's special personality or style. His descriptions of specific performances were unsurpassed. He could set down, with exactitude, a transcription of what he had seen and heard, and deeply understood, in the theatre. With no loss of excitement or animation, entire performances were transposed to the printed page. It was *The New Yorker's* good fortune that Tynan became its drama critic for the 1958-59 and 1959-60 seasons. What he had done for the theatre in London he now did for the theatre in New York. With Tynan in the audience, the Broadway theatre was transformed. On returning to London, he permitted himself to be temporarily drawn away from his writing—though not, of course, from the theatre—when he accepted the position of Literary Manager of the British National Theatre; he remained there for the next ten years. In 1976, he moved back to America and rejoined the staff of *The New Yorker*, with a view to writing a series of Profiles. Altogether, besides his theatre criticism and a number of book reviews, Tynan wrote for *The New Yorker* only seven Profiles, but each of them was memorable. He was a master of the Profile form, within which he was able to move with exceptional freedom and grace and aplomb. On a few occasions, he simply reinvented the form. In all his writings, whether reviews, essays, or Profiles, we find a marvellous humor and marvellous high spirits. His style was all fire and wit: one lovely, immaculate sentence after another, the words in their right place, the stresses where they belonged, the timing impeccable, the music intact—English prose in the highest tradition. Tynan was inclined to live in opulent, or at least semi-opulent, surroundings, to wear audacious clothes (long before such apparel was considered reasonable, he had a suit made for him of bright-green billiard cloth), to go to parties, to enjoy the company of talented and, if possible, funny people. Yet he gave earnest thought to the disadvantaged, and he worked politically in their behalf. No matter how frail his health—and in recent years it was very frail—he was always, and to the last, intensely alive, a vivid presence. The landscape is incomplete without him.

**"Chief, there's more to this case than meets the eye!"**



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